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MEMOIRS OF
COUNT GRAMMONT

Barbara Villiers,
Duchess of Cleveland.

MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT

By COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON

EDITED BY GORDON GOODWIN

WITH PORTRAITS

VOLUME II

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[1] Though this has been claimed as a portrait of Miss Price, it more probably represents Anna Maria, daughter of Sir Edmund Warcop, Knight, of Northmore, co. Oxford, and wife of Sir John Price, Bart., of Newtown, co. Montgomeryshire.

MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT

CHAPTER IX

EVERY man who believes that his honour depends upon that of his wife is a fool, who torments himself, and drives her to despair; but he who, being naturally jealous, has the additional misfortune of loving his wife, and who expects that she should only live for him, is a perfect madman, whom the torments of hell have actually taken hold of in this world, and whom nobody pities. All reasoning and observation on these unfortunate circumstances attending wedlock concur in this, that precaution is vain and useless before the evil, and revenge odious afterwards.

The Spaniards, who tyrannize over their wives, more by custom than from jealousy, content themselves with preserving the niceness of their honour by duennas, grates, and locks. The Italians, who are wary in their suspicions, and vindictive in their resentments, pursue a different line of conduct; some satisfy themselves with keeping their wives

under locks which they think secure; others by ingenious precautions exceed whatever the Spaniards can invent for confining the fair sex; but the generality are of opinion, that in either unavoidable danger, or in manifest transgression, the surest way is to assassinate.

But, ye courteous and indulgent nations, who, far from admitting these savage and barbarous customs, give full liberty to your dear ribs, and commit the care of their virtue to their own discretion, you pass without alarms or strife your peaceful days, in all the enjoyments of domestic indolence!

It was certainly some evil genius that induced Lord Chesterfield to distinguish himself from his patient and good-natured countrymen, and ridiculously to afford the world an opportunity of examining into the particulars of an adventure, which would perhaps never have been known without the verge of the court, and which would everywhere have been forgotten in less than a month; but now as soon as ever he had turned his back, in order to march away with his prisoner, and the ornaments she was supposed to have bestowed upon him, God only knows what a terrible attack there was made upon his rear. Rochester, Middlesex, Sydley [Sedley], Etheredge, and all the whole band of wits, exposed him in numberless ballads, and diverted the public at his expense.

The Chevalier de Grammont was highly pleased with these lively and humorous compositions; and wherever this subject was mentioned, never failed to produce his supplement upon the occasion:

"It is strange," said he, "that the country, which is little better than a gallows or a grave for young people, is allotted in this land only for the unfortunate, and not for the guilty! Poor Lady Chesterfield, for some unguarded looks, is immediately seized upon by an angry husband, who will oblige her to spend her Christmas at a country-house, a hundred and fifty miles from London; while here, there are a thousand ladies who are left at liberty to do whatever they please, and who indulge in that liberty, and whose conduct, in short, deserves a daily bastinado. I name no person, God forbid I should; but Lady Middleton, Lady Denham, the queen's and the duchess's maids of honour, and a hundred others, bestow their favours to the right and to the left, and not the least notice is taken of their conduct. As for Lady Shrewsbury, she is conspicuous. I would take a wager she might have a man killed for her every day, and she would only hold her head the higher for it: one would suppose she imported from Rome plenary indulgences for her conduct; there are three or four gentlemen who wear an ounce of her hair made into bracelets, and no person finds any fault; and yet shall such a cross-grained fool as Chesterfield be permitted to exercise an act of tyranny, altogether unknown in this country, upon the prettiest woman in England, and all for a mere trifle: but I am his humble servant; his precautions will avail him nothing; on the contrary very often a woman, who had no bad intentions when she was suffered to remain in tranquillity, is prompted to such conduct by revenge, or reduced

to it by necessity: this is as true as the gospel: hear now what Francisco's saraband says on the subject:—

"Tell me, jealous-pated swain,
What avail thy idle arts,
To divide united hearts?
Love, like the wind, I trow,
Will, where it listeth, blow;
So, prithee, peace, for all thy cares are vain.

"When you are by,
Nor wishful look, be sure, nor eloquent sigh,
Shall dare those inward fires discover,
Which burn in either lover:
Yet Argus' self, if Argus were thy spy,
Shou!d ne'er, with all his mob of eyes,
Surprise.

"Some joys forbidden,
Transports hidden,
Which love, through dark and secret ways,
Mysterious love, to kindred souls conveys."

The Chevalier de Grammont passed for the author of this sonnet: neither the justness of the sentiment, nor turn of it, are surprisingly beautiful; but as it contained some truths that flattered the genius of the nation, and pleased those who interested themselves for the fair sex, the ladies were all desirous of having it to teach their children.

During all this time, the Duke of York, not being in the way of seeing Lady Chesterfield, easily forgot her: her absence, however, had some circumstances attending it, which could not but sensibly affect the person who had occasioned her

confinement; but there are certain fortunate tempers to which every situation is easy; they feel neither disappointment with bitterness, nor pleasure with acuteness. In the meantime, as the duke could not remain idle, he had no sooner forgotten Lady Chesterfield, but he began to think of her whom he had been in love with before, and was upon the point of relapsing into his old passion for Miss Hamilton.

There was in London a celebrated portrait painter, called Lely, who had greatly improved himself by studying the famous Vandyke's pictures, which were dispersed all over England in abundance. Lely imitated Vandyke's manner, and approached the nearest to him of all the moderns. The Duchess of York being desirous of having the portraits of the handsomest persons at court, Lely painted them, and employed all his skill in the performance; nor could he ever exert himself upon more beautiful subjects. Every picture appeared a masterpiece; and that of Miss Hamilton appeared the highest finished: Lely himself acknowledged that he had drawn it with a particular pleasure. The Duke of York took a delight in looking at it, and began again to ogle the original: he had very little reason to hope for success; and at the same time that his hopeless passion alarmed the Chevalier de Grammont, Lady Denham thought proper to renew the negotiation which had so unluckily been interrupted: it was soon brought to a conclusion; for where both parties are sincere in a negotiation, no time is lost in cavilling. Every thing succeeded

prosperously on one side; yet, I know not what fatality obstructed the pretensions of the other. The duke was very urgent with the duchess to put Lady Denham in possession of the place which was the object of her ambition; but, as she was not guarantee for the performance of the secret articles of the treaty, though till this time she had borne with patience the inconstancy of the duke, and yielded submissively to his desires, yet, in the present instance, it appeared hard and dishonourable to her, to entertain near her person a rival, who would expose her to the danger of acting but a second part in the midst of her own court. However, she saw herself upon the point of being forced to it by authority, when a far more unfortunate obstacle for ever bereft poor Lady Denham of the hopes of possessing that fatal place, which she had solicited with such eagerness.

Old Denham, naturally jealous, became more and more suspicious and found that he had sufficient ground for such conduct: his wife was young and handsome, he old and disagreeable: what reason, then, had he to flatter himself that heaven would exempt him from the fate of husbands in the like circumstances? This he was continually saying to himself; but, when compliments were poured in upon him from all sides, upon the place his lady was going to have near the duchess's person, he formed ideas of what was sufficient to have made him hang himself if he had possessed the resolution. The traitor chose rather to exercise his courage against another. He wanted precedents for putting

in practice his resentments in a privileged country: that of Lord Chesterfield was not sufficiently bitter for the revenge he meditated: besides, he had no country-house to which he could carry his unfortunate wife. This being the case, the old villain made her travel a much longer journey without stirring out of London. Merciless fate robbed her of life, and of her dearest hopes, in the bloom of youth.

As no person entertained any doubt of his having poisoned her, the populace of his neighbourhood had a design of tearing him in pieces, as soon as he should come abroad; but he shut himself up to bewail her death, until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he distributed four times more burnt wine than had ever been drunk at any burial in England.

While the town was in fear of some great disaster, as an expiation for these fatal effects of jealousy, Hamilton was not altogether so easy as he flattered himself he should be after the departure of Lady Chesterfield: he had only consulted the dictates of revenge in what he had done: his vengeance was satisfied; but such was far from being the case with his love; and having, since the absence of her he still admired, notwithstanding his resentments, leisure to make those reflections which a recent injury will not permit a man to attend to: "and wherefore," said he to himself, "was I so eager to make her miserable, who alone, however culpable she may be, has it in her power to make me happy? Cursed jealousy!" continued

he, "yet more cruel to those who torment, than to those who are tormented! What have I gained, by having blasted the hopes of a more happy rival, since I was not able to perform this without depriving myself, at the same time, of her, upon whom the whole happiness and comfort of my life was centred."

Thus, clearly proving to himself, by a great many reasonings of the same kind, and all out of season, that in such an engagement it was much better to partake with another than to have nothing at all, he filled his mind with a number of vain regrets and unprofitable remorse, when he received a letter from her who occasioned them, but a letter so exactly adapted to increase them, that, after he had read it, he looked upon himself as the greatest scoundrel in the world. Here it follows:—

"You will, no doubt, be as much surprised at this letter, as I was at the unconcerned air with which you beheld my departure. I am led to believe, that you had imagined reasons, which, in your own mind, justified such unseasonable conduct. If you are still under the impression of such barbarous sentiments, it will afford you pleasure to be made acquainted with what I suffer in the most horrible of prisons. Whatever the country affords most melancholy, in this season, presents itself to my view on all sides: surrounded by impassable roads, out of one window I see nothing but rocks, out of another nothing but precipices; but wherever I turn my eyes within doors, I meet those of a jealous husband, still more insupportable than the

sad objects that encompass me. I should add, to the misfortunes of my life, that of seeming criminal in the eyes of a man who ought to have justified me, even against convincing appearances, if by my avowed innocence I had a right to complain or to expostulate: but how is it possible for me to justify myself at such a distance; and how can I flatter myself, that the description of a most dreadful prison will not prevent you from believing me? But do you deserve that I should wish you did? Heavens! how I must hate you, if I did not love you to distraction. Come, therefore, and let me once again see you, that you may hear my justification; and I am convinced, that if after this visit you find me guilty, it will not be with respect to yourself. Our Argus sets out to-morrow for Chester, where a lawsuit will detain him a week: I know not whether he will gain it; but I am sure it will be entirely your fault, if he does not lose one, for which he is at least as anxious as that he is now going after."

This letter was sufficient to make a man run blindfold into an adventure still more rash than that which was proposed to him, and that was rash enough in all respects: he could not perceive by what means she could justify herself; but as she assured him he should be satisfied with his journey, this was all he desired at present.

There was one of his relations with Lady Chesterfield, who, having accompanied her in her exile, had gained some share in their mutual confidence; and it was through her means he received

this letter, with all the necessary instructions about his journey and his arrival. Secrecy being the soul of such expeditions, especially before an amour is accomplished, he took post, and set out in the night, animated by the most tender and flattering wishes, so that, in less than no time, almost, in comparison with the distance and the badness of the roads, he had travelled a hundred and fifty tedious miles: at the last stage he prudently dismissed the post-boy. It was not yet daylight, and therefore, for fear of the rocks and precipices mentioned in her letter, he proceeded with tolerable discretion, considering he was in love.

By this means, he fortunately escaped all the dangerous places, and, according to his instructions, alighted at a little hut adjoining to the park-wall. The place was not magnificent: but, as he only wanted rest, it did well enough for that: he did not wish for daylight, and was even still less desirous of being seen; wherefore, having shut himself up in this obscure retreat, he fell into a profound sleep, and did not wake until noon. As he was particularly hungry when he awoke, he ate and drank heartily; and, as he was the neatest man at court, and was expected by the neatest lady in England, he spent the remainder of the day in dressing himself, and in making all those preparations which the time and place permitted, without deigning once to look around him, or to ask his landlord a single question. At last, the orders he expected with great impatience were brought him, in the beginning of the evening, by a servant, who, attending

him as a guide, after having led him for about half an hour in the dirt, through a park of vast extent, brought him at last into a garden, into which a little door opened: he was posted, exactly opposite to this door, by which, in a short time, he was to be introduced to a more agreeable situation; and here his conductor left him. The night advanced, but the door never opened.

Though the winter was almost over, the cold weather seemed only to be beginning: he was dirtied up to his knees in mud, and soon perceived that if he continued much longer in this garden, it would all be frozen. This beginning of a very dark and bitter night would have been unbearable to any other; but it was nothing to a man who flattered himself to pass the remainder of it in the height of bliss: however, he began to wonder at so many precautions in the absence of a husband: his imagination, by a thousand delicious and tender ideas, supported him some time against the torments of impatience and the inclemency of the weather; but he felt his imagination, notwithstanding, cooling by degrees; and two hours, which seemed to him as tedious as two whole ages, having passed, and not the least notice being taken of him, either from the door or from the window, he began to reason with himself upon the posture of his affairs, and what was the fittest conduct for him to pursue in this emergency: "What if I should rap at this cursed door," said he; "for if my fate requires that I should perish, it is at least more honourable to die in the house, than to be

starved to death in the garden; but, then," continued he, "I may thereby, perhaps, expose a person whom some unforeseen accident may, at this very instant, have reduced to greater perplexity than even I myself am in." This thought supplied him with a necessary degree of patience and fortitude against the enemies he had to contend with; he therefore began to walk quickly to and fro, with the resolution to wait, as long as he could keep alive, the end of an adventure, which had such an uncomfortable beginning. All this was to no purpose; for though he used every effort to keep himself warm, and though muffled up in a thick cloak, yet he began to be benumbed in all his limbs, and the cold gained the ascendancy over all his amorous vivacity and eagerness. Daybreak was not far off, and judging now, that though the accursed door should even be opened, it would be to no purpose, he returned, as well he could, to the place from whence he had set out upon this wonderful expedition.

All the faggots that were in the cottage were hardly able to unfreeze him: the more he reflected on his adventure, the circumstances attending it appeared still the more strange and unaccountable; but so far from accusing the charming countess, he suffered a thousand different anxieties on her account: sometimes he imagined that her husband might have returned unexpectedly; sometimes, that she might suddenly have been taken ill; in short, that some insuperable obstacle had unluckily interposed, and prevented his happiness, notwithstanding

his mistress's kind intentions towards him. "But wherefore," said he, "did she forget me in that cursed garden? Is it possible that she could not find a single moment to make me at least some sign or other, if she could neither speak to me, nor give me admittance?" He knew not which of these conjectures to rely upon, or how to answer his own questions; but as he flattered himself that everything would succeed better the next night, after having vowed not to set a foot again into that unfortunate garden, he gave orders to be waked as soon as any person should inquire for him: then he laid himself down in one of the worst beds in the world, and slept as sound as if he had been in the best: he supposed that he should not be awakened, but either by a letter or a message from Lady Chesterfield; but he had scarce slept two hours, when he was roused by the sound of the horn and the cry of the hounds. The hut, which afforded him a retreat, joining, as we before said, to the park-wall, he called his host, to know what was the occasion of that hunting, which made a noise, as if the whole pack of hounds had been in his bed-chamber. He was told, that it was my lord hunting a hare in his park. "What lord?" said he, in great surprise. "The Earl of Chesterfield," replied the peasant. He was so astonished at this, that at first he hid his head under the bed-clothes, under the idea that he already saw him entering with all his hounds; but as soon as he had a little recovered himself, he began to curse capricious fortune, no longer doubting but

this jealous fool's return had occasioned all his tribulations in the preceding night.

It was not possible for him to sleep again, after such an alarm; he therefore got up, that he might revolve in his mind all the stratagems that are usually employed, either to deceive, or to remove out of the way a jealous scoundrel of a husband, who thought fit to neglect his lawsuit, in order to plague his wife. He had just finished dressing himself, and was beginning to question his landlord, when the same servant, who had conducted him to the garden, delivered him a letter, and disappeared, without waiting for an answer. This letter was from his relation, and was to this effect:—

"I am extremely sorry that I have innocently been accessory to bringing you to a place, to which you were only invited to be laughed at: I opposed this journey at first, though I was then persuaded it was wholly suggested by her tenderness; but she has now undeceived me: she triumphs in the trick she has played you: her husband has not stirred from hence, but stays at home, out of complaisance to her: he treats her in the most affectionate manner; and it was upon their reconciliation, that she found out that you had advised him to carry her into the country. She has conceived such hatred and aversion against you for it, that I find, from her discourse, she has not yet wholly satisfied her resentment. Console yourself for the hatred of a person, whose heart never merited your tenderness. Return: a longer stay

in this place will but draw upon you some fresh misfortune: for my part, I shall soon leave her: I know her, and I thank God for it: I do not repent having pitied her at first; but I am disgusted with an employment which but ill agrees with my way of thinking."

Upon reading this letter, astonishment, shame, hatred, and rage seized at once upon his heart: then menaces, invectives, and the desire of vengeance, broke forth by turns, and excited his passion and resentment; but, after he deliberately considered the matter, he resolved that it was now the best way quietly to mount his horse, and to carry back with him to London a severe cold, instead of the soft wishes and tender desires he had brought from thence. He quitted this perfidious place with much greater expedition than he had arrived at it, though his mind was far from being occupied with such tender and agreeable ideas: however, when he thought himself at a sufficient distance to be out of danger of meeting Lord Chesterfield and his hounds, he chose to look back, that he might at least have the satisfaction of seeing the prison where this wicked enchantress was confined; but what was his surprise, when he saw a very fine house, situated on the banks of a river, in the most delightful and pleasant country imaginable. Neither rock, nor precipice, was here to be seen; for, in reality, they were only in the letter of his perfidious mistress. This furnished fresh cause for resentment and confusion to a man who thought himself so well acquainted with all the wiles, as well as

weaknesses, of the fair sex; and who now found himself the dupe of a coquette, who was reconciled to her husband in order to be revenged on her lover.

At last he reached London, well furnished with arguments to maintain, that a man must be extremely weak to trust to the tenderness of a woman who has once deceived him; but that he must be a complete fool to run after her.

This adventure not being much to his credit, he suppressed, as much as possible, both the journey, and the circumstances attending it; but, as we may easily suppose Lady Chesterfield made no secret of it, the king came to the knowledge of it; and, having complimented Hamilton upon it, desired to be informed of all the particulars of the expedition. The Chevalier de Grammont happened to be present at this recital; and, having gently inveighed against the treacherous manner in which he had been used, said: "If she is to be blamed for carrying the jest so far, you are no less to be blamed for coming back so suddenly, like an ignorant novice: I dare lay a hundred guineas, she has more than once repented of a resentment which you pretty well deserved for the trick you had played her: women love revenge; but their resentments seldom last long; and, if you had remained in the neighbourhood till the next day, I will be hanged if she would not have given you satisfaction for the first night's sufferings." Hamilton being of a different opinion, the Chevalier de Grammont resolved to maintain his assertion

by a case in point; and, addressing himself to the king: "Sir," said he, "your majesty, I suppose, must have known Marion de l'Orme, the most charming creature in all France: though she was as witty as an angel, she was as capricious as a devil. This beauty having made me an appointment, a whim seized her to put me off, and to give it to another; she therefore writ me one of the tenderest billets in the world, full of the grief and sorrow she was in, by being obliged to disappoint me, on account of a most terrible headache, that obliged her to keep her bed, and deprived her of the pleasure of seeing me till the next day. This headache coming all of a sudden, appeared to me very suspicious; and, never doubting but it was her intention to jilt me: very well, mistress coquette, said I to myself, if you do not enjoy the pleasure of seeing me this day, you shall not enjoy the satisfaction of seeing another.

"Hereupon, I detached all my servants, some of whom patrolled about her house, whilst others watched her door: one of the latter brought me intelligence, that no person had gone into her house all the afternoon; but that a foot-boy had gone out as it grew dark; that he followed him as far as the Rue Saint Antoine, where this boy met another, to whom he only spoke two or three words. This was sufficient to confirm my suspicions, and make me resolve either to make one of the party, or to disconcert it.

"As the bagnio where I lodged was at a great distance from the Marais, as soon as the night

set in I mounted my horse, without any attendant. When I came to the Place-Royale, the servant, who was sentry there, assured me that no person was yet gone into Mademoiselle de l'Orme's house: I rode forward towards the Rue Saint Antoine; and just as I was going out of the Place-Royale, I saw a man on foot coming into it, who avoided me as much as he possibly could; but his endeavour was all to no purpose; I knew him to be the Duke de Brissac, and I no longer doubted but he was my rival that night: I then approached towards him, seeming as if I feared I mistook my man; and alighting with a very busy air: 'Brissac, my friend,' said I, 'you must do me a service of the very greatest importance: I have an appointment, for the first time, with a girl who lives very near this place; and, as this visit is only to concert measures, I shall make but a very short stay: be so kind, therefore, as to lend me your cloak, and walk my horse about a little, until I return; but, above all, do not go far from this place: you see that I use you freely like a friend; but you know, it is upon condition that you may take the same liberty with me.' I took his cloak without waiting for his answer, and he took my horse by the bridle, and followed me with his eye; but he gained no intelligence by this; for, after having pretended to go into a house opposite to him, I slipped under the piazzas to Mademoiselle de l'Orme's, where the door was opened as soon as I knocked. I was so much muffled up in Brissac's cloak, that I was taken for him: the door was immediately shut, not

the least question asked me; and, having none to ask myself, I went straight to the lady's chamber. I found her upon a couch in the most agreeable and genteelest dishabille imaginable: she never in her life looked so handsome, nor was so greatly surprised; and, seeing her speechless and confounded: 'What is the matter, my fair one?' said I, 'methinks this is a headache very elegantly set off; but your headache, to all appearance, is now gone?' 'Not in the least,' said she, 'I can scarce support it, and you will oblige me in going away, that I may go to bed.' 'As for your going to bed, to that I have not the least objection,' said I; 'but as for my going away, that cannot be, my little princess: the Chevalier de Grammont is no fool; a woman does not dress herself with so much care for nothing.' 'You will find, however,' said she, 'that it is for nothing; for you may depend upon it that you shall be no gainer by it.' 'What!' said I, 'after having made me an appointment!' 'Well,' replied she hastily, 'though I had made you fifty, it still depends upon me, whether I choose to keep them, or not, and you must submit if I do not.' 'This might do very well,' said I, 'if it was not to give it to another.' Mademoiselle de l'Orme, as haughty as a woman of the greatest virtue, and as passionate as one who has the least, was irritated at a suspicion, which gave her more concern than confusion; and seeing that she was beginning to put herself in a passion: 'Madam,' said I, 'pray do not talk in so high a strain; I know what perplexes you: you are afraid lest Brissac should meet

me here; but you may make yourself easy on that account: I met him not far from this place, and God knows that I have so managed the affair as to prevent his visiting you soon.' Having spoken these words in a tone somewhat tragical, she appeared concerned at first, and, looking upon me with surprise: 'What do you mean, about the Duke de Brissac?' said she. 'I mean,' replied I, 'that he is at the end of the street, walking my horse about; but, if you will not believe me, send one of your own servants thither, or look at his cloak, which I left in your antechamber.' Upon this, she burst into a fit of laughter, in the midst of her astonishment, and, throwing her arms around my neck: 'My dear Chevalier,' said she, 'I can hold out no longer; you are too amiable and too eccentric not to be pardoned.' I then told her the whole story: she was ready to die with laughing; and, parting very good friends, she assured me, my rival might exercise horses as long as he pleased, but that he should not set his foot within her doors that night.

"I found the duke exactly in the place where I had left him: I asked him a thousand pardons for having made him wait so long, and thanked him a thousand times for his complaisance. He told me, I jested; that such compliments were unusual among friends; and, to convince me that he had cordially rendered me this piece of service, he would, by all means, hold my horse while I was mounting. I returned him his cloak, bid him good-night, and went back to my lodgings, equally

satisfied with my mistress and my rival. This," continued he, "proves that a little patience and address is sufficient to disarm the anger of the fair, to turn even their tricks to a man's advantage."

It was in vain that the Chevalier de Grammont diverted the court with his stories, instructed by his example, and never appeared there but to inspire universal joy; for a long time he was the only foreigner in fashion. Fortune, jealous of the justice which is done to merit, and desirous of seeing all human happiness depend on her caprice, raised up against him two competitors for the pleasure he had long enjoyed of entertaining the English court; and these competitors were so much the more dangerous, as the reputation of their several merits had preceded their arrival, in order to dispose the suffrages of the court in their favour.

They came to display, in their own persons, whatever was the most accomplished either among the men of the sword, or of the gown. The one was the Marquis de Flamarens, the sad object of the sad elegies of the Countess de la Suse: the other was the president Tambonneau, the most humble and most obedient servant and admirer of the beauteous Luynes. As they arrived together, they exerted every endeavour to shine in concert: their talents were as different as their persons: Tambonneau, who was tolerably ugly, founded his hopes upon a great store of wit, which, however, no person in England could find out; and Flamarens, by his air and mien, courted admiration, which was flatly denied him.

They had agreed mutually to assist each other in order to succeed in their intentions; and, therefore, in their first visits, the one appeared in state, and the other was the spokesman. But they found the ladies in England of a far different taste from those who had rendered them famous in France: the rhetoric of the one had no effect on the fair sex, and the fine mien of the other distinguished him only in a minuet, which he first introduced into England, and which he danced with tolerable success. The English court had been too long accustomed to the solid wit of Saint Evremond, and the natural and singular charms of his hero, to be seduced by appearances: however, as the English have, in general, a sort of predilection in favour of any thing that has the appearance of bravery, Flamarens was better received on account of a duel, which, obliging him to leave his own country, was a recommendation to him in England.

Miss Hamilton had, at first, the honour of being distinguished by Tambonneau, who thought she possessed a sufficient share of wit to discover the delicacy of his; and being delighted to find that nothing was lost in her conversation, either as to the turn, the expression, or beauty of the thought, he frequently did her the favour to converse with her; and, perhaps, he would never have found out that he was tiresome, if, contenting himself with the display of his eloquence, he had not thought proper to attack her heart. This was carrying the matter a little too far for Miss Hamilton's complaisance, who was of opinion that she had

already shewn him too much for the tropes of his harangues: he was, therefore, desired to try somewhere else the experiment of his seducing tongue, and not to lose the merit of his former constancy by an infidelity which would be of no advantage to him.

He followed this advice like a wise and tractable man; and some time after, returning to his old mistress in France, he began to lay in a store of politics for those important negotiations in which he has since been employed.

It was not till after his departure that the Chevalier de Grammont heard of the amorous declaration he had made: this was a confidence of no great importance; it, however, saved Tambonneau from some ridicule which might have fallen to his share before he went away. His colleague, Flamarens, deprived of his support, soon perceived that he was not likely to meet in England with the success he had expected, both from love and fortune: but Lord Falmouth, ever attentive to the glory of his master, in the relief of illustrious men in distress, provided for his subsistence, and Lady Southesk for his pleasures: he obtained a pension from the king, and from her every thing he desired; and most happy was it for him that she had no other present to bestow but that of her heart.

It was at this time that Talbot, whom we have before mentioned, and who was afterwards created Duke of Tyrconnel, fell in love with Miss Hamilton. There was not a more genteel man at court: he was indeed but a younger brother, though of a very

ancient family, which, however, was not very considerable either for its renown or its riches; and though he was naturally of a careless disposition, yet, being intent upon making his fortune, and much in favour with the Duke of York, and fortune likewise favouring him at play, he had improved both so well, that he was in possession of about forty thousand pounds a year in land. He offered himself to Miss Hamilton, with this fortune, together with the almost certain hopes of being made a peer of the realm, by his master's credit: and, over and above all, as many sacrifices as she could desire of Lady Shrewsbury's letters, pictures, and hair; curiosities which, indeed, are reckoned for nothing in housekeeping, but which testify strongly in favour of the sincerity and merit of a lover.

Such a rival was not to be despised; and the Chevalier de Grammont thought him the more dangerous, as he perceived that Talbot was desperately in love; that he was not a man to be discouraged by a first repulse; that he had too much sense and good breeding to draw upon himself either contempt or coldness by too great eagerness; and, besides this, his brothers began to frequent the house. One of these brothers was almoner to the queen, an intriguing Jesuit, and a great match-maker: the other was, what was called, a lay-monk, who had nothing of his order but the immorality and infamy of character which is ascribed to them; and withal, frank and free, and sometimes entertaining, but ever ready to speak bold and offensive truths, and to do good offices.

When the Chevalier de Grammont reflected upon all these things, there certainly was strong ground for uneasiness: nor was the indifference which Miss Hamilton shewed for the addresses of his rival sufficient to remove his fears; for being absolutely dependent on her father's will, she could only answer for her own intentions: but Fortune, who seemed to have taken him under her protection in England, now delivered him from all his uneasiness.

Talbot had for many years stood forward as the patron of the distressed Irish: this zeal for his countrymen was certainly very commendable in itself; at the same time, however, it was not altogether free from self-interest: for, out of all the estates he had, through his credit, procured the restoration of to their primitive owners, he had always obtained some small compensation for himself; but, as each owner found his advantage in it, no complaint was made. Nevertheless, as it is very difficult to use fortune and favour with moderation, and not to swell with the gales of prosperity, some of his proceedings had an air of haughtiness and independence, which offended the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as injurious to his grace's authority. The duke resented this behaviour with great spirit. As there certainly was a great difference between them, both as to their birth and rank, and to their credit, it had been prudent in Talbot to have had recourse to apologies and submission; but such conduct appeared to him base, and unworthy for a man of his importance to

submit to: he accordingly acted with haughtiness and insolence; but he was soon convinced of his error; for, having inconsiderately launched out into some arrogant expressions, which it neither became him to utter, nor the Duke of Ormond to forgive, he was sent prisoner to the Tower, from whence he could not be released, until he had made all necessary submissions to his grace: he therefore employed all his friends for that purpose, and was obliged to yield more, to get out of this scrape, than would have been necessary to have avoided it. By this imprudent conduct, he lost all hopes of marrying into a family, which, after such a proceeding, was not likely to listen to any proposal from him.

It was with great difficulty and mortification that he was obliged to suppress a passion, which had made far greater progress in his heart, than this quarrel had done good to his affairs. This being the case, he was of opinion that his presence was necessary in Ireland, and that he was better out of the way of Miss Hamilton, to remove those impressions which still troubled his repose: his departure, therefore, soon followed this resolution.

Talbot played deep, and was tolerably forgetful: the Chevalier de Grammont won three or four hundred guineas of him the very evening on which he was sent to the Tower. That accident had made him forget his usual punctuality in paying, the next morning, whatever he had lost over-night; and this debt had so far escaped his memory, that it never once occurred to him after he was enlarged.

The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw him at his departure, without taking the least notice of the money he owed him, wished him a good journey; and, having met him at court, as he came to take his leave of the king: "Talbot," said he, "if my services can be of any use to you, during your absence, you have but to command them: you know, old Russell has left his nephew as his resident with Miss Hamilton: if you please, I will act for you in the same capacity. Adieu, God bless you: be sure not to fall sick upon the road; but if you should, pray remember me in your will." Talbot, who, upon this compliment, immediately recollected the money he owed the Chevalier, burst out a laughing, and embracing him: "My dear Chevalier," said he, "I am so much obliged to you for your offer, that I resign you my mistress, and will send you your money instantly." The Chevalier de Grammont possessed a thousand of these genteel ways of refreshing the memories of those persons who were apt to be forgetful in their payments. The following is the method he used some years after, with Lord Cornwallis: this lord had married the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, treasurer of the king's household, one of the richest and most regular men in England. His son-in-law, on the contrary, was a young spendthrift, was very extravagant, loved gaming, lost as much as any one would trust him, but was not quite so ready at paying. His father-in-law disapproved of his conduct, paid his debts, and gave him a lecture at the same time. The Chevalier de Grammont had won of

him a thousand or twelve hundred guineas, which he heard no tidings of, although he was upon the eve of his departure, and he had taken leave of Cornwallis in a more particular manner than any other person. This obliged the Chevalier to write him a billet, which was rather laconic. It was this:

"My lord,

"Pray remember the Count de Grammont, and do not forget Sir Stephen Fox."

To return to Talbot: he went away more concerned than became a man who had voluntarily resigned his mistress to another: neither his stay in Ireland, nor his solicitude about his domestic affairs, perfectly cured him; and if at his return he found himself disengaged from Miss Hamilton's chains, it was only to exchange them for others. The alteration that had taken place in the two courts occasioned this change in him, as we shall see in the sequel.

We have hitherto only mentioned the queen's maids of honour, upon account of Miss Stewart and Miss Warmestré: the others were Miss Bellenden, Mademoiselle de la Garde, and Mademoiselle Bardou, all maids of honour, as it pleased God.

Miss Bellenden was no beauty, but was a good-natured girl, whose chief merit consisted in being plump and fresh-coloured; and who, not having a sufficient stock of wit to be a coquette in form, used all her endeavours to please every person by her complaisance. Mademoiselle de la Garde, and Mademoiselle Bardou, both French, had been

Frances,
Duchess of Richmond

preferred to their places by the queen dowager: the first was a little brunette, who was continually meddling in the affairs of her companions; and the other by all means claimed the rank of a maid of honour, though she only lodged with the others, and both her title and services were constantly contested.

It was hardly possible for a woman to be more ugly with so fine a shape; but as a recompense, her ugliness was set off with every art. The use she was put to, was to dance with Flamarens, and sometimes, towards the conclusion of a ball, possessed of castanets and effrontery, she would dance some figured saraband or other, which amused the court. Let us now see in what manner this ended.

As Miss Stewart was very seldom in waiting on the queen, she was scarcely considered as a maid of honour: the others went off almost at the same time, by different adventures; and this is the history of Miss Warmestré, whom we have before mentioned, when speaking of the Chevalier de Grammont.

Lord Taaffe, eldest son of the Earl of Carlingford, was supposed to be in love with her; and Miss Warmestré not only imagined it was so, but likewise persuaded herself that he would not fail to marry her the first opportunity; and in the mean time, she thought it her duty to entertain him with all the civility imaginable. Taaffe had made the Duke of Richmond his confidant: these two were particularly attached to each other; but still more

so to wine. The Duke of Richmond, notwithstanding his birth, made but an indifferent figure at court; and the king respected him still less than his courtiers did: and perhaps it was in order to court his Majesty's favour, that he thought proper to fall in love with Miss Stewart. The duke and Lord Taaffe made each other the confidants of their respective engagements; and these were the measures they took to put their designs in execution. Little Mademoiselle de la Garde was charged to acquaint Miss Stewart that the Duke of Richmond was dying of love for her, and that when he ogled her in public, it was a certain sign that he was ready to marry her, as soon as ever she would consent.

Taaffe had no commission to give the little ambassadress for Miss Warmestré; for there every thing was already arranged; but she was charged to settle and provide some conveniences which were still wanting for the freedom of their commerce, such as to have free egress and regress to her at all hours of the day or night: this appeared difficult to be obtained, but it was, however, at length accomplished.

The governess of the maids of honour, who for the world would not have connived at any thing that was not fair and honourable, consented that they should sup as often as they pleased in Miss Warmestré's apartments, provided their intentions were honourable, and she one of the company. The good old lady was particularly fond of green oysters, and had no aversion to Spanish wine: she

was certain of finding at every one of these suppers two barrels of oysters; one to be eaten with the party, and the other for her to carry away: as soon therefore as she had taken her dose of wine, she took her leave of the company.

It was much about the time that the Chevalier de Grammont had cast his eyes upon Miss Warmestré, that this kind of life was led in her chamber. God knows how many ham-pies, bottles of wine, and other products of his lordship's liberality, were there consumed!

In the midst of these nocturnal festivals, and of this innocent commerce, a relation of Killegrew's came up to London about a lawsuit: he gained his cause, but nearly lost his senses.

He was a country gentleman, who had been a widower about six months, and was possessed of fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds a year: the good man, who had no business at court, went thither merely to see his cousin Killegrew, who could have dispensed with his visits. He there saw Miss Warmestré; and at first sight fell in love with her. His passion increased to such a degree, that, having no rest either by day or night, he was obliged to have recourse to extraordinary remedies; he thereupon early one morning called upon his cousin Killegrew, told him his case, and desired him to demand Miss Warmestré in marriage for him.

Killegrew was struck with wonder and astonishment when he heard his design: nor could he cease wondering at what sort of creature, of all the

women in London, his cousin had resolved upon marrying. It was some time before Killegrew could believe that he was in earnest; but when he was convinced that he was, he began to enumerate the dangers and inconveniences attending so rash an enterprise. He told him, that a girl educated at court was a terrible piece of furniture for the country; that to carry her thither against her inclination, would as effectually rob him of his happiness and repose, as if he was transported to hell; that if he consented to let her stay, he needed only compute what it would cost him in equipage, table, clothes, and gaming money, to maintain her in London according to her caprices; and then to cast up how long his fifteen thousand a year would last.

His cousin had already formed this computation; but, finding his reason less potent than his love, he remained fixed in his resolution; and Killegrew, yielding at length to his importunities, went and offered his cousin, bound hand and foot, to the victorious fair. As he dreaded nothing more than a compliance on her part, so nothing could astonish him more than the contempt with which she received his proposal. The scorn with which she refused him made him believe that she was sure of Lord Taaffe, and wonder how a girl like her could find out two men who would venture to marry her. He hastened to relate this refusal, with all the most aggravating circumstances, as the best news he could carry to his cousin; but his cousin would not believe him: he supposed that Killegrew disguised

the truth, for the same reasons he had already alleged; and not daring to mention the matter any more to him, he resolved to wait upon her himself. He summoned all his courage for the enterprise, and got his compliment by heart; but as soon as he had opened his mouth for the purpose, she told him he might have saved himself the trouble of calling on her about such a ridiculous affair; that she had already given her answer to Killegrew; and that she neither had, nor ever should have, any other to give; which words she accompanied with all the severity with which importunate demands are usually refused.

He was more affected than confounded at this repulse: every thing became odious to him in London, and he himself more so than all the rest: he therefore left town, without taking leave of his cousin, went back to his country seat, and thinking it would be impossible for him to live without the inhuman fair, he resolved to neglect no opportunity in his power to hasten his death.

But whilst, in order to indulge his sorrow, he had forsaken all intercourse with dogs and horses; that is to say, renounced all the delights and endearments of a country squire, the scornful nymph, who was certainly mistaken in her reckoning, took the liberty of being brought to bed in the face of the whole court.

An adventure so public made no small noise, as we may very well imagine; all the prudes at court at once broke loose upon it; and those principally, whose age or persons secured them from any such

scandal, were the most inveterate, and cried most loudly for justice. But the governess of the maids of honour, who might have been called to an account for it, affirmed, that it was nothing at all, and that she was possessed of circumstances which would at once silence all censorious tongues. She had an audience of the queen, in order to unfold the mystery; and related to her majesty how every thing had passed with her consent, that is to say, upon honourable terms.

The queen sent to inquire of Lord Taaffe, whether he acknowledged Miss Warmestré for his wife: to which he most respectfully returned for answer, that he neither acknowledged Miss Warmestré nor her child, and that he wondered why she should rather father it upon him than any other. The unfortunate Warmestré, more enraged at this answer than at the loss of such a lover, quitted the court as soon as ever she was able, with a resolution of quitting the world at the first opportunity.

Killegrew, being upon the point of setting out upon a journey when this adventure happened, thought he might as well call upon his afflicted cousin in his way, to acquaint him with the circumstance; and as soon as he saw him, without paying any attention to the delicacy of his love, or to his feelings, he bluntly told him the whole story: nor did he omit any colouring that could heighten his indignation, in order to make him burst with shame and resentment.

We read that the gentle Tiridates quietly expired upon the recital of the death of Mariamne; but

Killegrew's fond cousin, falling devoutly upon his knees, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, poured forth this exclamation :—

"Praised be the Lord for a small misfortune, which perhaps may prove the comfort of my life! Who knows but the beauteous Warmestré will now accept of me for a husband; and that I may have the happiness of passing the remainder of my days with a woman I adore, and by whom I may expect to have heirs?" "Certainly," said Killegrew, more confounded than his cousin ought to have been on such an occasion, "you may depend upon having both: I make no manner of doubt but she will marry you, as soon as ever she is recovered from her lying-in; and it would be great ill-nature in her, who already know the way, to let you want children: however, in the mean time, I advise you to take that she has already, till you get more."

Notwithstanding this raillery, all that was said did take place. This faithful lover courted her, as if she had been the chaste Lucretia, or the beauteous Helen: his passion even increased after marriage, and the generous fair, first out of gratitude, and afterwards through inclination, never brought him a child of which he was not the father; and though there have been many a happy couple in England, this certainly was the happiest.

Some time after, Miss Bellenden, not being terrified by this example, had the prudence to quit the court before she was obliged so to do: the disagreeable Bardou followed her soon after; but for different reasons. Every person was at last completely

tired of her saraband, as well as of her face; and the king, that he might see neither of them any more, gave each a small pension for her subsistence. There now only remained little Mademoiselle de la Garde to be provided for: neither her virtues nor her vices were sufficiently conspicuous to occasion her being either dismissed from court, or pressed to remain there: God knows what would have become of her, if a Mr. Silvius, a man who had nothing of a Roman in him except the name, had not taken the poor girl to be his wife.

We have now shewn how all these damsels deserved to be expelled, either for their irregularities, or for their ugliness; and yet, those who replaced them found means to make them regretted, Miss Wells only excepted.

She was a tall girl, exquisitely shaped: she dressed very genteel, walked like a goddess; and yet her face, though made like those that generally please the most, was unfortunately one of those that pleased the least: nature had spread over it a certain careless indolence that made her look sheepish. This gave but a bad opinion of her wit; and her wit had the ill-luck to make good that opinion: however, as she was fresh-coloured, and appeared inexperienced, the king, whom the fair Stewart did not render over nice as to the perfections of the mind, resolved to try whether the senses would not fare better with Miss Wells's person than fine sentiments with her understanding: nor was this experiment attended with much difficulty: she was of a loyal family; and her father having faithfully served Charles the First,

Miss Wells

she thought it her duty not to revolt against Charles the Second. But this connection was not attended with very advantageous circumstances for herself; some pretended that she did not hold out long enough, and that she surrendered at discretion before she was vigorously attacked; and others said, that his majesty complained of certain other facilities still less pleasing. The Duke of Buckingham made a couplet upon this occasion, wherein the king, speaking to Progers, the confidant of his intrigues, puns upon the name of the fair one.

Miss Wells, notwithstanding this species of anagram upon her name, and these remarks upon her person, shone the brightest among her new companions. These were Miss Levingston, Miss Fielding, and Miss Boynton, who little deserve to be mentioned in these memoirs; therefore we shall leave them in obscurity until it please fortune to draw them out of it.

This was the new establishment of maids of honour to the queen. The Duchess of York, nearly about the same time likewise recruited hers; but shewed, by a happier and more brilliant choice, that England possessed an inexhaustible stock of beauties. But before we begin to speak of them, let us see who were the first maids of honour to her royal highness, and on what account they were removed.

Besides Miss Blague and Miss Price, whom we have before mentioned, the establishment was composed of Miss Bagot and Miss Hobart, the president of the community.

Miss Blague, who never knew the true reason of her quarrel with the Marquis de Brisacier, took it up upon that fatal letter she had received from him, wherein, without acquainting her that Miss Price was to wear the same sort of gloves and yellow riband as herself, he had only complimented her upon her hair, her fair complexion, and her eyes *marcassins*. This word she imagined must signify something particularly wonderful, since her eyes were compared to it; and being desirous, some time afterwards, to know all the energy of the expression, she asked the meaning of the French word *marcassin*. As there are no wild boars in England, those to whom she addressed herself told her that it signified a young pig. This scandalous simile confirmed her in the belief she entertained of his perfidy. Brisacier, more amazed at her change, than she was offended at his supposed calumny, looked upon her as a woman still more capricious than insignificant, and never troubled himself more about her; but Sir —— Yarborough, of as fair a complexion as herself, made her an offer of marriage in the height of her resentment, and was accepted: chance made up this match, I suppose, as an experiment to try what such a white-haired union would produce.

Miss Price was witty; and as her person was not very likely to attract many admirers, which, however, she was resolved to have, she was far from being coy, when an occasion offered: she did not so much as make any terms: she was violent in her resentments, as well as in her attachments, which

had exposed her to some inconveniences; and she had very indiscreetly quarrelled with a young girl whom Lord Rochester admired. This connection, which till then had been a secret, she had the imprudence to publish to the whole world, and thereby drew upon herself the most dangerous enemy in the universe: never did any man write with more ease, humour, spirit, and delicacy; but he was at the same time the most severe satirist.

Poor Miss Price, who had thus voluntarily provoked his resentment, was daily exposed in some new shape: there was every day some new song or other, the subject of which was her conduct, and the burden her name. How was it possible for her to bear up against these attacks, in a court, where every person was eager to obtain the most insignificant trifle that came from the pen of Lord Rochester? The loss of her lover, and the discovery that attended it, were only wanting to complete the persecution that was raised against her.

About this time died Dongan, a gentleman of merit, who was succeeded by Durfort, afterwards Earl of Feversham, in the post of lieutenant of the duke's life-guards: Miss Price having tenderly loved him, his death plunged her into a gulf of despair; but the inventory of his effects had almost deprived her of her senses: there was in it a certain little box sealed up on all sides: it was addressed in the deceased's own handwriting to Miss Price; but instead of receiving it, she had not even the courage to look upon it. The governess thought it became her in prudence to receive it on Miss

Price's refusal, and her duty to deliver it to the duchess herself, supposing it was filled with many curious and precious commodities, of which perhaps she might make some advantage. Though the duchess was not altogether of the same opinion, she had the curiosity to see what was contained in a box sealed up in a manner so particularly careful, and therefore caused it to be opened in the presence of some ladies, who happened then to be in her closet

All kinds of love trinkets were found in it; and all these favours, it appeared, came from the tender-hearted Miss Price. It was difficult to comprehend how a single person could have furnished so great a collection; for, besides counting the pictures, there was hair of all descriptions, wrought into bracelets, lockets, and into a thousand other different devices, wonderful to see. After these were three or four packets of letters of so tender a nature, and so full of raptures and languors so naturally expressed, that the duchess could not endure the reading of any more than the two first.

Her royal highness was sorry that she had caused the box to be opened in such good company; for being before such witnesses, she rightly judged it was impossible to stifle this adventure; and, at the same time, there being no possibility of retaining any longer such a maid of honour, Miss Price had her valuables restored to her, with orders to go and finish her lamentations, or to console herself for the loss of her lover in some other place.

Miss Hobart's character was at that time as un-

common in England, as her person was singular, in a country where, to be young, and not to be in some degree handsome, is a reproach: she had a good shape, rather a bold air; and a great deal of wit, which was well cultivated, without having much discretion. She was likewise possessed of a great deal of vivacity, with an irregular fancy: there was a great deal of fire in her eyes, which, however, produced no effect upon the beholders; and she had a tender heart, whose sensibility some pretended was alone in favour of the fair sex.

Miss Bagot was the first that gained her tenderness and affection, which she returned at first with equal warmth and sincerity; but perceiving that all her friendship was insufficient to repay that of Miss Hobart, she yielded the conquest to the governess's niece, who thought herself as much honoured by it, as her aunt thought herself obliged by the care she took of the young girl.

It was not long before the report, whether true or false, of this singularity, spread through the whole court, where people, being yet so uncivilized as never to have heard of that kind of refinement in love of ancient Greece, imagined that the illustrious Hobart, who seemed so particularly attached to the fair sex, was in reality something more than she appeared to be.

Satirical ballads soon began to compliment her upon these new attributes; and upon the insinuations that were therein made, her companions began to fear her. The governess, alarmed at these reports, consulted Lord Rochester upon the danger

to which her niece was exposed. She could not have applied to a fitter person: he immediately advised her to take her niece out of the hands of Miss Hobart; and contrived matters so well, that she fell into his own. The duchess, who had too much generosity not to treat as visionary what was imputed to Miss Hobart, and too much justice to condemn her upon the faith of lampoons, removed her from the society of the maids of honour, to be an attendant upon her own person.

Miss Bagot was the only one who was really possessed of virtue and beauty, among these maids of honour: she had beautiful and regular features, and that sort of brown complexion, which, when in perfection, is so particularly fascinating, and more especially in England, where it is uncommon. There was an involuntary blush almost continually upon her cheek, without having any thing to blush for. Lord Falmouth cast his eyes upon her: his addresses were better received than those of Miss Hobart, and some time after Cupid raised her from the post of maid of honour to the duchess, to a rank which might have been envied by all the young ladies in England.

The Duchess of York, in order to form her new court, resolved to see all the young persons that offered themselves, and without any regard to recommendations, to choose none but the handsomest.

At the head of this new assembly appeared Miss Jennings and Miss Temple; and indeed they so entirely eclipsed the other two, that shall we speak of them only.

Countess of Falmouth.

Miss Jennings, adorned with all the blooming treasures of youth, had the fairest and brightest complexion that ever was seen: her hair was of a most beauteous flaxen; there was something particularly lively and animated in her countenance, which preserved her from that insipidity which is frequently an attendant on a complexion so extremely fair. Her mouth was not the smallest, but it was the handsomest mouth in the world. Nature had endowed her with all those charms which cannot be expressed, and the Graces had given the finishing stroke to them. The turn of her face was exquisitely fine, and her swelling neck was as fair and as bright as her face. In a word, her person gave the idea of Aurora, or the goddess of the spring, "such as youthful poets fancy when they love." But as it would have been unjust that a single person should have engrossed all the treasures of beauty without any defect, there was something wanting in her hands and arms to render them worthy of the rest: her nose was not the most elegant, and her eyes gave some relief, whilst her mouth and her other charms pierced the heart with a thousand darts.

With this amiable person she was full of wit and sprightliness, and all her actions and motions were unaffected and easy: her conversation was bewitching, when she had a mind to please; piercing and delicate when disposed to raillery; but as her imagination was subject to flights, and as she began to speak frequently before she had done thinking, her expressions did not always convey what she

wished; sometimes exceeding, and at others falling short of her ideas.

Miss Temple, nearly of the same age, was brown compared with the other: she had a good shape, fine teeth, languishing eyes, a fresh complexion, an agreeable smile, and a lively air. Such was the outward form; but it would be difficult to describe the rest; for she was simple and vain, credulous and suspicious, coquettish and prudent, very self-sufficient, and very silly.

As soon as these new stars appeared at the duchess's court, all eyes were fixed upon them, and every one formed some design upon one or other of them, some with honourable, and others with dishonest intentions. Miss Jennings soon distinguished herself, and left her companions no other admirers but such as remained constant from hopes of success: her brilliant charms attracted at first sight, and the charms of her wit secured her conquests.

The Duke of York having persuaded himself that she was part of his property, resolved to pursue his claim by the same title whereby his brother had appropriated to himself the favours of Miss Wells; but he did not find her inclined to enter into his service, though she had engaged in that of the duchess. She would not pay any attention to the perpetual ogling with which he at first attacked her. Her eyes were always wandering on other objects, when those of his royal highness were looking for them; and if by chance he caught any casual glance, she did not even blush. This made

him resolve to change his manner of attack: ogling having proved ineffectual, he took an opportunity to speak to her; and this was still worse. I know not in what strain he told his case; but it is certain the oratory of the tongue was not more prevailing than the eloquence of his eyes.

Miss Jennings had both virtue and pride, and the proposals of the duke were consistent with neither the one nor the other. Although from her great vivacity one might suppose that she was not capable of much reflection, yet she had furnished herself with some very salutary maxims for the conduct of a young person of her age. The first was, that a lady ought to be young to enter the court with advantage, and not old to leave it with a good grace: that she could not maintain herself there, but by a glorious resistance, or by illustrious foibles; and that in so dangerous a situation, she ought to use her utmost endeavours not to dispose of her heart, until she gave her hand.

Entertaining such sentiments, she had far less trouble to resist the duke's temptations, than to disengage herself from his perseverance: she was deaf to all treaties for a settlement, with which her ambition was sounded; and all offers of presents succeeded still worse. What was then to be done to conquer an extravagant virtue that would not hearken to reason? He was ashamed to suffer a giddy young girl to escape, whose inclinations ought in some manner to correspond with the vivacity that shone forth in all her actions, and who nevertheless thought proper to be serious

when no such thing as seriousness was required of her.

After he had attentively considered her obstinate behaviour, he thought that writing might perhaps succeed, though ogling, speeches, and embassies had failed. Paper receives every thing, but it unfortunately happened that she would not receive the paper. Every day billets, containing the tenderest expressions, and most magnificent promises, were slipped into her pockets, or into her muff: this, however, could not be done unperceived; and the malicious little gipsy took care that those who saw them slip in, should likewise see them fall out, unperused and unopened; she only shook her muff, or pulled out her handkerchief; as soon as ever his back was turned, his billets fell about her like hail-stones, and whoever pleased might take them up. The duchess was frequently a witness of this conduct; but could not find in her heart to chide her for her want of respect to the duke. After this, the charms and prudence of Miss Jennings were the only subjects of conversation in the two courts: the courtiers could not comprehend how a young creature, brought directly from the country to court, should so soon become its ornament by her attractions, and its example by her conduct.

The king was of opinion, those who had attacked her had ill concerted their measures; for he thought it unnatural that she should neither be tempted by promises, nor gained by importunity: she, especially, who in all probability had not imbibed such severe precepts from the prudence of her mother, who had

never tasted any thing more delicious than the plums and apricots of Saint Alban's. Being resolved to try her himself, he was particularly pleased with the great novelty that appeared in the turn of her wit, and in the charms of her person; and curiosity, which at first induced him to make the trial, was soon changed into a desire of succeeding in the experiment. God knows what might have been the consequence, for he greatly excelled in wit, and besides he was king: two qualities of no small consideration. The resolutions of the fair Jennings were commendable and very judicious; but yet she was wonderfully pleased with wit; and royal majesty, prostrate at the feet of a young person, is very persuasive. Miss Stewart, however, would not consent to the king's project.

She immediately took the alarm, and desired his majesty to leave to the duke, his brother, the care of tutoring the duchess's maids of honour, and only to attend to the management of his own flock, unless his majesty would in return allow her to listen to certain proposals of a settlement which she did not think disadvantageous. This menace being of a serious nature, the king obeyed; and Miss Jennings had all the additional honour which arose from this adventure: it both added to her reputation, and increased the number of her admirers. Thus she continued to triumph over the liberties of others, without ever losing her own: her hour was not yet come, but it was not far distant; the particulars of which we shall relate, as soon as we have given some account of the conduct of her companion.

Though Miss Temple's person was particularly engaging, it was nevertheless eclipsed by that of Miss Jennings; but she was still more excelled by the other's superior mental accomplishments. Two persons, very capable to impart understanding, had the gift been communicable, undertook at the same time to rob her of the little she really possessed: these were Lord Rochester and Miss Hobart: the first began to mislead her, by reading to her all his compositions, as if she alone had been a proper judge of them. He never thought proper to flatter her upon her personal accomplishments; but told her, that if heaven had made him susceptible of the impressions of beauty, it would not have been possible for him to have escaped her chains; but not being, thank God, affected with any thing but wit, he had the happiness of enjoying the most agreeable conversation in the world, without running any risk. After so sincere a confession, he either presented to her a copy of verses, or a new song, in which, whoever dared to come in competition in any respect with Miss Temple, was laid prostrate before her charms, most humbly to solicit pardon: such flattering insinuations so completely turned her head, that it was a pity to see her.

The duchess took notice of it, and well knowing the extent of both their geniuses, she saw the precipice into which the poor girl was running headlong without perceiving it; but as it is no less dangerous to forbid a connection that is not yet thought of, than it is difficult to put an end to one that is already well established, Miss Hobart was

Walter Scott Ph. sc.

Frances Jennings.
Duchess of Tyrconnel

charged to take care, with all possible discretion, that these frequent and long conversations might not be attended with any dangerous consequences: with pleasure she accepted the commission, and greatly flattered herself with success.

She had already made all necessary advances, to gain possession of her confidence and friendship; and Miss Temple, less suspicious of her than of Lord Rochester, made all imaginable returns. She was greedy of praise, and loved all manner of sweetmeats, as much as a child of nine or ten years old: her taste was gratified in both these respects. Miss Hobart having the superintendence of the duchess's baths, her apartment joined them, in which there was a closet stored with all sorts of sweetmeats and liqueurs: the closet suited Miss Temple's taste, as exactly as it gratified Miss Hobart's inclination, to have something that could allure her.

Summer, being now returned, brought back with it the pleasures and diversions that are its inseparable attendants. One day, when the ladies had been taking the air on horseback, Miss Temple, on her return from riding, alighted at Miss Hobart's, in order to recover her fatigue at the expense of the sweetmeats, which she knew were there at her service; but before she began, she desired Miss Hobart's permission to undress herself and change her linen in her apartment; which request was immediately complied with: "I was just going to propose it to you," said Miss Hobart, "not but that you are as charming as an angel in your

riding-habit; but there is nothing so comfortable as a loose dress, and being at one's ease: you cannot imagine, my dear Temple," continued she, embracing her, "how much you oblige me by this free unceremonious conduct; but above all, I am enchanted with your particular attention to cleanliness: how greatly you differ in this, as in many other things, from that silly creature Jennings! Have you remarked how all our court fops admire her for her brilliant complexion, which perhaps, after all, is not wholly her own; and for blunders, which are truly original and which they are such fools as to mistake for wit: I have not conversed with her long enough to perceive in what her wit consists; but of this I am certain, that if it is not better than her feet, it is no great matter. What stories have I heard of her sluttishness! No cat ever dreaded water so much as she does: Fie upon her! Never to wash for her own comfort, and only to attend to those parts which must necessarily be seen, such as the neck and hands."

Miss Temple swallowed all this with even greater pleasure than the sweetmeats; and the officious Hobart, not to lose time, was helping her off with her clothes, while the chambermaid was coming. She made some objections to this at first, being unwilling to occasion that trouble to a person, who, like Miss Hobart, had been advanced to a place of dignity; but she was overruled by her, and assured, that it was with the greatest pleasure she showed her that small mark of civility. The collation being finished, and Miss Temple undressed: "Let us

retire," said Miss Hobart, "to the bathing closet, where we may enjoy a little conversation, secure from any impertinent visit." Miss Temple consented, and both of them sitting down on a couch: "You are too young, my dear Temple," said she, "to know the baseness of men in general, and too short a time acquainted with the court, to know the character of its inhabitants. I will give you a short sketch of the principal persons, to the best of my knowledge, without injury to any one; for I abominate the trade of scandal.

"In the first place, then, you ought to set it down as an undoubted fact, that all courtiers are deficient, either in honesty, good sense, judgment, wit, or sincerity; that is to say, if any of them by chance possess some one of these qualities, you may depend upon it he is defective in the rest: sumptuous in their equipages, deep play, a great opinion of their own merit, and contempt of that of others, are their chief characteristics.

"Interest or pleasure are the motives of all their actions: those who are led by the first, would sell God Almighty, as Judas sold his Master, and that for less money. I could relate you a thousand noble instances of this, if I had time. As for the sectaries of pleasure, or those who pretend to be such, for they are not all so bad as they endeavour to make themselves appear, these gentlemen pay no manner of regard, either to promises, oaths, law, or religion; that is to say, they are literally no respecters of persons; they care neither for God nor man, if they can but gain their ends. They

look upon maids of honour only as amusements, placed expressly at court for their entertainment; and the more merit any one has, the more she is exposed to their impertinence, if she gives any ear to them; and to their malicious calumnies, when she ceases to attend to them. As for husbands, this is not the place to find them; for unless money or caprice make up the match, there is but little hopes of being married: virtue and beauty in this respect here are equally useless. Lady Falmouth is the only instance of a maid of honour well married without a portion; and if you were to ask her poor weak husband for what reason he married her, I am persuaded that he can assign none, unless it be her great red ears, and broad feet. As for the pale Lady Yarborough, who appeared so proud of her match, she is wife, to be sure, of a great country bumpkin, who, the very week after their marriage, bid her take her farewell of the town for ever, in consequence of five or six thousand pounds a year he enjoys on the borders of Cornwall. Alas! poor Miss Blague! I saw her go away about this time twelvemonth, in a coach with four such lean horses, that I cannot believe she is yet half-way to her miserable little castle. What can be the matter! all the girls seem afflicted with the rage of wedlock, and however small their portion of charms may be, they think it only necessary to show themselves at court, in order to pick and choose their men: but was this in reality the case, the being a wife is the most wretched condition imaginable for a person of nice sentiments. Believe me, my dear Temple, the

pleasures of matrimony are so inconsiderable, in comparison with its inconveniences, that I cannot imagine how any reasonable creature can resolve upon it: rather fly, therefore, from this irksome engagement than court it. Jealousy, formerly a stranger to these happy isles, is now coming into fashion, with many recent examples of which you are acquainted. However brilliant the phantom may appear, suffer not yourself to be caught by its splendour, and never be so weak as to transform your slave into your tyrant: as long as you preserve your own liberty, you will be mistress of that of others. I will relate to you a very recent proof of the perfidy of man to our sex, and of the impunity they experience in all attempts upon our innocence. The Earl of Oxford fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress, belonging to the duke's theatre, who performed to perfection, particularly the part of Roxana, in a very fashionable new play, insomuch that she ever retained that name: this creature being both very virtuous, and very modest, or, if you please, wonderfully obstinate, proudly rejected the addresses and presents of the Earl of Oxford. This resistance inflamed his passion: he had recourse to invectives, and even to spells; but all in vain. This disappointment had such effect upon him, that he could neither eat nor drink; this did not signify to him; but his passion at length became so violent, that he could neither play nor smoke. In this extremity, love had recourse to Hymen: the Earl of Oxford, one of the first peers of the realm, is, you know, a very handsome man: he is of the

order of the garter, which greatly adds to an air naturally noble. In short, from his outward appearance, you would suppose he was really possessed of some sense; but as soon as ever you hear him speak, you are perfectly convinced of the contrary. This passionate lover presented her with a promise of marriage, in due form, signed with his own hand: she would not, however, rely upon this, but the next day she thought there could be no danger, when the earl himself came to her lodgings attended by a clergyman, and another man for a witness: the marriage was accordingly solemnized with all due ceremonies, in the presence of one of her fellow-players, who attended as a witness on her part. You will suppose, perhaps, that the new countess had nothing to do but to appear at court according to her rank, and to display the earl's arms upon her carriage. This was far from being the case. When examination was made concerning the marriage, it was found to be a mere deception: it appeared that the pretended priest was one of my lord's trumpeters, and the witness his kettle-drummer. The parson and his companion never appeared after the ceremony was over; and as for the other witness, they endeavoured to persuade her, that the Sultana Roxana might have supposed, in some part or other of a play, that she was really married. It was all to no purpose, that the poor creature claimed the protection of the laws of God and man, both which were violated and abused, as well as herself, by this infamous imposition: in vain did she throw herself at the king's feet to demand justice: she had only

to rise up again without redress; and happy might she think herself to receive an annuity of one thousand crowns, and to resume the name of Roxana, instead of Countess of Oxford. You will say, perhaps, that she was only a player; that all men have not the same sentiments as the earl; and, that one may at least believe them, when they do but render justice to such merit as yours. But still do not believe them, though I know you are liable to it, as you have admirers; for all are not infatuated with Miss Jennings: the handsome Sidney ogles you; Lord Rochester is delighted with your conversation; and the most serious Sir Charles Lyttleton forsakes his natural gravity in favour of your charms. As for the first, I confess his figure is very likely to engage the inclinations of a young person like yourself; but were his outward form attended with other accomplishments, which I know it is not, and that his sentiments in your favour were as real as he endeavours to persuade you they are, and as you deserve, yet I would not advise you to form any connections with him, for reasons which I cannot tell you at present.

"Sir Charles Lyttleton is undoubtedly in earnest, since he appears ashamed of the condition to which you have reduced him; and I really believe, if he could get the better of those vulgar chimerical apprehensions, of being what is vulgarly called a cuckold, the good man would marry you, and you would be his representative in his little government, where you might merrily pass your days in casting up the weekly bills of housekeeping, and in darning

old napkins. What a glory would it be to have a Cato for a husband, whose speeches are as many lectures, and whose lectures are composed of nothing but ill-nature and censure!

"Lord Rochester is, without contradiction, the most witty man in all England; but then he is likewise the most unprincipled, and devoid even of the least tincture of honour: he is dangerous to our sex alone; and that to such a degree, that there is not a woman who gives ear to him three times, but she irretrievably loses her reputation. No woman can escape him, for he has her in his writings, though his other attacks be ineffectual; and in the age we live in, the one is as bad as the other, in the eye of the public. In the mean time nothing is more dangerous than the artful insinuating manner with which he gains possession of the mind: he applauds your taste, submits to your sentiments, and at the very instant that he himself does not believe a single word of what he is saying, he makes you believe it all. I dare lay a wager, that from the conversation you have had with him, you thought him one of the most honourable and sincerest men living: for my part, I cannot imagine what he means by the assiduity he pays you: not but your accomplishments are sufficient to excite the adoration and praise of the whole world; but had he even been so fortunate as to have gained your affections, he would not know what to do with the loveliest creature at court: for it is a long time since his debauches have brought him to order, with the assistance of the favours of all the common street-walkers. See,

then, my dear Temple, what horrid malice possesses him, to the ruin and confusion of innocence! A wretch! to have no other design in his addresses and assiduities to Miss Temple, but to give a greater air of probability to the calumnies with which he has loaded her. You look upon me with astonishment, and seem to doubt the truth of what I advance; but I do not desire you to believe me without evidence: here," said she, drawing a paper out of her pocket, "see what a copy of verses he has made in your praise, while he lulls your credulity to rest, by flattering speeches and feigned respect."

After saying this, the perfidious Hobart shewed her half a dozen couplets full of strained invective and scandal, which Rochester had made against the former maids of honour. This severe and cutting lampoon was principally levelled against Miss Price, whose person he took to pieces in the most frightful and hideous manner imaginable. Miss Hobart had substituted the name of Temple instead of Price, which she made to agree, both with the measure and tune of the song. This effectually answered Hobart's intentions: the credulous Temple no sooner heard her sing the lampoon, but she firmly believed it to be made upon herself; and in the first transports of her rage, having nothing so much at heart as to give the lie to the fictions of the poet: "Ah! as for this, my dear Hobart," said she, "I can bear it no longer: I do not pretend to be so handsome as some others; but as for the defects that villain charges me with, I dare say, my dear Hobart, there is no woman more free from them:

we are alone, and I am almost inclined to convince you by ocular demonstration." Miss Hobart was too complaisant to oppose this motion; but, although she soothed her mind by extolling all her beauties, in opposition to Lord Rochester's song, Miss Temple was almost driven to distraction by rage and astonishment, that the first man she ever attended to, should, in his conversation with her, not even make use of a single word of truth, but that he should likewise have the unparalleled cruelty, falsely to accuse her of defects; and not being able to find words capable of expressing her anger and resentment, she began to weep like a child.

Miss Hobart used all her endeavours to comfort her, and chid her for being so much hurt with the invectives of a person, whose scandalous impostures were too well known to make any impression: she however advised her never to speak to him any more, for that was the only method to disappoint his designs; that contempt and silence were, on such occasions, much preferable to any explanation, and that if he could once obtain a hearing, he would be justified, but she would be ruined.

Miss Hobart was not wrong in giving her this counsel: she knew that an explanation would betray her, and that there would be no quarter for her, if Lord Rochester had so fair an opportunity of renewing his former panegyrics upon her; but her precaution was in vain: this conversation had been heard from one end to the other, by the governess's niece, who was blessed with a most faithful memory;

and, having that very day an appointment with Lord Rochester, she conned it over three or four times, that she might not forget one single word, when she should have the honour of relating it to her lover. We shall show in the next chapter, what were the consequences resulting from it.

CHAPTER X

THE conversation before related was agreeable only to Miss Hobart; for, if Miss Temple was entertained with its commencement, she was so much the more irritated by its conclusion: this indignation was succeeded by the curiosity of knowing the reason why, if Sidney had a real esteem for her, she should not be allowed to pay some attention to him. The tender-hearted Hobart, unable to refuse her any request, promised her this piece of confidence, as soon as she should be secure of her conduct towards Lord Rochester: for this she only desired a trial of her sincerity for three days, after which, she assured her, she would acquaint her with every thing she wished to know. Miss Temple protested she no longer regarded Lord Rochester but as a monster of perfidiousness, and vowed, by all that was sacred, that she would never listen to him, much less speak to him, as long as she lived.

As soon as they retired from the closet, Miss Sarah came out of the bath, where, during all this

conversation, she had been almost perished with cold without daring to complain. This little gypsy had, it seems, obtained leave of Miss Hobart's woman to bathe herself unknown to her mistress: and having, I know not how, found means to fill one of the baths with cold water, Miss Sarah had just got into it, when they were both alarmed with the arrival of the other two. A glass partition inclosed the room where the baths were, and Indian silk-curtains, which drew on the inside, screened those that were bathing. Miss Hobart's chambermaid had only just time to draw these curtains, that the girl might not be seen, to lock the partition door, and to take away the key, before her mistress and Miss Temple came in.

These two sat down on a couch placed along the partition, and Miss Sarah, notwithstanding her alarms, had distinctly heard, and perfectly retained the whole conversation. As the little girl was at all this trouble to make herself clean, only on Lord Rochester's account, as soon as ever she could make her escape, she regained her garret; where Rochester, having repaired thither at the appointed hour, was fully informed of all that had passed in the bathing-room. He was astonished at the audacious temerity of Hobart, in daring to put such a trick upon him; but, though he rightly judged that love and jealousy were the real motives, he would not excuse her. Little Sarah desired to know, whether he had a real affection for Miss Temple, as Miss Hobart said she supposed that was the case. "Can you doubt it," replied he,

"since that oracle of sincerity has affirmed it? But then you know that I am not now capable of profiting by my perfidy, were I even to gain Miss Temple's compliance, since my debauches and the street-walkers have brought me to order."

This answer made Miss Sarah very easy, for she concluded that the first article was not true, since she knew from experience that the latter was false. Lord Rochester was resolved that very evening to attend the duchess's court, to see what reception he would meet with after the fine portrait Miss Hobart had been so kind as to draw of him. Miss Temple did not fail to be there likewise, with the intention of looking on him with the most contemptuous disdain possible, though she had taken care to dress herself as well as she could. As she supposed that the lampoon Miss Hobart had sung to her was in everybody's possession, she was under great embarrassment lest all those whom she met should think her such a monster as Lord Rochester had described her. In the mean time, Miss Hobart, who had not much confidence in her promises never more to speak to him, narrowly watched her. Miss Temple never in her life appeared so handsome: every person complimented her upon it; but she received all these civilities with such an air, that every one thought she was mad; for when they commended her shape, her fresh complexion, and the brilliancy of her eyes: "Pshaw," said she, "it is very well known that I am but a monster, and formed in no respect like other women: all is not gold that glisters; and

though I may receive some compliments in public, it signifies nothing." All Miss Hobart's endeavours to stop her tongue were ineffectual; and, continuing to rail at herself ironically, the whole court was puzzled to comprehend her meaning.

When Lord Rochester came in, she first blushed, then turned pale, made a motion to go towards him, drew back again, pulled her gloves one after the other up to the elbow; and after having three times violently flirted her fan, she waited until he paid his compliments to her as usual, and as soon as he began to bow, the fair one immediately turned her back upon him. Rochester only smiled, and being resolved that her resentment should be still more remarked, he turned round, and posting himself face to face: "Madam," said he, "nothing can be so glorious as to look so charming as you do, after such a fatiguing day: to support a ride of three long hours, and Miss Hobart afterwards, without being tired, shews indeed a very strong constitution."

Miss Temple had naturally a tender look, but she was transported with such a violent passion at his having the audacity to speak to her, that her eyes appeared like two fire-balls when she turned them upon him. Hobart pinched her arm, as she perceived that this look was likely to be followed by a torrent of reproaches and invectives.

Lord Rochester did not wait for them, and delaying until another opportunity the acknowledgments he owed Miss Hobart, he quietly retired. The latter, who could not imagine that he knew

anything of their conversation at the bath, was, however, much alarmed at what he had said; but Miss Temple, almost choked with the reproaches with which she thought herself able to confound him, and which she had not time to give vent to, vowed to ease her mind of them upon the first opportunity, notwithstanding the promise she had made; but never more to speak to him afterwards.

Lord Rochester had a faithful spy near these nymphs: this was Miss Sarah, who, by his advice, and with her aunt's consent, was reconciled with Miss Hobart, the more effectually to betray her: he was informed by this spy, that Miss Hobart's maid, being suspected of having listened to them in the closet, had been turned away; that she had taken another, whom, in all probability, she would not keep long, because, in the first place, she was ugly, and, in the second, she eat the sweetmeats that were prepared for Miss Temple. Although this intelligence was not very material, Sarah was nevertheless praised for her punctuality and attention; and a few days afterwards, she brought him news of real importance.

Rochester was by her informed, that Miss Hobart and her new favourite designed, about nine o'clock in the evening, to walk in the Mall, in the Park; that they were to change clothes with each other, to put on scarfs, and wear black masks: she added that Miss Hobart had strongly opposed this project, but that she was obliged to give way at last, Miss Temple having resolved to indulge her fancy.

Upon the strength of this intelligence, Rochester concerted his measures: he went to Killegrew, complained to him of the trick which Miss Hobart had played him, and desired his assistance in order to be revenged: this was readily granted, and having acquainted him with the measures he intended to pursue, and given him the part he was to act in this adventure, they went to the Mall.

Presently after appeared our two nymphs in masquerade: their shapes were not very different, and their faces, which were very unlike each other, were concealed with their masks. The company was but thin in the Park; and as soon as Miss Temple perceived them at a distance, she quickened her pace in order to join them, with the design, under her disguise, severely to reprimand the perfidious Rochester; when Miss Hobart stopping her: "Where are you running to?" said she; "have you a mind to engage in conversation with these two devils, to be exposed to all the insolence and impertinence for which they are so notorious?" These remonstrances were entirely useless: Miss Temple was resolved to try the experiment: and all that could be obtained from her, was, not to answer any of the questions Rochester might ask her.

They were accosted just as they had done speaking: Rochester fixed upon Hobart, pretending to take her for the other; at which she was overjoyed; but Miss Temple was extremely sorry she fell to Killegrew's share, with whom she had nothing to do: he perceived her uneasiness, and, pretending

to know her by her clothes: "Ah! Miss Hobart," said he, "be so kind as look this way if you please: I know not by what chance you both came hither, but I am sure it is very apropos for you, since I have something to say to you, as your friend and humble servant."

This beginning raising her curiosity, Miss Temple appeared more inclined to attend him; and Killegrew perceiving that the other couple had insensibly proceeded some distance from them: "In the name of God," said he: "what do you mean by railing so against Lord Rochester, whom you know to be one of the most honourable men at court, and whom you nevertheless described as the greatest villain, to the person whom of all others he esteems and respects the most? What do you think would become of you, if he knew that you made Miss Temple believe she is the person alluded to in a certain song, which you know as well as myself was made upon the clumsy Miss Price, above a year before the fair Temple was heard of? Be not surprised that I know so much of the matter; but pay a little attention, I pray you, to what I am now going to tell you out of pure friendship: your passion and inclinations for Miss Temple are known to every one but herself; for whatever methods you used to impose upon her innocence, the world does her the justice to believe that she would treat you as Lady Falmouth did, if the poor girl knew the wicked designs you had upon her: I caution you, therefore, against making any further advances to a person too modest to listen to them: I advise

you likewise to take back your maid again, in order to silence her scandalous tongue; for she says everywhere that she is with child, that you are the occasion of her being in that condition, and accuses you of behaving towards her with the blackest ingratitude, upon trifling suspicions only: you know very well, these are no stories of my own invention; but that you may not entertain any manner of doubt, that I had all this from her own mouth, she has told me your conversation in the bathing-room, the characters you there drew of the principal men at court, your artful malice in applying so improperly a scandalous song to one of the loveliest women in all England; and in what manner the innocent girl fell into the snare you had laid for her, in order to do justice to her charms. But that which might be of the most fatal consequences to you in that long conversation, is the revealing certain secrets, which, in all probability, the duchess did not intrust you with, to be imparted to the maids of honour: reflect upon this, and neglect not to make some reparation to Sir Charles Lyttleton, for the ridicule with which you were pleased to load him. I know not whether he had his information from your *femme-de-chambre*, but I am very certain that he has sworn he will be revenged, and he is a man that keeps his word; for after all, that you may not be deceived by his look, like that of a Stoic, and his gravity, like that of a judge, I must acquaint you, that he is the most passionate man living. Indeed, these invectives are of the blackest and most horrible nature: he

says it is most infamous, that a wretch like yourself should find no other employment than to blacken the characters of gentlemen to gratify your jealousy; that if you do not desist from such conduct for the future, he will immediately complain of you; and that if her royal highness will not do him justice, he is determined to do himself justice, and to run you through the body with his own sword, though you were even in the arms of Miss Temple; and that it is most scandalous that all the maids of honour should get into your hands before they can look around them.

"These things, madam, I thought it my duty to acquaint you with: you are better able to judge than myself, whether what I have now advanced be true, and I leave it to your own discretion to make what use you think proper of my advice; but were I in your situation, I would endeavour to reconcile Lord Rochester and Miss Temple. Once more I recommend to you to take care that your endeavours to mislead her innocency, in order to blast his honour, may not come to his knowledge; and do not estrange from her a man who tenderly loves her, and whose probity is so great, that he would not even suffer his eyes to wander towards her, if his intention was not to make her his wife."

Miss Temple observed her promise most faithfully during this discourse: she did not even utter a single syllable, being seized with such astonishment and confusion, that she quite lost the use of her tongue.

Miss Hobart and Lord Rochester came up to

her, while she was still in amazement at the wonderful discoveries she had made; things in themselves, in her opinion, almost incredible, but to the truth of which she could not refuse her assent, upon examining the evidences and circumstances on which they were founded. Never was confusion equal to that with which her whole frame was seized by the foregoing recital.

Rochester and Killegrew took leave of them before she recovered from her surprise; but as soon as she had regained the free use of her senses, she hastened back to St. James's, without answering a single question that the other put to her; and having locked herself up in her chamber, the first thing she did was immediately to strip off Miss Hobart's clothes, lest she should be contaminated by them; for after what she had been told concerning her, she looked upon her as a monster, dreadful to the innocence of the fair sex, of whatever sex she might be; she blushed at the familiarities she had been drawn into with a creature, whose maid was with child, though she never had been in any other service but hers: she therefore returned her all her clothes, ordered her servant to bring back all her own, and resolved never more to have any connection with her. Miss Hobart, on the other hand, who supposed Killegrew had mistaken Miss Temple for herself, could not comprehend what could induce her to give herself such surprising airs, since that conversation; but being desirous to come to an explanation, she ordered Miss Temple's maid to remain in her apartments, and went to call upon

Miss Temple herself, instead of sending back her clothes; and being desirous to give her some proof of friendship before they entered upon expostulations, she slipt softly into her chamber, when she was in the very act of changing her linen, and embraced her. Miss Temple finding herself in her arms before she had taken notice of her, everything that Killegrew had mentioned appeared to her imagination: she fancied that she saw in her looks the eagerness of a satyr, or, if possible, of some monster still more odious; and disengaging herself with the highest indignation from her arms, she began to shriek and cry in the most terrible manner, calling both heaven and earth to her assistance.

The first whom her cries raised were the governess and her niece. It was near twelve o'clock at night: Miss Temple in her shift, almost frightened to death, was pushing back with horror Miss Hobart, who approached her with no other intent than to know the occasion of those transports. As soon as the governess saw this scene, she began to lecture Miss Hobart with all the eloquence of a real duenna: she demanded of her, whether she thought it was for her that her royal highness kept the maids of honour? whether she was not ashamed to come at such an unseasonable time of night into their very apartments to commit such violences? and swore that she would, the very next day, complain to the duchess. All this confirmed Miss Temple in her mistaken notions; and Hobart was obliged to go away at last, without being able to convince or bring to reason

creatures whom she believed to be either distracted or mad. The next day Miss Sarah did not fail to relate this adventure to her lover, telling him how Miss Temple's cries had alarmed the maids of honour's apartment, and how herself and her aunt, running to her assistance, had almost surprised Miss Hobart in the very act.

Two days after, the whole adventure, with the addition of several embellishments, was made public: the governess swore to the truth of it, and related in every company what a narrow escape Miss Temple had experienced, and that Miss Sarah, her niece, had preserved her honour, because, by Lord Rochester's excellent advice, she had forbidden her all manner of connection with so dangerous a person. Miss Temple was afterwards informed, that the song that had so greatly provoked her, alluded to Miss Price only: this was confirmed to her by every person, with additional execrations against Miss Hobart for such a scandalous imposition. Such great coldness after so much familiarity, made many believe that this adventure was not altogether a fiction.

This had been sufficient to have disgraced Miss Hobart at court, and to have totally ruined her reputation in London, had she not been, upon the present, as well as upon a former occasion, supported by the duchess: her royal highness pretended to treat the whole story as romantic and visionary, or as solely arising from private pique: she chid Miss Temple for her impertinent credulity; turned away the governess and her niece for

the lies with which she pretended they supported the imposture; and did many improper things in order to re-establish Miss Hobart's honour, which, however, she failed in accomplishing. She had her reasons for not entirely abandoning her, as will appear in the sequel.

Miss Temple, who continually reproached herself with injustice, with respect to Lord Rochester, and who, upon the faith of Killegrew's word, thought him the most honourable man in England, was only solicitous to find out some opportunity of easing her mind, by making him some reparation for the rigour with which she had treated him: these favourable dispositions, in the hands of a man of his character, might have led to consequences of which she was not aware: but heaven did not allow him an opportunity of profiting by them.

Ever since he had first appeared at court, he seldom failed being banished from it, at least once in the year; for, whenever a word presented itself to his pen, or to his tongue, he immediately committed it to paper, or produced it in conversation, without any manner of regard to the consequences: the ministers, the mistresses, and even the king himself, were frequently the subjects of his sarcasms; and had not the prince, whom he thus treated, been possessed of one of the most forgiving and gentle tempers, his first disgrace had certainly been his last.

Just at the time that Miss Temple was desirous of seeing him, in order to apologize for the uneasiness which the infamous calumnies and black

aspersions of Miss Hobart had occasioned both of them, he was forbid the court for the third time: he departed without having seen Miss Temple, carried the disgraced governess down with him to his country seat, and exerted all his endeavours to cultivate in her niece some dispositions which she had for the stage; but though she did not make the same improvement in this line as she had by his other instructions, after he had entertained both the niece and the aunt for some months in the country, he got her entered in the king's company of comedians the next winter; and the public was obliged to him for the prettiest, but, at the same time, the worst actress in the kingdom.

About this time Talbot returned from Ireland: he soon felt the absence of Miss Hamilton, who was then in the country with a relation, whom we shall mention hereafter. A remnant of his former tenderness still subsisted in his heart, notwithstanding his absence, and the promises he had given the Chevalier de Grammont at parting: he now therefore endeavoured to banish her entirely from his thoughts, by fixing his desires upon some other object: but he saw no one in the queen's new court whom he thought worthy of his attention: Miss Boynton, however, thought him worthy of hers. Her person was slender and delicate, to which a good complexion, and large motionless eyes, gave at a distance an appearance of beauty, that vanished upon nearer inspection: she affected a lisp, to languish, and to have two or three fainting-fits a day. The first time that Talbot cast his eyes

upon her, she was seized with one of these fits: he was told that she swooned away upon his account: he believed it, was eager to afford her assistance; and ever after that accident, showed her some kindness, more with the intention of saving her life, than to express any affection he felt for her. This seeming tenderness was well received, and at first she was visibly affected by it. Talbot was one of the tallest men in England, and in all appearance one of the most robust; yet she shewed sufficiently, that she was willing to expose the delicacy of her constitution to whatever might happen, in order to become his wife; which event perhaps might then have taken place, as it did afterwards, had not the charms of the fair Jennings, at that time, proved an obstacle to her wishes.

I know not how it came to pass that he had not yet seen her; though he had heard her much praised, and her prudence, wit, and vivacity, equally commended; he believed all this upon the faith of common report. He thought it very singular that discretion and sprightliness should be so intimately united in a person so young, more particularly in the midst of a court, where love and gallantry were so much in fashion; but he found her personal accomplishments greatly to exceed whatever fame had reported of them.

As it was not long before he perceived he was in love, neither was it long before he made a declaration of it: as his passion was likely enough to be real, Miss Jennings thought she might believe him, without exposing herself to the imputation of vanity.

Talbot was possessed of a fine and brilliant exterior, his manners were noble and majestic: besides this, he was particularly distinguished by the favour and friendship of the duke; but his most essential merit, with her, was his forty thousand pounds a year, landed property, besides his employments. All these qualities came within the rules and maxims she had resolved to follow with respect to lovers: thus, though he had not the satisfaction to obtain from her an entire declaration of her sentiments, he had at least the pleasure of being better received than those who had paid their addresses to her before him.

No person attempted to interrupt his happiness; and Miss Jennings perceiving that the duchess approved of Talbot's pretensions, and after having well weighed the matter, and consulted her own inclinations, found that her reason was more favourable to him than her heart, and that the most she could do for his satisfaction was to marry him without reluctance.

Talbot, too fortunate in a preference which no man had before experienced, did not examine whether it was to her heart, or to her head, that he was indebted for it, and his thoughts were solely occupied in hastening the accomplishment of his wishes: one would have sworn that the happy minute was at hand; but love would no longer be love, if he did not delight in obstructing, or in overturning, the happiness of those who live under his dominion.

Talbot, who found nothing reprehensible either

in the person, in the conversation, or in the reputation of Miss Jennings, was however rather concerned at a new acquaintance she had lately formed; and having taken upon him to give her some cautions upon this subject, she was much displeased at his conduct.

Miss Price, formerly maid of honour, that had been set aside, as we have before mentioned, upon her leaving the duchess's service, had recourse to Lady Castlemaine's protection: she had a very entertaining wit: her complaisance was adapted to all humours, and her own humour was possessed of a fund of gaiety and sprightliness, which diffused universal mirth and merriment wherever she came. Her acquaintance with Miss Jennings was prior to Talbot's.

As she was thoroughly acquainted with all the intrigues of the court, she related them without any manner of reserve to Miss Jennings, and her own with the same frankness as the others: Miss Jennings was extremely well pleased with her stories; for though she was determined to make no experiment in love, but upon honourable terms, she however was desirous of knowing from her recitals, all the different intrigues that were carrying on: thus, as she was never wearied with her conversation, she was overjoyed whenever she could see her.

Talbot, who remarked the extreme relish she had for Miss Price's company, thought that the reputation such a woman had in the world might prove injurious to his mistress, more especially

from the particular intimacy there seemed to exist between them: whereupon, in the tone of a guardian, rather than a lover, he took upon him to chide her for the disreputable company she kept. Miss Jennings was haughty beyond conception, when once she took it into her head; and as she liked Miss Price's conversation much better than Talbot's, she took the liberty of desiring him "to attend to his own affairs, and that if he only came from Ireland to read lectures about her conduct, he might take the trouble to go back as soon as he pleased." He was offended at a sally which he thought ill-timed, considering the situation of affairs between them: and went out of her presence more abruptly than became the respect due from a man greatly in love. He for some time appeared offended; but perceiving that he gained nothing by such conduct, he grew weary of acting that part, and assumed that of an humble lover, in which he was equally unsuccessful: neither his repentance nor submissions could produce any effect upon her, and the mutinous little gipsy was still in her pouts when Jermyn returned to court.

It was above a year since he had triumphed over the weakness of Lady Castlemaine, and above two since the king had been weary of his triumphs. His uncle, being one of the first who perceived the king's disgust, obliged him to absent himself from court, at the very time that orders were going to be issued for that purpose; for though the king's affections for Lady Castlemaine were now greatly diminished, yet he did not think it consistent

with his dignity, that a mistress, whom he had honoured with public distinction, and who still received a considerable support from him, should appear chained to the car of the most ridiculous conqueror that ever existed. His majesty had frequently expostulated with the countess upon this subject; but his expostulations were never attended to; it was in one of these differences, that he, advising her rather to bestow her favours upon Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, who was able to return them, than lavish away her money upon Jermyn to no purpose, since it would be more honourable to her to pass for the mistress of the first, than for the very humble servant of the other, she was not proof against his raillery. The impetuosity of her temper broke forth like lightning. She told him, "that it very ill became him to throw out such reproaches against one, who, of all the women in England, deserved them the least; that he had never ceased quarrelling thus unjustly with her, ever since he had betrayed his own mean low inclinations; that to gratify such a depraved taste as his, he wanted only such silly things as Stewart, Wells, and that pitiful strolling actress, whom he had lately introduced into their society." Floods of tears, from rage, generally attended these storms; after which, resuming the part of Medea, the scene closed with menaces of tearing her children in pieces, and setting his palace on fire. What course could he pursue with such an outrageous fury, who, beautiful as she was, resembled Medea less than her dragons, when she was thus enraged!

The indulgent monarch loved peace; and as he seldom contended for it, on these occasions, without paying something to obtain it, he was obliged to be at great expense, in order to reconcile this last rupture: as they could not agree of themselves, and both parties equally complained, the Chevalier de Grammont was chosen, by mutual consent, mediator of the treaty. The grievances and pretensions on each side were communicated to him, and what is very extraordinary, he managed so as to please them both. Here follow the articles of peace, which they agreed to :—

"That Lady Castlemaine should for ever abandon Jermyn; that as a proof of her sincerity, and the reality of his disgrace, she should consent to his being sent, for some time, into the country; that she should not rail any more against Miss Wells, nor storm any more against Miss Stewart; and this without any restraint on the king's behaviour towards her: that in consideration of these condescensions, his majesty should immediately give her the title of duchess, with all the honours and privileges thereunto belonging, and an addition to her pension, in order to enable her to support the dignity."

As soon as this peace was proclaimed, the political critics, who, in all nations, never fail to censure all state proceedings, pretended that the mediator of this treaty, being every day at play with Lady Castlemaine, and never losing, had, for his own sake, insisted a little too strongly upon this last article.

Some days after, she was created Duchess of Cleveland, and little Jermyn repaired to his country-seat: however, it was in his power to have returned in a fortnight; for the Chevalier de Grammont, having procured the king's permission, carried it to the Earl of Saint Alban's: this revived the good old man; but it was to little purpose he transmitted it to his nephew; for whether he wished to make the London beauties deplore and lament his absence, or whether he wished them to declaim against the injustice of the age, or rail against the tyranny of the prince, he continued above half a year in the country, setting up for a little philosopher, under the eyes of the sportsmen in the neighbourhood, who regarded him as an extraordinary instance of the caprice of fortune. He thought the part he acted so glorious, that he would have continued there much longer had he not heard of Miss Jennings: he did not, however, pay much attention to what his friends writ to him concerning her charms, being persuaded he had seen equally as great in others: what was related to him of her pride and resistance, appeared to him of far greater consequence; and to subdue the last, he even looked upon as an action worthy of his prowess; and quitting his retreat for this purpose, he arrived in London at the time that Tabot, who was really in love, had quarrelled, in his opinion, so unjustly with Miss Jennings.

She had heard Jermyn spoken of, as a hero in affairs of love and gallantry. Miss Price, in the recital of those of the Duchess of Cleveland, had

Miss Price.

often mentioned him, without in any respect diminishing the insignificancy with which fame insinuated he had conducted himself in those amorous encounters: she nevertheless had the greatest curiosity to see a man, whose entire person, she thought, must be a moving trophy and monument of the favours and freedoms of the fair sex.

Thus Jermyn arrived at the right time to satisfy her curiosity by his presence; and though his brilliancy appeared a little tarnished, by his residence in the country; though his head was larger, and his legs more slender than usual, yet the giddy girl thought she had never seen any man so perfect; and yielding to her destiny, she fell in love with him, a thousand times more unaccountably than all the others had done before her. Every body remarked this change of conduct in her with surprise; for they expected something more from the delicacy of a person, who, till this time, had behaved with so much propriety in all her actions.

Jermyn was not in the least surprised at this conquest, though not a little proud of it; for his heart had very soon as great a share in it as his vanity. Talbot, who saw with amazement the rapidity of this triumph, and the disgrace of his own defeat, was ready to die with jealousy and spite; yet he thought it would be more to his credit to die, than to vent those passions unprofitably; and shielding himself under a feigned indifference, he kept at a distance to view how far such an extravagant prepossession would proceed.

In the mean time, Jermyn quietly enjoyed the

happiness of seeing the inclinations of the prettiest and most extraordinary creature in England declared in his favour. The duchess, who had taken her under her protection, ever since she had declined placing herself under that of the duke, sounded Jermyn's intentions towards her, and was satisfied with the assurances she received from a man, whose probity infinitely exceeded his merit in love: he therefore let all the court see that he was willing to marry her, though, at the same time, he did not appear particularly desirous of hastening the consummation. Every person now complimented Miss Jennings upon having reduced to this situation the terror of husbands, and the plague of lovers: the court was in full expectation of this miracle, and Miss Jennings of a near approaching happy settlement; but in this world one must have fortune in one's favour, before one can calculate with certainty upon happiness.

The king did not use to let Lord Rochester remain so long in exile: he grew weary of it, and being displeased that he was forgotten, he posted up to London to wait till it might be his majesty's pleasure to recall him.

He first took up his habitation in the city, among the capital tradesmen and rich merchants, where politeness indeed is not so much cultivated as at court; but where pleasure, luxury, and abundance reign with less confusion, and more sincerity. His first design was only to be initiated into the mysteries of those fortunate and happy inhabitants; that is to say, by changing his name and dress, to

gain admittance to their feasts and entertainments; and, as occasion offered, to those of their loving spouses: as he was able to adapt himself to all capacities and humours, he soon deeply insinuated himself into the esteem of the substantial wealthy aldermen, and into the affections of their more delicate, magnificent, and tender ladies: he made one in all their feasts, and at all their assemblies; and, whilst in the company of the husbands he declaimed against the faults and mistakes of government, he joined their wives in railing against the profligacy of the court ladies, and in inveighing against the king's mistresses: he agreed with them, that the industrious poor were to pay for these cursed extravagances; that the city beauties were not inferior to those of the other end of the town, and yet a sober husband in this quarter of the town was satisfied with one wife; after which, to out-do their murmurings, he said, that he wondered Whitehall was not yet consumed by fire from heaven, since such rakes as Rochester, Killegrew, and Sidney were suffered there, who had the impudence to assert, that all the married men in the city were cuckolds, and all their wives painted. This conduct endeared him so much to the cits, and made him so welcome at their clubs, that at last he grew sick of their cramming and endless invitations.

But, instead of approaching nearer the court, he retreated into one of the most obscure corners of the city; where, again changing both his name and his dress, in order to act a new part, he caused

bills to be dispersed, giving notice of "The recent arrival of a famous German doctor, who, by long application and experience, had found out wonderful secrets, and infallible remedies." His secrets consisted in knowing what was past, and foretelling what was to come, by the assistance of astrology: and the virtue of his remedies principally consisted in giving present relief to unfortunate young women in all manner of diseases, and all kinds of accidents incident to the fair sex, either from too unbounded charity to their neighbours, or too great indulgence to themselves.

His first practice, being confined to his neighbourhood, was not very considerable; but his reputation soon extending to the other end of the town, there presently flocked to him the women attending on the court, next, the chambermaids of ladies of quality, who, upon the wonders they related concerning the German doctor, were soon followed by some of their mistresses.

Among all the compositions of a ludicrous and satirical kind, there never existed any that could be compared to those of Lord Rochester, either for humour, fire, or wit; but, of all his works, the most ingenious and entertaining is that which contains a detail of the intrigues and adventures in which he was engaged, while he professed medicine and astrology in the suburbs of London.

The fair Jennings was very near getting a place in this collection; but the adventure that prevented her from it, did not, however, conceal from the

public her intention of paying a visit to the German doctor.

The first chambermaids that consulted him were only those of the maids of honour; who had numberless questions to ask, and not a few doubts to be resolved, both upon their own and their mistresses' accounts. Notwithstanding their disguise, he recognized some of them, particularly Miss Temple's and Miss Price's maids, and her whom Miss Hobart had lately discarded: these creatures all returned either filled with wonder and amazement, or petrified with terror and fear. Miss Temple's chambermaid deposed, that he assured her, she would have the small-pox, and her mistress the great, within two months at farthest, if her aforesaid mistress did not guard against a man in woman's clothes. Miss Price's woman affirmed, that, without knowing her, and only looking in her hand, he told her at first sight, that, according to the course of the stars, he perceived that she was in the service of some good-natured lady, who had no other fault than loving wine and men. In short, every one of them, struck with some particular circumstance relating to their own private affairs, had either alarmed or diverted their mistresses with the account, not failing, according to custom, to embellish the truth, in order to enhance the wonder.

Miss Price, relating these circumstances one day to her new friend, the devil immediately tempted her to go in person, and see what sort of a creature this new magician was. This enterprise was

certainly very rash ; but nothing was too rash for Miss Jennings, who was of opinion that a woman might despise appearances, provided she was in reality virtuous. Miss Price was all compliance, and thus having fixed upon this glorious resolution, they only thought of the proper means of putting it into execution.

It was very difficult for Miss Jennings to disguise herself, on account of her excessive fair and bright complexion, and of something particular in her air and manner ; however, after having well considered the matter, the best disguise they could think of was to dress themselves like orange-girls. This was no sooner resolved upon, but it was put in execution : they attired themselves alike, and, taking each a basket of oranges under their arms, they embarked in a hackney-coach, and committed themselves to fortune, without any other escort than their own caprice and indiscretion.

The duchess was gone to the play with her sister : Miss Jennings had excused herself under pretence of indisposition : she was overjoyed at the happy commencement of their adventure ; for they had disguised themselves, had crossed the park, and taken their hackney-coach at Whitehall-gate, without the least accident. They mutually congratulated each other upon it, and Miss Price taking a beginning so prosperous as a good omen of their success, asked her companion what they were to do at the fortune-teller's, and what they should propose to him.

Miss Jennings told her, that, for her part, curiosity

was her principal inducement for going thither; that, however, she was resolved to ask him, without naming any person, why a man, who was in love with a handsome young lady, was not urgent to marry her, since this was in his power to do, and by so doing he would have an opportunity of gratifying his desires. Miss Price told her, smiling, that without going to the astrologer, nothing was more easy than to explain the enigma, as she herself had almost given her a solution of it, in the narrative of the Duchess of Cleveland's adventures.

Having by this time nearly arrived at the play-house, Miss Price, after a moment's reflection, said, that since fortune favoured them, a fair opportunity was now offered to signalize their courage, which was to go and sell oranges in the very play-house, in the sight of the duchess and the whole court. The proposal being worthy of the sentiments of the one, and of the vivacity of the other, they immediately alighted, paid off their hack, and, running through the midst of an immense number of coaches, with great difficulty they reached the play-house door. Sidney, more handsome than the beautiful Adonis, and dressed more gay than usual, alighted just then from his coach: Miss Price went boldly up to him, as he was adjusting his curls; but he was too much occupied with his own dear self, to attend to anything else, and so passed on without deigning to give her an answer. Killegrew came next, and the fair Jennings, partly encouraged by the other's pertness, advanced towards him, and offered him her basket, whilst Price, more used to

the language, desired him to buy her fine oranges. "Not now," said he, looking at them with attention; "but if thou wilt to-morrow morning bring this young girl to my lodgings, I will make it worth all the oranges in London to thee;" and while he thus spoke to the one, he chucked the other under the chin, examining her bosom. These familiarities making little Jennings forget the part she was acting, after having pushed him away with all the violence she was able, she told him with indignation, that it was very insolent to dare—"Ha! ha!" said he, "here's a rarity indeed! a young w—, who, the better to sell her goods, sets up for virtue and pretends innocence."

Price immediately perceived that nothing could be gained by continuing any longer in so dangerous a place; and taking her companion under the arm, she dragged her away, while she was still in emotion at the insult that had been offered to her.

Miss Jennings, resolving to sell no more oranges on these terms, was tempted to return, without accomplishing the other adventure; but Price having represented to her the disgrace of such cowardly behaviour, more particularly after having before manifested so much resolution, she consented to go and pay the astrologer a short visit, so as they might be enabled to regain the palace before the play was ended.

They had one of the doctor's bills for a direction, but there was no occasion for it; for the driver of the coach they had taken, told them he knew very well the place they wanted, for he had already

carried above a hundred persons to the German doctor's: they were within half a street of his house, when fortune thought proper to play them a trick.

Brounker had dined by chance with a merchant in that part of the city, and just as he was going away, they ordered their coach to stop, as ill-luck would have it, just opposite to him: two orange-girls in a hackney-coach, one of whom appeared to have a very pretty face, immediately drew his attention; besides, he had a natural curiosity for such objects.

Of all the men at court, he had the least regard for the fair sex, and the least attention to their reputation: he was not young, nor was his person agreeable; however, with a great deal of wit, he had a violent passion for women. He did himself justice respecting his own merit; and, being persuaded that he could only succeed with those who were desirous of having his money, he was at open war with all the rest. He had a little country-house four or five miles from London always well stocked with girls: in other respects he was a very honest man, and the best chess-player in England.

Price, alarmed at being thus closely examined by the most dangerous enemy they could encounter, turned her head the other way, bid her companion do the same, and told the coachman to drive on. Brounker followed them unperceived on foot; and the coach having stopped twenty or thirty yards farther up the street, they alighted. He was just behind them, and formed the same judgment of them, which a man much more charitable to the

sex must unavoidably have done, concluding that Miss Jennings was a young courtesan upon the look-out, and that Miss Price was the mother-abbess. He was, however, surprised to see them have much better shoes and stockings than women of that rank generally wear, and that the little orange-girl, in getting out of a very high coach, shewed one of the handsomest legs he had ever seen; but as all this was no obstruction to his designs, he resolved to purchase her at any rate, in order to place her in his seraglio.

He came up to them, as they were giving their baskets in guard to the coachman, with orders to wait for them exactly in that place. Brounker immediately pushed in between them: as soon as they saw him, they gave themselves up for lost; but he, without taking the least notice of their surprise, took Price aside with one hand, and his purse with the other, and began immediately to enter upon business, but was astonished to perceive that she turned away her face, without either answering or looking at him: as this conduct appeared to him unnatural, he stared her full in the face, notwithstanding all her endeavours to prevent him: he did the same to the other; and immediately recognized them, but determined to conceal his discovery.

The old fox possessed a wonderful command of temper on such occasions, and having teased them a little longer, to remove all suspicions he quitted them, telling Price, "that she was a great fool to refuse his offers, and that her girl would not, perhaps,

get so much in a year, as she might with him in one day; that the times were greatly changed, since the queen's and the duchess's maids of honour forestalled the market, and were to be had cheaper than the town ladies." Upon this he went back to his coach, whilst they blessed themselves, returning heaven their most hearty thanks for having escaped this danger without being discovered.

Brounker, on the other hand, would not have taken a thousand guineas for this recounter; he blessed the Lord that he had not alarmed them to such a degree as to frustrate their intention; for he made no doubt but Miss Price had managed some intrigue for Miss Jennings: he therefore immediately concluded, that at present it would be improper to make known his discovery, which would have answered no other end but to have overwhelmed them with confusion.

Upon this account, although Jermyn was one of his best friends, he felt a secret joy in not having prevented his being made a cuckold before his marriage; and the apprehension he was in of preserving him from that accident, was his sole reason for quitting them with the precautions aforementioned.

Whilst they were under these alarms, their coachman was engaged in a squabble with some blackguard boys, who had gathered round his coach in order to steal the oranges: from words they came to blows: the two nymphs saw the commencement of the fray as they were returning to the coach, after having abandoned the design of going to the

fortune-teller's. Their coachman being a man of spirit, it was with great difficulty they could persuade him to leave their oranges to the mob, that they might get off without any farther disturbance: having thus regained their hack, after a thousand frights, and after having received an abundant share of the most low and infamous abuse applied to them during the fracas, they at length reached St. James's, vowing never more to go after fortune-tellers, through so many dangers, terrors, and alarms as they had lately undergone.

Brounker, who, from the indifferent opinion he entertained of the fair sex, would have staked his life that Miss Jennings did not return from this expedition in the same condition she went, kept his thoughts, however, a profound secret; since it would have afforded him the highest satisfaction to have seen the all-fortunate Jermyn marry a little street-walker, who pretended to pass for a pattern of chastity, that he might the day after his marriage congratulate him upon his virtuous spouse; but heaven was not disposed to afford him that satisfaction, as will appear in the sequel of these memoirs.

Miss Hamilton was in the country, as we before mentioned, at a relation's: the Chevalier de Grammont bore this short absence of hers with great uneasiness, since she would not allow him permission to visit her there, upon any pretence whatever; but play, which was favourable to him, was no small relief to his extreme impatience.

Miss Hamilton, however, at last returned. Mrs.

Wetenhall (for that was the name of her relation) would by all means wait upon her to London, in appearance out of politeness; for ceremony, carried beyond all bearing, is the grand characteristic of country gentry: yet this mark of civility was only a pretence, to obtain a peevish husband's consent to his wife's journey to town. Perhaps he would have done himself the honour of conducting Miss Hamilton up to London, had he not been employed in writing some remarks upon the ecclesiastical history, a work in which he had long been engaged; the ladies were more civil than to interrupt him in his undertaking, and besides it would entirely have disconcerted all Mrs. Wetenhall's schemes.

This lady was what may be properly called a beauty, entirely English, made up of lilies and roses, of snow and milk, as to colour; and of wax, with respect to the arms, hands, neck, and feet; but all this without either animation or air: her face was uncommonly pretty; but there was no variety, no change of countenance in it: one would have thought, she took it in the morning out of a case, in order to put it up again at night, without using it in the smallest degree in the daytime. What can I say of her! nature had formed her a baby from her infancy, and a baby remained till death the fair Mrs. Wetenhall. Her husband had been destined for the church; but his elder brother dying just at the time he had gone through his studies of divinity, instead of taking orders, he came to England, and took to wife Miss Bedingfield, the lady of whom we are now speaking.

His person was not disagreeable, but he had a serious contemplative air, very apt to occasion disgust: as for the rest, she might boast of having one of the greatest theologists in the kingdom for her husband: he was all day poring over his books, and went to bed soon, in order to rise early; so that his wife found him snoring when she came to bed, and when he arose he left her there sound asleep: his conversation at table would have been very brisk, if Mrs. Wetenhall had been as great a proficient in divinity, or as great a lover of controversy as he was; but being neither learned in the former, nor desirous of the latter, silence reigned at their table, as absolutely as at a refectory.

She had often expressed a great desire to see London; but though they were only distant a very short day's journey from it, she had never been able to satisfy her curiosity: it was not therefore without reason that she grew weary of the life she was forced to lead at Peckham. The melancholy retired situation of the place was to her insupportable; and as she had the folly, incident to many other women, of believing sterility to be a kind of reproach, she was very much hurt to see that she might fall under that suspicion; for she was persuaded, that although heaven had denied her children, she nevertheless had all the necessary requisites on her part, if it had been the will of the Lord. This had occasioned her to make some reflections, and then to reason upon those reflections, as for instance, that since her husband chose

rather to devote himself to his studies, than to the duties of matrimony, to turn over musty old books, rather than attend to the attractions of beauty, and to gratify his own pleasures, rather than those of his wife, it might be permitted her to relieve some necessitous lover, in neighbourly charity, provided she could do it conscientiously, and to direct her inclinations in so just a manner, that the evil spirit should have no concern in it. Mr. Wetenhall, a zealous partisan for the doctrine of the casuists, would not perhaps have approved of these decisions; but he was not consulted.

The greatest misfortune was, that neither solitary Peckham, nor its sterile neighbourhood, presented any expedients, either for the execution of the afore-mentioned design, or for the relief of poor Mrs. Wetenhall: she was visibly pining away, when through fear of dying either with solitude or of want, she had recourse to Miss Hamilton's commiseration.

Their first acquaintance was formed at Paris, whither Mr. Wetenhall had taken his wife half a year after they were married, on a journey thither to buy books. Miss Hamilton, who from that very time greatly pitied her, consented to pass some time in the country with her, in hopes by that visit to deliver her, for a short time at least, out of her captivity; which project succeeded according to her wish.

The Chevalier de Grammont, being informed of the day on which they were to arrive, borne on the wings of love and impatience, had engaged George

Hamilton to go with him, and meet them some miles out of London. The equipage he had prepared for the purpose corresponded with his usual magnificence; and on such an occasion, we may reasonably suppose he had not neglected his person: however, with all his impatience, he checked the ardour of the coachman, through fear of accidents; rightly judging that upon a road prudence is preferable to eagerness. The ladies at length appeared, and Miss Hamilton being in his eyes ten or twelve times more handsome than before her departure from London, he would have purchased with his life so kind a reception as she gave her brother.

Mrs. Wetenhall had her share of the praises, which at this interview were liberally bestowed upon her beauty, for which her beauty was very thankful to those who did it so much honour; and as Hamilton regarded her with a tender attention, she regarded Hamilton as a man very well qualified for putting in execution the little projects she had concerted with her conscience.

As soon as she was in London, her head was almost turned, through an excess of contentment and felicity; every thing appeared like enchantment to her in this superb city; more particularly, as in Paris she had never seen anything farther than the Rue Saint Jaques, and a few booksellers' shops: Miss Hamilton entertained her at her own house, and she was presented, admired, and well received at both courts.

The Chevalier de Grammont, whose gallantry

and magnificence were inexhaustible, taking occasion, from this fair stranger's arrival, to exhibit his grandeur, nothing was to be seen but balls, concerts, plays, excursions by land and by water, splendid collations and sumptuous entertainments. Mrs. Wetenhall was transported with pleasures, of which the greatest part were entirely new to her; she was greatly delighted with all, except now and then at a play, when tragedy was acted, which she confessed she thought rather wearisome: she agreed, however, that the show was very interesting, when there were many people killed upon the stage, but thought the players were very fine handsome fellows, who were much better alive than dead.

Hamilton, upon the whole, was pretty well treated by her, if a man in love, who is never satisfied until the completion of his wishes, could confine himself within the bounds of moderation and reason: he used all his endeavours to determine her to put in execution the projects she had formed at Peckham: Mrs. Wetenhall, on the other hand, was much pleased with him. This is the Hamilton who served in the French army with distinction: he was both agreeable and handsome. All imaginable opportunities conspired to favour the establishment of an intimacy, whose commencement had been so brisk, that in all probability it would not languish for a conclusion; but the more he pressed her to it, the more her resolution began to fail, and regard for some scruples, which she had not well weighed, kept her in

suspense: there was reason to believe that a little perseverance would have removed these obstacles: yet this at the present time was not attempted. Hamilton, not able to conceive what could prevent her from completing his happiness, since in his opinion the first and greatest difficulties of an amour were already overcome, with respect to the public, resolved to abandon her to her irresolutions, instead of endeavouring to conquer them by a more vigorous attack. It was not consistent with reason, to desist from an enterprise, where so many prospects of success presented themselves, for such inconsiderable obstacles; but he suffered himself to be intoxicated with chimeras and visions, which unseasonably cooled the vigour of his pursuit, and led him astray in another unprofitable undertaking.

I know not whether poor Wetenhall took the blame upon herself; but it is certain, she was extremely mortified upon it. Soon after, being obliged to return to her cabbages and turkeys at Peckham, she had almost gone distracted: that residence appeared a thousand times more dreadful to her, since she had been initiated into the amusements of London; but as the queen was to set out within a month for Tunbridge Wells, she was obliged to yield to necessity, and return to the philosopher, Wetenhall, with the consolation of having engaged Miss Hamilton to come and live at her house, which was within ten or twelve miles of Tunbridge, as long as the court remained there.

Miss Hamilton promised not to abandon her in

her retirement, and farther engaged to bring the Chevalier de Grammont along with her, whose humour and conversation extremely delighted her; and the Chevalier de Grammont, who on all occasions started agreeable raillery, engaged on his part to bring George Hamilton, which words overwhelmed her with blushes.

The court set out soon after to pass about two months in the place, of all Europe the most rural and simple, and yet, at the same time, the most entertaining and agreeable.

Tunbridge is the same distance from London that Fontainebleau is from Paris, and is, at the season, the general rendezvous of all the gay and handsome of both sexes. The company, though always numerous, is always select: since those who repair thither for diversion, ever exceed the number of those who go thither for health; every thing there breathes mirth and pleasure; constraint is banished, familiarity is established upon the first acquaintance, and joy and pleasure are the sole sovereigns of the place.

The company are accommodated with lodgings, in little, clean, and convenient habitations, that lie straggling and separated from each other, a mile and a half all around the Wells, where the company meet in the morning: this place consists of a long walk, shaded by spreading trees, under which they walk while they are drinking the waters: on one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with all manner of toys, lace, gloves, stockings, and where there is raffling, as at

Paris in the Foire du Saint Germain: on the other side of the walk is the market: and, as it is the custom here for every person to buy their own provisions, care is taken that nothing offensive appears on the stalls. Here young, fair, fresh-coloured country girls, with clean linen, small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, sell game, vegetables, flowers, and fruit: here one may live as well as one pleases: here is, likewise, deep play, and no want of amorous intrigues. As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his little palace to assemble on the bowling-green, where, in the open air, those who choose dance upon the turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world.

Lord Muskerry had, within two or three short miles of Tunbridge, a very handsome seat called Summer-hill: Miss Hamilton, after having spent eight or ten days at Peckham, could not excuse herself from passing the remainder of the season at his house; and having obtained leave of Mr. Wetenhall, that his lady should accompany her, they left the melancholy residence of Peckham, and its tiresome master, and fixed their little court at Summer-hill.

They went every day to court, or the court came to them. The queen even surpassed her usual attentions in inventing and supporting entertainments: she endeavoured to increase the natural ease and freedom of Tunbridge, by dispensing with, rather than requiring, those ceremonies that were due to her presence; and, confining in the

Nell Gunynne.

bottom of her heart that grief and uneasiness she could not overcome, she saw Miss Stewart triumphantly possess the affections of the king without manifesting the least uneasiness.

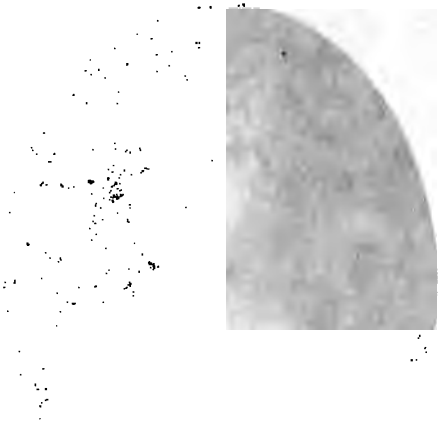
Never did love see his empire in a more flourishing condition than on this spot: those who were smitten before they came to it, felt a mighty augmentation of their flame; and those who seemed the least susceptible of love, laid aside their natural ferocity to act in a new character. For the truth of the latter, we shall only relate the change which soon appeared in the conduct of Prince Rupert.

He was brave and courageous, even to rashness; but cross-grained and incorrigibly obstinate: his genius was fertile in mathematical experiments, and he possessed some knowledge of chemistry: he was polite even to excess, unseasonably; but haughty, and even brutal, when he ought to have been gentle and courteous: he was tall, and his manners were ungracious: he had a dry hard-favoured visage, and a stern look, even when he wished to please; but, when he was out of humour, he was the true picture of reproof.

The queen had sent for the players, either that there might be no intermission in the diversions of the place, or, perhaps, to retort upon Miss Stewart, by the presence of Nell Gwyn, part of the uneasiness she felt from hers: Prince Rupert found charms in the person of another player, called Hughes, who brought down and greatly subdued his natural fierceness. From this time, adieu

alembics, crucibles, furnaces, and all the black furniture of the forges: a complete farewell to all mathematical instruments and chemical speculations: sweet powder and essences were now the only ingredients that occupied any share of his attention. The impertinent gipsy chose to be attacked in form; and proudly refusing money, that, in the end, she might sell her favours at a dearer rate, she caused the poor prince to act a part so unnatural, that he no longer appeared like the same person. The king was greatly pleased with this event, for which great rejoicings were made at Tunbridge; but nobody was bold enough to make it the subject of satire, though the same constraint was not observed with other ridiculous personages.

There was dancing every day at the queen's apartments, because the physicians recommended it, and no person thought it amiss; for even those who cared least for it, chose that exercise to digest the waters rather than walking. Lord Muskerry thought himself secure against his lady's rage for dancing; for, although he was ashamed of it, the princess of Babylon was, by the grace of God, six or seven months advanced in pregnancy; and, to complete her misfortune, the child had fallen all on one side, so that even Euclid would have been puzzled to say what her figure was. The disconsolate lady seeing Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Wetenhall set out every morning, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes in a coach, but ever attended by a gallant troop to conduct them to



Madame Hughes.

court, and to convey them back, she fancied a thousand times more delights at Tunbridge than in reality there were, and she did not cease, in her imagination, to dance over at Summer-hill all the country dances which she thought had been danced at Tunbridge. She could no longer support the racking torments which disturbed her mind, when relenting heaven, out of pity to her pains and sufferings, caused Lord Muskerry to repair to London, and kept him there two whole days: as soon as ever he had turned his back, the Babylonian princess declared her resolution to make a trip to court.

She had a domestic chaplain who did not want sense, and Lord Muskerry, for fear of accidents, had recommended her to the wholesome counsels and good prayers of this prudent divine; but in vain were all his preachings and exhortations to stay at home; in vain did he set before her eyes her husband's commands, and the dangers to which she would expose herself in her present condition; he likewise added, that her pregnancy being a particular blessing from heaven, she ought therefore to be so much the more careful for its preservation, since it cost her husband, perhaps, more trouble than she was aware of, to obtain it. These remonstrances were altogether ineffectual: Miss Hamilton, and her cousin Wetenhall, having the complaisance to confirm her in her resolution, they assisted in dressing her the next morning, and set out along with her: all their skill and dexterity were requisite to reduce her shape into

some kind of symmetry; but, having at last pinned a small cushion under her petticoat on the right side, to counteract the untoward appearance the little infant occasioned, by throwing itself on the left, they almost split their sides with laughter, assuring her at the same time that she looked perfectly charming.

As soon as she appeared, it was generally believed that she had dressed herself in a farthingale, in order to make her court to the queen; but every person was pleased at her arrival: those who were unacquainted with the circumstances, assured her in earnest that she was pregnant with twins; and the queen, who envied her condition, notwithstanding the ridiculous appearance she then made, being made acquainted with the motive of her journey, was determined to gratify her inclinations.

As soon as the hour for country dances arrived, her cousin Hamilton was appointed her partner: she made some faint excuses at first, on account of the inconvenient situation she was then in; but soon suffered them to be overcome, in order, as she said, to shew her duty to the queen; and never did a woman in this world enjoy such complete satisfaction.

We have already observed, that the greatest prosperity is liable to the greatest change: Lady Muskerry, trussed up as she was, seemed to feel no manner of uneasiness from the motion in dancing; on the contrary, being only apprehensive of the presence of her husband, which would have destroyed all her happiness, she danced with un-

common briskness, lest her ill stars should bring him back before she had fully satisfied herself with it. In the midst, therefore, of her capering in this indiscreet manner, her cushion came loose without her perceiving it, and fell to the ground, in the very middle of the first round. The Duke of Buckingham, who watched her, took it up instantly, wrapped it up in his coat, and, mimicking the cries of a new-born infant, he went about inquiring for a nurse for the young Muskerry among the maids of honour.

This buffoonery, joined to the strange figure of the poor lady, had almost thrown Miss Stewart into hysterics; for the princess of Babylon, after this accident, was quite flat on one side, and immoderately protuberant on the other. All those, who had before suppressed their inclinations to laugh, now gave themselves free scope, when they saw that Miss Stewart was ready to split her sides. The poor lady was greatly disconcerted: every person was officious to console her; but the queen, who inwardly laughed more heartily than any, pretended to disapprove of their taking such liberties.

Whilst Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Wetenhall endeavoured to refit Lady Muskerry in another room, the Duke of Buckingham told the king, that, if the physicians would permit a little exercise immediately after a delivery, the best way to recover Lady Muskerry was to renew the dance as soon as ever her infant was replaced: this advice was approved, and accordingly put in execution. The queen

proposed, as soon as she appeared, a second round of country-dances; and Lady Muskerry accepting the offer, the remedy had its desired effect, and entirely removed every remembrance of her late mishap.

Whilst these things were passing at the king's court, that of the Duke of York took a journey on the other side of London: the pretence of this journey was to visit the county whose name he bore; but love was the real motive. The duchess, since her elevation, had conducted herself with such prudence and circumspection as could not be sufficiently admired: such were her manners, and such the general estimation in which she was held, that she appeared to have found out the secret of pleasing every one; a secret yet more rare than the grandeur to which she had been raised: but, after having gained universal esteem, she was desirous of being more particularly beloved; or, more properly speaking, malicious Cupid assaulted her heart, in spite of the discretion, prudence, and reason with which she had fortified it.

In vain had she said to herself a hundred times, that, if the duke had been so kind as to do her justice by falling in love with her, he had done her too much honour by making her his wife; that, with respect to his inconstant disposition, which estranged him from her, she ought to bear it with patience, until it pleased heaven to produce a change in his conduct; that the frailties on his part, which might to her appear injurious, would never justify in her the least deviation from her

duty; and, as resentment was still less allowable, she ought to endeavour to regain him by a conduct entirely opposite to his own. In vain was it, as we have said before, that she had long resisted Love and his emissaries by the help of these maxims: how solid soever reason, and however obstinate wisdom and virtue may be, there are yet certain attacks which tire by their length, and, in the end, subdue both reason and virtue itself.

The Duchess of York was one of the highest feeders in England: as this was an unforbidden pleasure, she indulged herself in it, as an indemnification for other self-denials. It was really an edifying sight to see her at table. The duke, on the contrary, being incessantly in the hurry of new fancies, exhausted himself by his inconstancy, and was gradually wasting away; whilst the poor princess, gratifying her good appetite, grew so fat and plump, that it was a blessing to see her. It is not easy to determine how long things would have continued in this situation, if Love, who was resolved to have satisfaction for her late conduct, so opposite to the former, had not employed artifice, as well as force, to disturb her respose.

He at first let loose upon her resentment and jealousy, two mortal enemies to all tranquillity and happiness. A tall creature, pale-faced, and nothing but skin and bone, named Churchill, whom she had taken for a maid of honour, became the object of her jealousy, because she was then the object of the duke's affection. The court was not able to comprehend how, after having been in love with

Lady Chesterfield, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Jennings, he could have any inclination for such a creature; but they soon perceived that something more than unaccountable variety had a great share in effecting this conquest.

The duchess beheld with indignation a choice which seemed to debase her own merit in a much greater degree than any of the former; at the very instant that indignation and jealousy began to provoke her spleen, perfidious Cupid threw in the way of her passions and resentments the amiable, handsome Sidney; and, whilst he kept her eyes fixed upon his personal perfections, diverted her attention from perceiving the deficiency of his mental accomplishments: she was wounded before she was aware of her danger; but the good opinion Sidney had of his own merit did not suffer him long to be ignorant of such a glorious conquest; and, in order more effectually to secure it, his eyes rashly answered every thing which those of her royal highness had the kindness to tell him, whilst his personal accomplishments were carefully heightened by all the advantages of dress and show.

The duchess, foreseeing the consequences of such an engagement, strongly combated the inclination that hurried her away; but Miss Hobart, siding with that inclination, argued the matter with her scruples, and, in the end, really vanquished them. This girl had insinuated herself into her royal highness's confidence by a fund of news with which she was provided the whole year round: the court

and the city supplied her; nor was it very material to her whether her stories were true or false, her chief care being that they should prove agreeable to her mistress: she knew, likewise, how to gratify her palate, and constantly provided a variety of those dishes and liquors which she liked best. These qualifications had rendered her necessary; but, desirous of being still more so, and having perceived both the airs that Sidney gave himself, and what was passing in the heart of her mistress, the cunning Hobart took the liberty of telling her royal highness, that this unfortunate youth was pining away solely on her account; that it was a thousand pities a man of his figure should lose the respect for her which was most certainly her due, merely because she had reduced him to such a state, that he could no longer preserve it; that he was gradually dying away on her account in the sight of the whole court; that his situation would soon be generally remarked, except she made use of the proper means to prevent it; that, in her opinion, her royal highness ought to pity the miserable situation into which her charms had reduced him, and to endeavour to alleviate his pain in some way or other. The duchess asked her what she meant by "endeavouring to alleviate his pain in some way or other." "I mean, Madam," answered Miss Hobart, "that, if either his person be disagreeable, or his passion troublesome, you will give him his discharge; or, if you choose to retain him in your service, as all the princesses in the world would do in your place, you will permit me to give

him directions from you for his future conduct, mixed with a few grains of hope, to prevent his entirely losing his senses, until you find a proper occasion yourself to acquaint him with your wishes." "What!" said the duchess, "would you advise me, Hobart, you, who really love me, to engage in an affair of this nature, at the expense of my honour, and the hazard of a thousand inconveniences? If such frailties are sometimes excusable, they certainly are not so in the high station in which I am placed: and it would be an ill requital, on my part, for his goodness, who raised me to the rank I now fill, to——" "All this is very fine," interrupted Miss Hobart; "but, is it not very well known, that he only married you because he was importuned so to do? Since that I refer to yourself, whether he has ever restrained his inclination a single moment, giving you the most convincing proofs of the change that has taken place in his heart, by a thousand provoking infidelities? Is it still your intention to persevere in a state of indolence and humility, whilst the duke, after having received the favours, or suffered the repulses of all the coquettes in England, pays his addresses to the maids of honour, one after the other, and at present places his whole ambition and desires in the conquest of that ugly skeleton, Churchill? What! Madam, must then your prime of life be spent in a sort of widowhood, in deploring your misfortunes, without ever being permitted to make use of any remedy that may offer? A woman must be endowed with insuperable patience, or with an inexhaustible degree of

resignation, to bear this. Can a husband, who disregards you both night and day, really suppose, because his wife eats and drinks heartily, as, God be thanked, your royal highness does, that she wants nothing else than to sleep well too? Faith, such conduct is too bad: I therefore once more repeat, that there is not a princess in the universe who would refuse the homage of a man like Sidney, when a husband pays his addresses elsewhere."

These reasons were certainly not morally good; but had they been still worse, the duchess would have yielded to them, so much did her heart act in concert with Miss Hobart, to overthrow her discretion and prudence.

This intrigue began at the very time that Miss Hobart advised Miss Temple not to give any encouragement to the addresses of the handsome Sidney. As for him, no sooner was he informed, by the confident Hobart, that the goddess accepted his adoration, than he immediately began to be particularly reserved and circumspect in his behaviour, in order to divert the attention of the public; but the public is not so easily deceived as some people imagine.

As there were too many spies, too many inquisitive people, and critics, in a numerous court, residing in the midst of a populous city, the duchess, to avoid exposing the inclinations of her heart to the scrutiny of so many inquisitors, engaged the Duke of York to undertake the journey before mentioned, whilst the queen and her court were at Tunbridge.

This conduct was prudent; and, if agreeable to her, was far from displeasing to any of her court, except Miss Jennings: Jermyn was not of the party; and, in her opinion, every party was insipid in which he was not one of the company. He had engaged himself in an enterprise above his strength, in laying a wager, which the Chevalier de Grammont had laid before, and lost: he betted five hundred guineas, that he would ride twenty miles in one hour upon the same horse in the high-road. The day he had fixed upon for this race was the very same in which Miss Jennings went to the fortune-teller's.

Jermyn was more fortunate than her in this undertaking. He came off victorious; but as his courage had far exceeded the strength of his constitution, in this exertion to win the wager, he got a violent fever into the bargain, which brought him very low. Miss Jennings inquired after his health; but that was all she dared to do. In modern romances, a princess need only to pay a visit to some hero, abandoned by his physicians, a perfect cure would be wrought in three days; but since Miss Jennings had not been the cause of Jermyn's fever, she was not certain of relieving him from it, although she had been sure that a charitable visit would not have been censured in a malicious court. Without therefore paying any attention to the uneasiness she might feel upon the occasion, the court set out without him. She had, however, the gratification to testify her ill-humour throughout the whole journey, by appearing displeased with every

thing which seemed to afford satisfaction to all the rest of the company.

Talbot made one of the company; and flattering himself that the absence of a dangerous rival might produce some change in his favour, he was attentive to all the actions, motions, and even gestures, of his former mistress. There was certainly enough fully to employ his attention. It was contrary to her disposition to remain long in a serious humour. Her natural vivacity hurried her away, from being seemingly lost in thought, into sallies of wit, which afforded him hopes that she would soon forget Jermyn, and remember that his own passion was the first she had encouraged. However, he kept his distance, notwithstanding his love and his hopes, being of opinion, that it ill became an injured lover to betray either the least weakness, or the smallest return of affection, for an ungrateful mistress, who had deserted him.

Miss Jennings was so far from thinking of his resentments, that she did not even recollect he had ever paid his addresses to her; and her thoughts being wholly occupied upon the poor sick man, she conducted herself towards Talbot as if they never had had anything to say to each other. It was to him that she most usually gave her hand, either in getting into or out of the coach; she conversed more readily with him than any other person, and, without intending it, did every thing to make the court believe she was cured of her passion for Jermyn in favour of her former lover.

Of this he seemed likewise convinced, as well as

the rest; and thinking it now proper to act another part, in order to let her know that his sentiments with respect to her were still the same, he had resolved to address her in the most tender and affectionate manner upon this subject. Fortune seemed to have favoured him, and to have smoothed the way for his intended harangue: he was alone with her in her chamber; and, what was still better, she was rallying him concerning Miss Boynton; saying, "that they were undoubtedly much obliged to him, for attending them on their journey, whilst poor Miss Boynton had fainting-fits at Tunbridge, at least twice every day, for love of him." Upon this discourse, Talbot thought it right to begin the recital of his sufferings and fidelity, when Miss Temple, with a paper in her hand, entered the room. This was a letter in verse, which Lord Rochester had written some time before, upon the intrigue of the two courts; wherein, upon the subject of Miss Jennings, he said: "that Talbot had struck terror among the people of God, by his gigantic stature; but that Jermyn, like a little David, had vanquished the great Goliath." Jennings, delighted with this allusion, read it over two or three times, thought it more entertaining than Talbot's conversation, at first heartily laughed at it, but soon after, with a tender air, "poor little David!" said she, with a deep sigh, and turning her head on one side during this short reverie, she shed a few tears, which assuredly did not flow for the defeat of the giant. This stung Talbot to the quick; and, seeing himself so ridiculously deceived

in his hopes, he went abruptly out of the room, vowing never to think any more of a giddy girl whose conduct was regulated neither by sense nor reason; but he did not keep his resolution.

The other votaries of love, who were numerous in this court, were more successful, the journey being undertaken solely on that account. There were continual balls and entertainments upon the road; hunting, and all other diversions, wherever the court halted in its progress. The tender lovers flattered themselves with the thought of being able to crown their happiness as they proceeded in their journey; and the beauties who governed their destiny did not forbid them to hope. Sidney paid his court with wonderful assiduity. The duchess made the duke take notice of his late perfect devotion to his service: his royal highness observed it, and agreed that he ought to be remembered upon the first opportunity, which happened soon after.

Montagu, as before mentioned, was master of the horse to the duchess: he was possessed of a great deal of wit, had much penetration, and loved mischief. How could she bear such a man near her person, in the present situation of her heart? This greatly embarrassed her; but Montagu's elder brother having, very apropos, got himself killed where he had no business, the duke obtained for Montagu the post of master of the horse to the queen, which the deceased enjoyed; and the handsome Sidney was appointed to succeed him in the same employment to the duchess. All this happened

according to her wish; and the duke was highly pleased that he had found means to promote these two gentlemen at once, without being at the least expense.

Miss Hobart greatly applauded these promotions: she had frequent and long conversations with Sidney, which, being remarked, some did her the honour to believe it was upon her own account; and the compliments that were made her upon the occasion she most willingly received. The duke, who believed it at first, observed to the duchess the unaccountable taste of certain persons, and how the handsomest young fellow in England was infatuated with such a frightful creature.

The duchess confessed that taste was very arbitrary; the truth whereof he himself seemed to be convinced of, since he had fixed upon the beauteous Helen for his mistress. I know not whether this raillery caused him to reflect for what reasons he had made his choice; but it is certain he began to cool in his affections for Miss Churchill; and perhaps he would entirely have abandoned this pursuit, had not an accident taken place, which raised in him an entirely new inclination for her.

The court having halted for a few days in a fine open country, the duchess was desirous of seeing a greyhound course. This diversion is practised in England upon large downs, where the turf, eaten by the sheep, is particularly green, and wonderfully even. She was in her coach, and all the ladies on horseback, every one of them being attended by her squire; it therefore was but reasonable that

the mistress should likewise have her squire. He accordingly was at the side of her coach, and seemed to compensate for his deficiencies in conversation, by the uncommon beauty of his mien and figure.

The duke attended Miss Churchill, not for the sake of besieging her with soft flattering tales of love, but, on the contrary, to chide her for sitting so ill on horseback. She was one of the most indolent creatures in the world; and although the maids of honour are generally the worst mounted of the whole court, yet, in order to distinguish her, on account of the favour she enjoyed, they had given her a very pretty, though rather a high-spirited, horse; a distinction she would very willingly have excused them.

The embarrassment and fear she was under had added to her natural paleness. In this situation, her countenance had almost completed the duke's disgust, when her horse, desirous of keeping pace with the others, set off in a gallop, notwithstanding her greatest efforts to prevent it; and her endeavours to hold him in firing his mettle, he at length set off at full speed, as if he was running a race against the duke's horse.

Miss Churchill lost her seat, screamed out, and fell from her horse. A fall in so quick a pace must have been violent; and yet it proved favourable to her in every respect; for, without receiving any hurt, she gave the lie to all the unfavourable suppositions that had been formed of her person, in judging from her face. The duke alighted, in order

to help her. She was so greatly stunned, that her thoughts were otherwise employed than about decency on the present occasion; and those who first crowded around her found her rather in a negligent posture. They could hardly believe that limbs of such exquisite beauty could belong to Miss Churchill's face. After this accident, it was remarked that the duke's tenderness and affection for her increased every day; and, towards the end of the winter, it appeared that she had not tyrannized over his passion, nor made him languish with impatience.

The two courts returned to London much about the same time, equally satisfied with their respective excursions; though the queen was disappointed in the hopes she had entertained of the good effects of the Tunbridge waters.

It was about this time that the Chevalier de Grammont received a letter from the Marchioness de Saint Chaumont, his sister, acquainting him that he might return when he thought proper, the king having given him leave. He would have received this news with joy at any other time, whatever had been the charms of the English court; but, in the present situation of his heart, he could not resolve to quit it.

He had returned from Tunbridge a thousand times deeper in love than ever; for, during this agreeable excursion, he had every day seen Miss Hamilton, either in the marshes of melancholy Peckham, or in the delicious walks of cheerful Summerhill, or in the daily diversions and

entertainments of the queen's court; and whether he saw her on horseback, heard her conversation, or observed her in the dance, still he was persuaded that Heaven had never formed an object in every respect more worthy of the love, and more deserving of the affection, of a man of sense and delicacy. How then was it possible for him to bear the thoughts of leaving her? This appeared to him absolutely impracticable; however, as he was desirous of making a merit with her, of the determination he had made to neglect his fortune, rather than to be separated from her charms, he showed her his sister's letter; but this confidence had not the success he expected.

Miss Hamilton, in the first place, congratulated him upon his recall: she returned him many thanks for the sacrifice he intended to make her; but as this testimony of affection greatly exceeded the bounds of mere gallantry, however sensibly she might feel this mark of his tenderness, she was however determined not to abuse it. In vain did he protest that he would rather meet death, than part from her irresistible charms; and her irresistible charms protested that he should never see them more, unless he departed immediately. Thus was he forced to obey. However, he was allowed to flatter himself, that these positive orders, how harsh soever they might appear, did not flow from indifference; that she would always be more pleased with his return than with his departure, for which she was now so urgent; and having generously given him assurances that so far as depended

upon herself, he would find, upon his return, no variation in her sentiments during his absence, he took leave of his friends, thinking of nothing but his return, at the very time he was making preparations for his departure.

CHAPTER XI

THE nearer the Chevalier de Grammont approached the court of France, the more did he regret his absence from that of England; not but that he expected a gracious reception at the feet of his master, whose anger no one provoked with impunity; but who likewise knew how to pardon, in such a manner as to make the favour he conferred in every respect to be felt.

A thousand different thoughts occupied his mind upon the journey: sometimes he reflected upon the joy and satisfaction his friends and relations would experience upon his return; sometimes upon the congratulations and embraces of those, who, being neither the one nor the other, would nevertheless overwhelm him with impertinent compliments: all these ideas passed quickly through his head; for a man deeply in love makes it a scruple of conscience not to suffer any other thoughts to dwell upon his mind than those of the object beloved. It was then the tender, endearing remembrance of what he had left in London that diverted his thoughts

from Paris; and it was the torments of absence that prevented his feeling those of the bad roads and the bad horses. His heart protested to Miss Hamilton, between Montreuil and Abbeville, that he only tore himself from her with such haste, to return the sooner; after which, by a short reflection, comparing the regret he had formerly felt upon the same road, in quitting France for England, with that which he now experienced, in quitting England for France, he found the last much more insupportable than the former.

It is thus that a man in love entertains himself upon the road; or rather, it is thus that a trifling writer abuses the patience of his reader, either to display his own sentiments, or to lengthen out a tedious story; but God forbid that this character should apply to ourselves, since we profess to insert nothing in these memoirs but what we have heard from the mouth of him whose actions and sayings we transmit to posterity.

Who, except Squire Feraulas, has ever been able to keep a register of all the thoughts, sighs, and exclamations of his illustrious master? For my own part, I should never have thought that the attention of the Count de Grammont, which is at present so sensible to inconveniences and dangers, would have ever permitted him to entertain amorous thoughts upon the road, if he did not himself dictate to me what I am now writing.

But let us speak of him at Abbeville. The postmaster was his old acquaintance: his hotel was the best provided of any between Calais and Paris;

and the Chevalier de Grammont, alighting, told Termes he would drink a glass of wine during the time they were changing horses. It was about noon; and, since the preceding night, when they had landed at Calais, until this instant, they had not eaten a single mouthful. Termes, praising the Lord that natural feelings had for once prevailed over the inhumanity of his usual impatience, confirmed him as much as possible in such reasonable sentiments.

Upon their entering the kitchen, where the Chevalier generally paid his first visit, they were surprised to see half a dozen spits loaded with game at the fire, and every other preparation for a magnificent entertainment. The heart of Termes leaped for joy: he gave private orders to the hostler to pull the shoes off some of the horses, that he might not be forced away from this place before he had satisfied his craving appetite.

Soon after, a number of violins and hautboys, attended by all the mob of the town, entered the court. The landlord being asked the reason of these great preparations, acquainted the Chevalier de Grammont that they were for the wedding of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the neighbourhood, with one of the handsomest girls in the whole province; that the entertainment was to be at his house; and that, if his lordship chose to stop, in a very short time he would see the new-married couple arrive from the church, since the music was already come. He was right in his conjectures; for these words were scarce out of his mouth, when three

uncommonly large coaches, loaded with lackeys, as tall as Swiss, with most gaudy liveries, all covered with lace, appeared in the court, and disembarked the whole wedding company. Never was country magnificence more naturally displayed: rusty tinsel, tarnished lace, striped silks, little eyes, and full swelling breasts, appeared on every side.

If the first sight of the procession surprised the Chevalier de Grammont, faithful Termes was no less astonished at the second. The little that was to be seen of the bride's face appeared not without beauty; but no judgment could be formed of the remainder: four dozen of patches, at least, and ten ringlets of hair, on each side, most completely concealed her from all human eyes; but it was the bridegroom who most particularly attracted the Chevalier de Grammont's attention.

He was as ridiculously dressed as the rest of the company, except a coat of the greatest magnificence, and of the most exquisite taste. The Chevalier de Grammont, walking up to him to examine his dress, began to commend the embroidery of his coat. The bridegroom thought himself much honoured by this examination, and told him he bought it for one hundred and fifty louis, at the time he was paying his addresses to his wife. "Then you did not get it made here?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "No," replied the other; "I bought it of a London merchant, who had ordered it for an English lord." The Chevalier de Grammont, who now began to perceive in what manner the adventure would end, asked him if he

should recollect the merchant if he saw him again? "Recollect him!" replied the other, "I surely ought; for I was obliged to sit up drinking with him all night at Calais, as I was endeavouring to beat down the price." Termes had vanished out of sight as soon as ever this coat appeared, though he little supposed that the cursed bridegroom would have any conversation concerning it with his master.

The Chevalier's thoughts were some time wavering between his inclination to laugh, and a desire of hanging Master Termes: but the long habit of suffering himself to be robbed by his domestics, together with the vigilance of the criminal, whom his master could not reproach with having slept in his service, inclined him to clemency; and yielding to the importunities of the country gentleman, in order to confound his faithful servant, he sat down to table, to make the thirty-seventh of the company.

A short time after, he desired one of the waiters to call for a gentleman whose name was Termes. He immediately appeared; and as soon as the master of the feast saw him, he rose from table, and offering him his hand, "Welcome, my friend," said he; "you see that I have taken good care of the coat which you sold me with so much reluctance, and that I have kept it for a good purpose."

Termes, having put on a face of brass, pretended not to know him, and pushed him back with some degree of rudeness. "No, no," said the other, "since I was obliged to sit up with you the whole night, in order to strike the bargain, you shall

pledge me in the bride's health." The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw that Termes was disconcerted, notwithstanding his impudence, said to him with a smile, "Come, come, my good London merchant, sit down, as you are so civilly invited: we are not so crowded at table but that there will be room enough for such an honest gentleman as yourself." At these words five-and-thirty of the guests were in motion to receive this new visitor. The bride alone, out of an idea of decorum, remained seated; and the audacious Termes, having swallowed the first shame of this adventure, began to lay about him at such a rate, as if it had been his intention to swallow all the wine provided for the wedding, if his master had not risen from the table as they were taking off four-and-twenty soups, to serve up as many other dishes in their stead.

The company were not so unreasonable as to desire a man who was in such haste to remain to the end of a wedding dinner; but they all got up when he arose from table, and all that he could obtain from the bridegroom was, that the company should not attend him to the gate of the inn: as for Termes, he wished they had not quitted him till the end of their journey, so much did he dread being left alone with his master.

They had advanced some distance from Abbeville, and were proceeding on in the most profound silence, when Termes, who expected an end to it in a short time, was only solicitous in what manner it might happen, whether his master would attack him with a torrent of invectives, and certain

epithets which were most justly his due, or whether, in an insulting ironical manner, he might make use of such commendations as were most likely to confound him; but finding, instead of either, that he remained in sullen silence, he thought it prudent rather to prevent the speech the Chevalier was meditating, than to suffer him to think longer about it; and, accordingly, arming himself with all his effrontery, "You seem to be very angry, Sir," said he, "and I suppose you think you have reason for being so; but the devil take me if you are not mistaken in reality."

"How! traitor! in reality?" said the Chevalier de Grammont: "it is then because I have not had thee well thrashed, as thou hast for a long time merited." "Look ye, Sir," replied Termes, "you always run into a passion, instead of listening to reason! Yes, Sir, I maintain that what I did was for your benefit." "And was not the quicksand likewise for my service?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "Have patience, if you please," pursued the other: "I know not how that simpleton of a bridegroom happened to be at the custom-house when my portmanteau was examined at Calais; but these silly cuckolds thrust in their noses everywhere. As soon as ever he saw your coat, he fell in love with it. I immediately perceived he was a fool; for he fell down upon his knees beseeching me to sell it him. Besides being greatly rumpled in the portmanteau, it was all stained in front by the sweat of the horses; I wonder how the devil he has managed to get it cleaned; but,

faith, I am the greatest scoundrel in the world, if you would ever have put it on. In a word, it cost you one hundred and forty louis d'ors, and seeing he offered me one hundred and fifty for it; 'My master,' said I, 'has no occasion for this tinseled bauble to distinguish him at the ball; and, although he was pretty full of cash when I left him, how know I in what situation he may be upon my return? there is no certainty at play. To be brief, Sir, I got ten louis d'ors for it more than it cost you: this you see is all clear profit: I will be accountable to you for it, and you know that I am sufficiently substantial to make good such a sum. Confess now, do you think you would have appeared to greater advantage at the ball, if you had been dressed out in that damned coat, which would have made you look just like the village bridegroom to whom we sold it? and yet, how you stormed at London when you thought it lost; what fine stories you told the king about the quicksand; and how churlish you looked, when you first began to suppose that this country looby wore it at his wedding!"

What could the Chevalier reply to such uncommon impudence? If he indulged his resentment, he must either have most severely bastinadoed him, or he must have discarded him, as the easiest escape the rogue could expect; but he had occasion for him during the remainder of his journey; and, as soon as he was at Paris, he had occasion for him for his return.

The Maréchal de Grammont had no sooner

notice of his arrival, than he went to him at the hotel; and, the first embraces being over on both sides; "Chevalier," said the Maréchal, "how many days have you been in coming from London hither? for God knows at what a rate you travel on such occasions." The Chevalier told him, he had been three days upon the road; and, to excuse himself for making no more haste, he related to him his Abbeville adventure. "It is a very entertaining one," said his brother; "but, what is yet more entertaining, is, that it will be your fault if you do not find your coat still at table; for the country gentry are not accustomed to rise very soon from a wedding dinner." And then, in a very serious tone, told him, "he knew not who had advised him to this unexpected return, which might probably ruin all his affairs; but he had orders from the king to bid him go back again without appearing at court. He told him afterwards that he was very much astonished at his impatience, as, till this time, he had conducted himself uncommonly well, and was sufficiently acquainted with the king's temper to know, that the only way to merit his pardon was to wait until it freely came from his clemency."

The Chevalier, in justification of his conduct, produced Madame de Saint Chaumont's letter, and told the Maréchal that he would very willingly have spared her the trouble of writing him such kind of news, to occasion him so useless a journey. "Still more indiscretion," replied his brother; "for, pray how long has our sister been either secretary of

state, or minister, that she should be employed by the king to make known his majesty's order? Do you wish to know the real state of the case? Some time ago the king told Madame how you had refused the pension the king of England offered you. He appeared pleased with the manner in which Comminges had related to him the circumstances attending it, and said he was pleased with you for it. Madame interpreted this as an order for your recall; and Madame de Saint Chaumont being very far from possessing that wonderful discretion she imagines herself mistress of, she hastened to despatch to you this consequential order in her own hand. To conclude; Madame said yesterday, when the king was at dinner, that you would very soon be here; and the king, as soon as dinner was over, commanded me to send you back as soon as you arrived. Here you are; set off again immediately."

This order might have appeared severe to the Chevalier de Grammont at any other time; but, in the present state of his heart, he soon resolved upon obeying. Nothing gave him uneasiness, but the officious advice which had obliged him to leave the English court; and, being entirely unconcerned that he was not allowed to see the French court before his departure, he only desired the Maréchal to obtain leave for him to stay a few days to collect in some play debts which were owing him. This request was granted, on condition that he should not remain in Paris.

He chose Vaugirard for his retreat. It was there that he had several adventures which he so often

related in so humorous and diverting a manner, that it would be tedious to repeat them. There it was that he administered the sacrament in so solemn a manner, that, as there did not remain a sufficient number of Swiss at Versailles to guard the chapel, Vardes was obliged to acquaint the king that they were all gone to the Chevalier de Grammont, who was administering the sacrament at Vaugirard. There likewise happened that wonderful adventure which threw the first slur upon the reputation of the great Saucourt, when, having a *tête-à-tête* with the gardener's daughter, the horn, which was agreed upon as the signal to prevent surprises, was sounded so often, that the frequent alarms cooled the courage of the celebrated Saucourt, and rendered useless the assignation that was procured for him with one of the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood. It was, likewise, during his stay at Vaugirard, that he paid a visit to Mademoiselle de l'Hôpital at Issy, to inquire into the truth of a report of an amour between her and a man of the long robe; and it was there that, on his arriving unexpectedly, the President de Maisons was forced to take refuge in a closet, with so much precipitation, that half of his robe remained on the outside when he shut the door; while the Chevalier de Grammont, who observed it, made his visit excessively long, in order to keep the two lovers upon the rack.

His business being settled, he set out for England on the wings of love. Termes redoubled his vigilance upon the road. The post-horses were ready

in an instant at every stage. The winds and tides favoured his impatience; and he reached London with the highest satisfaction. The court was both surprised and charmed at his sudden return. No person condoled with him upon his late disappointment, which had occasioned him to come back, as he testified no manner of uneasiness concerning it himself. Nor was Miss Hamilton in the least displeased at his readiness in obeying the orders of the king his master.

Nothing new had happened in the English court during his short absence; but it assumed a different aspect soon after his return: I mean with respect to love and pleasure, which were the most serious concerns of the court during the greatest part of this gay reign.

The Duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles the Second, now made his first appearance in his father's court: his entrance upon the stage of the world was so brilliant, his ambition had occasioned so many considerable events, and the particulars of his tragical end are so recent, that it were needless to produce any other traits to give a sketch of his character. By the whole tenor of his life, he appeared to be rash in his undertakings, irresolute in the execution, and dejected in his misfortunes, in which, at least, an undaunted resolution ought to equal the greatness of the attempt.

His figure and the exterior graces of his person were such, that nature, perhaps, never formed any thing more complete: his face was extremely hand-

Walter Lloyd, Pt. Sc.

Duke of Monmouth.

some; and yet it was a manly face, neither inanimate nor effeminate; each feature having its beauty and peculiar delicacy: he had a wonderful genius for every sort of exercise, an engaging aspect, and an air of grandeur: in a word, he possessed every personal advantage; but then, he was greatly deficient in mental accomplishments. He had no sentiments but such as others inspired him with; and those who first insinuated themselves into his friendship took care to inspire him with none but such as were pernicious. The astonishing beauty of his outward form caused universal admiration: those who before were looked upon as handsome, were now entirely forgotten at court; and all the gay and beautiful of the fair sex were at his devotion. He was particularly beloved by the king; but the universal terror of husbands and lovers. This, however, did not long continue; for nature not having endowed him with qualifications to secure the possession of the heart, the fair sex soon perceived the defect.

The Duchess of Cleveland was out of humour with the king, because the children she had by his majesty were like so many little puppets, compared to this new Adonis: she was the more particularly hurt, as she might have boasted of being the queen of love, in comparison with the duke's mother. The king, however, laughed at her reproaches, as, for some time, she had certainly no right to make any; and, as this piece of jealousy appeared to be more ill-founded than any she had formerly affected, no person approved of her ridiculous resentment.

Not succeeding in this, she formed another scheme to give the king uneasiness: instead of opposing his extreme tenderness for his son, she pretended to adopt him in her affection, by a thousand commendations and caresses, which she was daily and continually increasing. As these endearments were public, she imagined they could not be suspected; but she was too well known for her real design to be mistaken. The king was no longer jealous of her; but, as the Duke of Monmouth was of an age not to be insensible to the attractions of a woman possessing so many charms, he thought it proper to withdraw him from this pretended mother-in-law, to preserve his innocence, or at least his fame, uncontaminated: it was for this reason, therefore, that the king married him so young.

An heiress, of five thousand pounds a year, in Scotland, offered very apropos: her person was full of charms, and her mind possessed all those perfections in which the handsome Monmouth was deficient.

New festivals and entertainments celebrated this marriage: the most effectual method to pay court to the king, was to outshine the rest in brilliancy and grandeur; and whilst these rejoicings brought forward all manner of gallantry and magnificence, they either revived old, or established new amours.

The fair Stewart, then in the meridian of her glory, attracted all eyes, and commanded universal respect and admiration: the Duchess of Cleveland endeavoured to eclipse her at this fête, by a load of jewels, and by all the artificial ornaments of dress;

but it was in vain: her face looked rather thin and pale, from the commencement of a third or fourth pregnancy, which the king was still pleased to place to his own account; and, as for the rest, her person could in no respect stand in competition with the grace and beauty of Miss Stewart.

It was during this last effort of her charms, that she would have been queen of England, had the king been as free to give his hand as he was to surrender his heart; for it was at this time that the Duke of Richmond took it into his head either to marry her, or to die in the attempt.

A few months after the celebration of the Duke of Monmouth's nuptials, Killegrew, having nothing better to do, fell in love with Lady Shrewsbury; and, as Lady Shrewsbury, by a very extraordinary chance, had no engagement at that time, their amour was soon established. No one thought of interrupting an intimacy which did not concern any one; but Killegrew thought proper to disturb it himself: not that his happiness fell short of his expectation, nor did possession put him out of love with a situation so enviable; but he was amazed that he was not envied, and offended that his good fortune raised him no rivals.

He possessed a great deal of wit, and still more eloquence, which most particularly displayed itself when he was a little elevated with the juice of the grape: he then indulged himself in giving luxurious descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's most secret charms and beauties, which above half the court were as well acquainted with as himself.

The Duke of Buckingham was one of those who could only judge from outward appearances; and appearances, in his opinion, did not seem to promise any thing so exquisite as the extravagant praises of Killegrew would infer. As this indiscreet lover was a frequent guest at the Duke of Buckingham's table, he was continually employing his rhetoric on this subject, and he had full opportunity for his harangues; for they generally sat down to dinner at four o'clock, and only rose just in time for the play in the evening.

The Duke of Buckingham, whose ears were continually deafened with descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's merits, resolved at last to examine into the truth of the matter himself: as soon as he had made the experiment, he was satisfied; and, though he fancied that fame did not exceed the truth, yet this intrigue began in such a manner, that it was generally believed its duration would be short, considering the fickleness of both parties, and the vivacity with which they had engaged in it: nevertheless no amour in England ever continued so long.

The imprudent Killegrew, who could not be satisfied without rivals, was obliged in the end to be satisfied without a mistress: this he bore very impatiently; but so far was Lady Shrewsbury from hearkening to, or affording any redress for, the grievances at first complained of, that she pretended even not to know him. His spirit could not brook such treatment; and, without ever considering that he was the author of his own disgrace,

he let loose all his abusive eloquence against her ladyship: he attacked her with the most bitter invectives from head to foot: he drew a frightful picture of her conduct; and turned all her personal charms, which he used to extol, into defects. He was privately warned of the inconveniences to which these declamations might subject him, but despised the advice, and, persisting, he soon had reason to repent it.

As he was returning one evening from the Duke of York's apartments at St. James's, three passes with a sword were made at him through his chair, one of which went entirely through his arm. Upon this, he was sensible of the danger to which his intemperate tongue had exposed him, over and above the loss of his mistress. The assassins made their escape across the Park, not doubting but they had despatched him.

Killegrew thought that all complaints would be useless; for what redress from justice could he expect for an attempt of which his wounds were his only evidence? And, besides, he was convinced that if he began a prosecution founded upon appearances and conjectures, the parties concerned would take the shortest and most effectual means to put a stop to all inquiries upon the subject, and that their second attempt would not prove ineffectual. Being desirous, therefore, of deserving mercy from those who had endeavoured to assassinate him, he no longer continued his satires, and said not a word of the adventure. The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury remained for

a long period both happy and contented: never before had her constancy been of so long a duration; nor had he ever been so submissive and respectful a lover.

This continued until Lord Shrewsbury, who never before had shewn the least uneasiness at his lady's misconduct, thought proper to resent this: it was public enough, indeed, but less dishonourable to her than any of her former intrigues. Poor Lord Shrewsbury, too polite a man to make any reproaches to his wife, was resolved to have redress for his injured honour: he accordingly challenged the Duke of Buckingham; and the Duke of Buckingham, as a reparation for his honour, having killed him upon the spot, remained a peaceable possessor of this famous Helen. The public was at first shocked at the transaction; but the public grows familiar with every thing by habit, and by degrees both decency, and even virtue itself, are rendered tame, and overcome. The queen was at the head of those who exclaimed against so public and scandalous a crime, and against the impunity of such a wicked act. As the Duchess of Buckingham was a short fat body, like her majesty, who never had had any children, and whom her husband had abandoned for another, this sort of parallel in their situations interested the queen in her favour; but it was all in vain: no person paid any attention to them; the licentiousness of the age went on uncontrolled, though the queen endeavoured to raise up the serious part of the nation, the politicians and devotees, as enemies against it.

The fate of this princess was in many cases truly melancholy: the king, indeed, paid her every outward attention; but that was all; she easily perceived that the respect he entertained for her daily diminished, in proportion as the credit of her rivals increased: she saw that the king her husband was now totally indifferent about legitimate children, since his all-charming mistresses bore him others. As all the happiness of her life depended upon that blessing, and as she flattered herself that the king would prove kinder to her if heaven would vouchsafe to grant her desires, she had recourse to all the celebrated secrets against sterility; pious vows, nine-day prayers, and offerings having been tried in all manners, but all to no purpose, she was at last obliged to return to natural means.

What would she have given on this occasion for the ring which Archbishop Turpin wore on his finger, and which made Charlemagne run after him, in the same manner as it had made him run after one of his concubines, from whose finger Turpin had taken it after her death! But it is now many years since the only talismans for creating love are the charms of the person beloved, and foreign enchantments have been looked upon as ineffectual. The queen's physicians, men of great prudence, sagacity, and wisdom, as they always are, having duly weighed and considered that the cold waters of Tunbridge had not succeeded in the preceding year, concluded that it would be advisable for her to try the warm baths at Bristol: this journey was therefore fixed for the next season;

and in the confidence of its proving effectual, this excursion would have afforded her much pleasure, if the most dangerous of her rivals had not been one of the first that was appointed to attend the court. The Duchess of Cleveland being then near her time, there was no uneasiness on her account: the common rules of decency required a little attention. The public, it is true, was not either more or less acquainted with the circumstances of her situation, by the care which she now took to conceal it; but her appearing at court in her present condition would have been too great an insult to the queen. Miss Stewart, more handsome than ever, was appointed for this excursion, and began to make magnificent preparations: the poor queen durst say nothing against it; but all hopes of success immediately forsook her. What could the baths, or the feeble virtue of the waters, perform against charms that entirely counteracted their effects, either through the grief and uneasiness they occasioned her, or by their still more powerful consequences?

The Chevalier de Grammont, to whom all pleasures were insipid without the presence of Miss Hamilton, was yet unable to excuse himself from attending the court. The king delighted too much in his sprightly conversation to leave him behind; and however pleasing his company might have been in the solitude occasioned by the absence of the court, Miss Hamilton did not think it right to accept his offer of staying in town, because she was obliged to remain there: she however granted

him the permission of writing her an account of any news that might occur upon the journey. He failed not to make use of this permission, in such a manner as one may imagine; and his own concerns took up so much space in his letters, that there was very little room left for other subjects during his stay at the baths. As absence from the object of his affections rendered this place insupportable, he engaged in every thing that might dissipate his impatience, until the happy moment of return arrived.

He had a great esteem for the elder of the Hamiltons; no less esteem, and far more friendship for his brother, whom he made the confidant of his passion and attachment for his sister. The Chevalier was also acquainted with his first engagements with his cousin Wetenhall; but being ignorant of the coldness that had interrupted a commerce so brisk in its commencement, he was surprised at the eagerness he shewed upon all occasions to please Miss Stewart: his assiduity appeared to the Chevalier de Grammont to exceed those civilities and attentions that are usually paid for the purpose of making court to the favourites of princes. He observed him more strictly, and soon perceived that he was deeper in love with her than was consistent either with his fortune or his repose. As soon as the remarks he made had confirmed him in his suspicions, he resolved to use his endeavours to prevent the consequences of an engagement pernicious in every respect; but he waited for a proper opportunity of speaking to him upon the subject.

In the mean time the court enjoyed every kind of diversion, in a place where amusement is sought with avidity. The game of bowls, which in France is the pastime of mechanics and servants only, is quite the contrary in England, where it is the exercise of gentlemen, and requires both art and address. It is only in use during the fair and dry part of the season, and the places where it is practised are charming, delicious walks, called bowling-greens, which are little square grass-plots, where the turf is almost as smooth and level as the cloth of a billiard-table. As soon as the heat of the day is over, all the company assemble there: they play deep, and spectators are at liberty to make what bets they please.

The Chevalier de Grammont, long before initiated in the English games and diversions, had been engaged in a horse-race, in which he was indeed unsuccessful; but he had the satisfaction of being convinced by experience, that an English horse can go twenty miles upon the high road in less than an hour: he was more fortunate at cock-fighting; and in the bets he made at the bowling-green, the party he betted upon never failed to win.

Near all these places of diversion there is usually a sort of inn, or house of entertainment, with a bower or harbour, in which are sold all sorts of English liquors, such as cider, mead, bottled beer, and Spanish wines. Here the rooks meet every evening to drink, smoke, and to try their skill upon each other; or, in other words, to endeavour to trick one another out of the winnings of the day.

These rooks are, properly speaking, what we call *capons*, or *piqueürs*, in France: men who always carry money about them, to enable them to lend to losing gamesters, for which they receive a gratification, which is nothing for such as play deep, as it is only two per cent., and the money to be repaid the next day.

These gentlemen are so nice in their calculations, and so particularly skilful in all manner of games, that no person would dare to enter the lists with them, were they even assured that no unfairness would be practised: besides, they make a vow, to win four or five guineas a day, and to be satisfied with that gain; a vow which they seldom or never break.

It was in the midst of a company of these rooks, that Hamilton found the Chevalier de Grammont, when he called in one evening to get a glass of cider. They were playing at hazard; and as he who holds the dice is supposed to have the advantage, the rooks did the Chevalier de Grammont that honour out of compliment: he had the dice in his hand when Hamilton came into the room. The rooks, secure of their odds, were betting against him at a high rate, and he took all.

Hamilton could hardly believe his eyes, to see a man of his experience and knowledge engaged in so unequal a contest; but it was to no purpose that he informed him of his danger, both aloud in French, and in private by signs; he still disregarded his warnings, and the dice, that bore Cæsar and his fortunes, performed a miracle in his favour.

The rooks were defeated for the first time, but not without bestowing upon him all the encomiums and praises of being a very fair and honourable player, which they never fail to lavish upon those whom they wish to engage a second time; but all their commendations were lost, and their hopes deceived: the Chevalier was satisfied with the first experiment.

Hamilton, when the king was at supper, related to him how he found the Chevalier de Grammont rashly engaged with the rooks, and in what manner he had been providentially preserved. "Indeed, Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "the rooks were discomfited for once;" and thereupon related the adventure to his majesty in his usual way, attracting the attention of all the company, to a circumstance, trifling in itself, but rendered interesting by his humour.

After supper, Miss Stewart, in whose apartment there was play, called Hamilton to her to tell the story. The Chevalier de Grammont, perceiving that she attended to him with pleasure, was fully confirmed in the truth of his first conjectures; and, having carried Hamilton home with him to supper, they began to discourse freely together as usual. "George," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "are you in any want of money? I know you love play; perhaps it may not be so favourable to you as it is to me: we are at a great distance from London. Here are two hundred guineas, take them, I beseech you, they will do to play with at Miss Stewart's." Hamilton, who little expected this conclusion, was

rather disconcerted. "How! at Miss Stewart's!" "Yes, in her apartments, friend George," continued the Chevalier de Grammont; "I have not yet lost my eyes: you are in love with her, and if I am not mistaken, she is not offended at it; but tell me how you could resolve to banish poor Wetenhall from your heart, and suffer yourself to be infatuated with a girl, who perhaps, after all, is not worth the other, and who, besides, whatever favourable dispositions she may have for you, will undoubtedly, in the end, prove your ruin. Faith, your brother and you are two pretty fellows, in your choice. What! can you find no other beauties in all the court to fall in love with, except the king's two mistresses? As for the elder brother, I can pardon him: he only took Lady Castlemaine after his master had done with her, and after Lady Chesterfield had discarded him; but, as for you, what the devil do you intend to do with a creature, on whom the king seems every day to doat with increasing fondness? Is it because that drunken sot Richmond has again come forward, and now declares himself one of her professed admirers? You will soon see what he will make by it: I have not forgotten what the king said to me upon the subject.

"Believe me, my dear friend, there is no playing tricks with our masters, I mean, there is no ogling their mistresses. I myself wanted to play the agreeable in France, with a little coquette, whom the king did not care about, and you know how dearly I paid for it. I confess she gives you fair play, but do not trust to her. All the sex feel an

unspeakable satisfaction at having men in their train, whom they care not for, and to use them as their slaves of state, merely to swell their equipage. Would it not be a great deal better to pass a week or ten days incognito at Peckham with the philosopher Wetenhall's wife, than to have it inserted in the Dutch Gazette,—'We hear from Bristol, that such a one is banished the court on account of Miss Stewart, and that he is going to make a campaign in Guinea on board the fleet that is fitting out for the expedition under the command of Prince Rupert?'"

Hamilton, who was the more convinced of the truth of this discourse, the more he considered it, after musing some time, appeared to wake from a dream, and addressing himself with an air of gratitude to the Chevalier de Grammont: "Of all the men in the world, my dear friend," said he, "you have the most agreeable wit, and at the same time the clearest judgment with respect to your friends: what you have told me has opened my eyes: I began to suffer myself to be seduced by the most ridiculous illusion imaginable, and to be hurried away rather by frivolous appearances, than any real inclination: to you I owe the obligation of having preserved me from destruction at the very brink of a precipice. This is not the only kindness you have done me, your favours have been innumerable; and, as a proof of my gratitude for this last, I will follow your advice, and go into retirement at my cousin Wetenhall's, to eradicate from my recollection every trace of those chimeras

which lately possessed my brain; but so far from going thither incognito, I will take you along with me, as soon as the court returns to London. My sister shall likewise be of the party; for it is prudent to use all precautions with a man, who with a great deal of merit, on such occasions, is not over scrupulous, if we may credit your philosopher." "Do not pay any attention to that pedant," replied the Chevalier de Grammont: "but tell me what put it into your head to form a design upon that inanimate statue, Miss Stewart?" "How the devil should I know!" said Hamilton: "you are acquainted with all her childish amusements. The old Lord Carlingford was at her apartment one evening, shewing her how to hold a lighted wax-candle in her mouth, and the grand secret consisted in keeping the burning end there a long time without its being extinguished. I have, thank God, a pretty large mouth, and, in order to out-do her teacher, I took two candles into my mouth at the same time, and walked three times round the room without their going out. Every person present adjudged me the prize of this illustrious experiment, and Killegrew maintained that nothing but a lantern could stand in competition with me. Upon this she was like to die with laughing; and thus was I admitted into the familiarity of her amusements. It is impossible to deny her being one of the most charming creatures that ever was. Since the court has been in the country, I have had a hundred opportunities of seeing her, which I had not before. You know that the dishabille of the bath is a great

convenience for those ladies, who, strictly adhering to all the rules of decorum, are yet desirous to display all their charms and attractions. Miss Stewart is so fully acquainted with the advantages she possesses over all other women that it is hardly possible to praise any lady at court for a well-turned arm, and a fine leg, but she is ever ready to dispute the point by demonstration; and I really believe, that, with a little address, it would not be difficult to induce her to strip naked, without ever reflecting upon what she was doing. After all, a man must be very insensible to remain unconcerned and unmoved on such happy occasions; and besides, the good opinion we entertain of ourselves is apt to make us think a woman is smitten, as soon as she distinguishes us by habitual familiarity, which most commonly signifies nothing. This is the truth of the matter with respect to myself: my own presumption, her beauty, the brilliant station that sets it off, and a thousand kind things she had said to me, prevented me from making serious reflections; but then, as some excuse for my folly, I must likewise tell you, that the facility I found in making her the tenderest declarations by commending her, and her telling me in confidence a thousand things which she ought not to have intrusted me with, might have deceived or infatuated any other man as well as myself.

"I presented her with one of the prettiest horses in England. You know what peculiar grace and elegance distinguish her on horseback. The king, who of all the diversions of the chase, likes none

but hawking, because it is the most convenient for the ladies, went out the other day to take this amusement, attended by all the beauties of his court. His majesty having galloped after a falcon, and the whole bright squadron after him, the rustling of Miss Stewart's petticoats frightened her horse, which was at full speed, endeavouring to come up with mine, that had been his companion; so that I was the only witness of a disorder in her clothes, which displayed a thousand new beauties to my view. I had the good fortune to make such gallant and flattering exclamations upon that charming disorder, as to prevent her being concerned or out of countenance upon it. On the contrary, this subject of my admiration has been frequently since the subject of our conversation, and did not seem to displease her.

"Old Lord Carlingford, and that mad fellow Crofts (for I must now make you my general confession), those insipid buffoons, were frequently telling her some diverting stories, which passed pretty well with the help of a few old threadbare jests, or some apish tricks in the recital, which made her laugh heartily. As for myself, who know no stories, and do not possess the talent of improving them by telling, if I did know any, I was often greatly embarrassed when she desired me to tell her one: 'I do not know one, indeed,' said I, one day, when she was teasing me on the subject. 'Invent one, then,' said she. 'That would be still more difficult,' replied I; 'but, if you will give me leave, madam, I will relate to you a very

extraordinary dream, which has, however, less appearance of truth in it than dreams generally have.' This excited her curiosity, which would brook no denial. I, therefore, began to tell her, that the most beautiful creature in the world, whom I loved to distraction, paid me a visit in my sleep. I then drew her own portrait, with a rapturous description of all her beauties; adding, that this goddess, who came to visit me with the most favourable intentions, did not counteract them by any unreasonable cruelty. This was not sufficient to satisfy Miss Stewart's curiosity: I was obliged to relate every particular circumstance of the kindness I experienced from this delicate phantom; to which she was so very attentive, that she never once appeared surprised or disconcerted at the luscious tale: on the contrary, she made me repeat the description of the beauty, which I drew as near as possible after her own person, and after such charms as I imagined of beauties that were unknown to me.

"This is, in fact, the very thing that had almost deprived me of my senses: she knew very well that she herself was the person I was describing: we were alone, as you may imagine, when I told her this story; and my eyes did their utmost to persuade her that it was herself whom I drew. I perceived that she was not in the least offended at knowing this; nor was her modesty in the least alarmed at the relation of a fiction, which I might have concluded in a manner still less discreet, if I had thought proper. This patient audience made me plunge headlong into the ocean of flattering

ideas that presented themselves to my imagination. I then no longer thought of the king, nor how passionately fond he was of her, nor of the dangers attendant upon such an engagement: in short, I know not what the devil I was thinking of; but I am very certain, that if you had not been thinking for me, I might have found my ruin in the midst of these distracted visions."

Not long after, the court returned to London; and from that time, some malevolent star having gained the ascendant, every thing went cross in the empire of love: vexation, suspicions, or jealousies, first entered the field, to set all hearts at variance; next, false reports, slander, and disputes completed the ruin of all.

The Duchess of Cleveland had been brought to bed while the court was at Bristol; and never before had she recovered from her lying-in with such a profusion of charms. This made her believe that she was in a proper state to retrieve her ancient rights over the king's heart, if she had an opportunity of appearing before him with this increased splendour. Her friends being of the same opinion, her equipage was prepared for this expedition; but the very evening before the day she had fixed on to set out, she saw young Churchill, and was at once seized with a disease which had more than once opposed her projects, and which she could never completely get the better of.

A man who, from an ensign in the guards, was raised to such a fortune, must certainly possess an uncommon share of prudence, not to be intoxicated

with his happiness. Churchill boasted in all places of the new favour he had received: the Duchess of Cleveland, who neither recommended to him circumspection in his behaviour, nor in his conversation, did not seem to be in the least concerned at his indiscretion. Thus this intrigue was become a general topic in all companies, when the court arrived in London, and occasioned an immense number of speculations and reasonings: some said she had already presented him with Jermyn's pension, and Jacob Hall's salary, because the merits and qualifications of both were united in his person: others maintained that he had too indolent an air, and too delicate a shape, long to maintain himself in her favour; but all agreed, that a man who was the favourite of the king's mistress, and brother to the duke's favourite, was in a fair way of preferment, and could not fail to make his fortune. As a proof, the Duke of York soon after gave him a place in his household: this was naturally to be expected; but the king, who did not think that Lady Cleveland's kindness to him was a sufficient recommendation to his favour, thought proper to forbid him the court.

This good-natured king began now to be rather peevish; nor was it altogether without reason: he disturbed no person in their amours, and yet others had often the presumption to encroach upon his. Lord Dorset, first lord of the bed-chamber, had lately debauched from his service Nell Gwyn, the actress: Lady Cleveland, whom he now no longer regarded, continued to disgrace him by repeated

Mary Davis.

infidelities with unworthy rivals, and almost ruined him by the immense sums she lavished on her gallants: but that which most sensibly affected him, was the late coldness and threats of Miss Stewart. He long since had offered her all the settlements and all the titles she could desire, until he had an opportunity more effectually to provide for her, which she had pretended only to decline, for fear of the scandal they might occasion, on her being raised to a rank which would attract the public notice; but since the return of the court, she had given herself other airs. Sometimes she was for retiring from court, to appease the continual uneasiness her presence gave the queen: at other times, it was to avoid temptations, by which she wished to insinuate that her innocence was still preserved. In short, the king's heart was continually distracted by alarms, or oppressed by humour and caprice.

As he could not for his life imagine what Miss Stewart wished him to do, or what she would be at, he thought upon reforming his establishment of mistresses, to try whether jealousy was not the real occasion of her uneasiness. It was for this reason, that, after having solemnly declared he would have nothing more to say to the Duchess of Cleveland, since her intrigue with Churchill, he discarded, without any exception, all the other mistresses which he had in various parts of the town. The Nell Gwyns, the Miss Davis's, and the joyous train of singers and dancers in his majesty's theatre, were all dimissed. All these sacrifices were in-

effectual: Miss Stewart continued to torment, and almost to drive the king to distraction: but his majesty soon after found out the real cause of this coldness

This discovery was owing to the officious Duchess of Cleveland, who, ever since her disgrace, had railed most bitterly against Miss Stewart as the cause of it, and against the king's weakness, who, for an inanimate idiot, had treated her with so much indignity. As some of her grace's creatures were still in the king's confidence, by their means she was informed of the king's uneasiness, and that Miss Stewart's behaviour was the occasion of it; and as soon as she had found the opportunity she had so long wished for, she went directly into the king's cabinet, through the apartment of one of his pages called Chiffinch. This way was not new to her.

The king was just returned from visiting Miss Stewart, in a very ill humour: the presence of the Duchess of Cleveland surprised him, and did not in the least diminish it. She, perceiving this, accosted him in an ironical tone, and with a smile of indignation: "I hope," said she, "I may be allowed to pay you my homage, although the angelic Stewart has forbid you to see me at my own house. I will not make use of reproaches and expostulations, which would disgrace myself: still less will I endeavour to excuse frailties which nothing can justify, since your constancy for me deprives me of all defence, considering I am the only person you have honoured with your tender-

ness, who has made herself unworthy of it by ill-conduct. I come now, therefore, with no other intent than to comfort and to condole with you upon the affliction and grief into which the coldness, or new-fashioned chastity of the inhuman Stewart has reduced your majesty." These words were attended by a fit of laughter, as unnatural and strained as it was insulting and immoderate, which completed the king's impatience: he had, indeed, expected that some bitter jest would follow this preamble; but he did not suppose she would have given herself such blustering airs, considering the terms they were then upon; and, as he was preparing to answer her, "Be not offended," said she, "that I take the liberty of laughing at the gross manner in which you are imposed upon: I cannot bear to see that such particular affectation should make you the jest of your own court, and that you should be ridiculed with such impunity. I know that the affected Stewart has sent you away, under pretence of some indisposition, or perhaps some scruple of conscience; and I come to acquaint you that the Duke of Richmond will soon be with her, if he is not there already. I do not desire you to believe what I say, since it might be suggested, either through resentment or envy: only follow me to her apartment, either that, no longer trusting calumny and malice, you may honour her with a just preference, if I accuse her falsely; or, if my information be true, you may no longer be the dupe of a pretended prude, who makes you act so unbecoming and ridiculous a part."

As she ended this speech, she took him by the hand, while he was yet undecided, and pulled him away towards her rival's apartments. Chiffinch being in her interest, Miss Stewart could have no warning of the visit; and Babiani, who owed all to the Duchess of Cleveland, and who served her admirably well upon this occasion, came and told her that the Duke of Richmond had just gone into Miss Stewart's chamber. It was in the middle of a little gallery, which, through a private door, led from the king's apartments to those of his mistresses. The Duchess of Cleveland wished him good-night, as he entered her rival's chamber, and retired, in order to wait the success of the adventure, of which Babiani, who attended the king, was charged to come and give her an account.

It was near midnight: the king, in his way, met his mistress's chambermaids, who respectfully opposed his entrance, and in a very low voice, whispered his majesty that Miss Stewart had been very ill since he left her; but that, being gone to bed, she was, God be thanked, in a very fine sleep. "That I must see," said the king, pushing her back, who had posted herself in his way. He found Miss Stewart in bed, indeed, but far from being asleep: the Duke of Richmond was seated at her pillow, and in all probability was less inclined to sleep than herself. The perplexity of the one party, and the rage of the other, were such as may easily be imagined upon such a surprise. The king, who, of all men, was one of the most mild and gentle, testified his resentment to the Duke of Richmond in

such terms as he had never before used. The duke was speechless, and almost petrified: he saw his master and his king justly irritated. The first transports which rage inspires on such occasions are dangerous: Miss Stewart's window was very convenient for a sudden revenge, the Thames flowing close beneath it: he cast his eyes upon it; and, seeing those of the king more incensed and fired with indignation than he thought his nature capable of, he made a profound bow, and retired, without replying a single word to the vast torrent of threats and menaces that were poured upon him.

Miss Stewart, having a little recovered from her first surprise, instead of justifying herself, began to talk in the most extravagant manner, and said every thing that was most capable to inflame the king's passion and resentment; that, if she were not allowed to receive visits from a man of the Duke of Richmond's rank, who came with honourable intentions, she was a slave in a free country; that she knew of no engagement that could prevent her from disposing of her hand as she thought proper; but, however, if this was not permitted her in his dominions, she did not believe that there was any power on earth that could hinder her from going over to France, and throwing herself into a convent, to enjoy there that tranquillity which was denied her in his court. The king, sometimes furious with anger, sometimes relenting at her tears, and sometimes terrified at her menaces, was so greatly agitated, that he knew not how to answer, either the nicety of a creature who wanted to act the part of

Lucretia under his own eye, or the assurance with which she had the effrontery to reproach him. In this suspense, love had almost entirely vanquished all his resentments, and had nearly induced him to throw himself upon his knees, and entreat pardon for the injury he had done her, when she desired him to retire, and leave her in repose, at least for the remainder of that night, without offending those who had either accompanied him, or conducted him to her apartments, by a longer visit. This impertinent request provoked and irritated him to the highest degree: he went out abruptly, vowing never to see her more, and passed the most restless and uneasy night he had ever experienced since his restoration.

The next day the Duke of Richmond received orders to quit the court, and never more to appear before the king; but it seems he had not waited for those orders, having set out early that morning for his country seat.

Miss Stewart, in order to obviate all injurious constructions that might be put upon the adventure of the preceding night, went and threw herself at the queen's feet; where, acting the new part of an innocent Magdalen, she entreated her majesty's forgiveness for all the sorrow and uneasiness she might have already occasioned her: she told her majesty that a constant and sincere repentance had induced her to contrive all possible means for retiring from court; that this reason had inclined her to receive the Duke of Richmond's addresses, who had courted her a long time; but since this

courtship had caused his disgrace, and had likewise raised a vast noise and disturbance, which perhaps might be turned to the prejudice of her reputation, she conjured her majesty to take her under her protection, and endeavour to obtain the king's permission for her to retire into a convent, to remove at once all those vexations and troubles her presence had innocently occasioned at court: all this was accompanied with a proper deluge of tears.

It is a very agreeable spectacle to see a rival prostrate at our feet, entreating pardon, and at the same time justifying her conduct. The queen's heart not only relented, but she mingled her own tears with those of Miss Stewart: after having raised her up, and most tenderly embraced her, she promised her all manner of favour and protection, either in her marriage, or in any other course she thought fit to pursue, and parted from her with the firm resolution to exert all her interest in her support; but, being a person of great judgment, the reflections which she afterwards made induced her to change her opinion.

She knew that the king's disposition was not capable of an obstinate constancy: she therefore judged that absence would cure him, or that a new engagement would by degrees entirely efface the remembrance of Miss Stewart: and that, since she could not avoid having a rival, it was more desirable she should be one who had given such eminent proofs of her prudence and virtue. Besides, she flattered herself that the king would ever think himself eternally obliged to her, for having opposed

the retreat and marriage of a girl, whom at that time he loved to distraction. This fine reasoning determined her conduct. All her industry was employed in persuading Miss Stewart to abandon her schemes; and what is most extraordinary in this adventure, is, that, after having prevailed upon her to think no more either of the Duke of Richmond, or of a nunnery, she charged herself with the office of reconciling these two lovers.

Indeed it would have been a thousand pities if her negotiation had miscarried: but she did not suffer this misfortune; for never were the king's addresses so eager and passionate as after this peace, nor ever better received by the fair Stewart.

His majesty did not long enjoy the sweets of a reconciliation which brought him into the best good humour possible, as we shall see. All Europe was in a profound peace, since the treaty of the Pyrenees: Spain flattered herself she should be able to recruit, by means of the new alliance she had contracted with the most formidable of her neighbours; but despaired of being able to support the shattered remains of a declining monarchy, when she considered the age and infirmities of her prince, or the weakness of his successor: France, on the contrary, governed by a king indefatigable in business, young, vigilant, and ambitious of glory, wanted nothing but inclination to aggrandize herself.

It was about this time, that the king of France, not willing to disturb the tranquillity of Europe, was persuaded to alarm the coasts of Africa, by an

attempt which, if it had even been crowned with success, would have produced little good: but the king's fortune, ever faithful to his glory, has since made it appear, by the miscarriage of the expedition of Gigeri, that such projects only as were planned by himself were worthy of his attention.

A short time after, the king of England, having resolved also to explore the African coasts, fitted out a squadron for an expedition to Guinea, which was to be commanded by Prince Rupert. Those who, from their own experience, had some knowledge of the country, related strange and wonderful stories of the dangers attendant upon this expedition: that they would have to fight not only the inhabitants of Guinea, a hellish people, whose arrows were poisoned, and who never gave their prisoners better quarter than to devour them, but that they must likewise endure heats that were insupportable, and rains that were intolerable, every drop of which was changed into a serpent: that, if they penetrated farther into the country, they would be assaulted by monsters a thousand times more hideous and destructive than all the beasts mentioned in the Revelations.

But all these reports were vain and ineffectual: for so far from striking terror into those who were appointed to go upon this expedition, it rather acted as an incentive to glory, upon those who had no manner of business in it. Jermyn appeared among the foremost of those; and, without reflecting that the pretence of his indisposition had delayed the conclusion of his marriage with Miss Jennings, he

asked the duke's permission and the king's consent to serve in it as a volunteer.

Some time before this, the infatuation which had imposed upon the fair Jennings in his favour had begun to subside. All that now inclined her to this match were the advantages of a settlement. The careless indolence of a lover, who faintly paid his addresses to her, as it were, from custom or habit, disgusted her; and the resolution he had taken, without consulting her, appeared so ridiculous in him, and so injurious to herself, that, from that moment, she resolved to think no more of him. Her eyes being opened by degrees, she saw the fallacy of the splendour which had at first deceived her; and the renowned Jermyn was received according to his real merit when he came to acquaint her with his heroical project. There appeared so much indifference and ease in the raillery with which she complimented him upon his voyage, that he was entirely disconcerted, and so much the more so, as he had prepared all the arguments he thought capable of consoling her, upon announcing to her the fatal news of his departure. She told him "that nothing could be more glorious for him, who had triumphed over the liberty of so many persons in Europe, than to go and extend his conquests in other parts of the world; and that she advised him to bring home with him all the female captives he might make in Africa, in order to replace those beauties whom his absence would bring to the grave."

Jermyn was highly displeased that she should be

capable of raillery in the condition he supposed her reduced to; but he soon perceived she was in earnest. She told him, that she considered this farewell visit as his last, and desired him not to think of making her any more before his departure.

Thus far every thing went well on her side. Jermyn was not only confounded at having received his discharge in so cavalier a manner; but this very demonstration of her indifference had revived, and even redoubled, all the love and affection he had formerly felt for her. Thus she had both the pleasure of despising him, and of seeing him more entangled in the chains of love than he had ever been before. This was not sufficient: she wished still farther, and very unadvisedly, to strain her resentment.

Ovid's Epistles, translated into English verse by the greatest wits at court, having lately been published, she wrote a letter from a shepherdess in despair, addressed to the perfidious Jermyn. She took the epistle of Ariadne to Theseus for her model. The beginning of this letter contained, word for word, the complaints and reproaches of that injured fair to the cruel man by whom she had been abandoned. All this was properly adapted to the present times and circumstances. It was her design to have closed this piece with a description of the toils, perils, and monsters that awaited him in Guinea, for which he quitted a tender mistress, who was plunged into the abyss of misery, and was overwhelmed with grief and despair; but not having had time to finish it, nor to get that

which she had written, transcribed, in order to send it to him under a feigned name, she inconsiderately put this fragment, written in her own hand, into her pocket, and still more giddily dropped it in the middle of the court. Those who took it up, knowing her writing, made several copies of it, which were circulated all over the town; but her former conduct had so well established the reputation of her virtue, that no person entertained the smallest doubt but the circumstances were exactly as we have related them. Some time after, the Guinea expedition was laid aside for reasons that are universally known, and Miss Jennings's subsequent proceedings fully justified her letter; for, notwithstanding all the efforts and attentions Jermyn practised to regain her affections, she would never more hear of him.

But he was not the only man who experienced the whimsical fatality, that seemed to delight in disuniting hearts, in order to engage them soon after to different objects. One would have imagined, that the God of Love, actuated by some new caprice, had placed his empire under the dominion of Hymen, and had, at the same time, blind-folded that god, in order to cross-match most of the lovers whom we have been speaking of.

The fair Stewart married the Duke of Richmond; the invincible Jermyn, a silly country girl; Lord Rochester, a melancholy heiress; the sprightly Temple, the serious Littleton; Talbot, without knowing why or wherefore, took to wife the languishing Boynton; George Hamilton, under more

favourable auspices, married the lovely Jennings; and the Chevalier de Grammont, as the reward of a constancy he had never before known, and which he never afterwards practised, found Hymen and Love united in his favour, and was at last blessed with the possession of Miss Hamilton.

NOTES

MEMOIRS OF COUNT GRAMMONT

p. 2. *The captivity of the fair sex.*

Hamilton is here referring to the so-called belts of chastity, which are supposed to have been an Italian invention. Misson, in his *Voyage en Italie*, speaks of having seen (in the latter part of the seventeenth century) in the ducal palace at Venice a variety of these belts, which Francis II. of Carrara, governor of Padua, had used for his mistresses. When President de Brosses visited Venice, less than a century later, only one of these belts remained, and it was then stated that Francis had used it for his wife.

Saint Amand thus refers to the subject in his *Rome ridicule:*

> "D'un brayer que Martel-en-Tête
> De ses propres mains a forgé,
> Leurs femmes ont le bas chargé,
> De peur qu'il ne face la beste;
> Au moins on sait qu'en la pluspart
> Les maris usent de cet art,
> Tant l'aspre soupçon les dévore."

Appliances of this description, according to M. Gustave Brunet, do not seem to have been prevalent in France. Rabelais, in his *Pantagruel* (bk. iii., ch. xxxvi.), makes Panurge say: "May that Nick in the dark cellar, who hath no white in his eye, carry me quite away with him if I don't clap a Bergamasco lock upon my wife, whensoever I go abroad from my seraglio." The custom is mentioned by Brantôme (*Dames galantes*, 1er discours). In the time of Henri II. an ironmonger on one occasion

brought several of these belts to the Fair of St. Germain, in Paris, and found purchasers for them amongst certain jealous husbands. The court gallants, however, drove him away by their threats, and he never returned. The Duc de Ventadour, the ill-favoured and disagreeable husband of one of the most fascinating beauties of the court of Louis XIV., deemed it prudent to have recourse to one of these belts, in order to ensure his wife's fidelity, whereupon Madame Cornuel, that famous gossip, wittily said, "Il a mis un bon Suisse à la porte."

In 1750 there was a strange lawsuit between a young girl of Toulouse, named Marie Lajon, and her betrayer, Pierre Berlhe, who had taken her, attired as a man, through various towns of Languedoc, and had compelled her to wear a belt of chastity. This affair produced from Sieur Freydier, Marie's avocat, a *Plaidoyer contre l'introduction des cadenas ou ceintures de chasteté*, a rare little volume published by A. F. Rochard at Montpellier (1750); it should contain an engraving of the belt in question, executed for the express instruction of the judges. Another picture of the belt is to be found in the frontispiece of a scarce booklet called *L'École des maris jaloux, ou les Erreurs de l'amour conjugal* (Neufchâtel, 1698).

In Niel's collection of *Portraits* of the sixteenth century there is a very rare satirical print, entitled, "Du coqv qui porte la clef et sa femme la serrure"; it alludes to the treachery with which the Marquise de Verneuil returned the affection of Henri IV.

Two examples of these belts are in the Cluny Museum at Paris, one of which was discovered in Italy by Prosper Mérimée.

p. 2. *Rochester.*

John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, was born April 10, 1648. He showed some bravery when a volunteer with the fleet in 1665. He was made a gentleman of the bedchamber in 1666, and keeper of Woodstock Park in 1674. He married in 1667, after having attempted her abduction, Miss Elizabeth Malet.

(See p. 164 and note thereon.) Lord Rochester died July 26, 1680, in his thirty-third year, at the Ranger's Lodge, Woodstock Park, and was buried August 17 at Spelsbury, Oxon. He was considered to have made a specially pious end. "In his last sickness," says Aubrey in his quaint way, "he . . . sent for all his servants, even the piggard-boy, to come and hear his palinode." ("*Brief*" *Lives*, ed. Clark, ii., 304.)

The career of this witty and profligate earl, the writer of poems described by Horace Walpole as containing "more obscenity than wit, more wit than poetry, and more poetry than politeness," is thus described by Anthony à Wood, in his notes on Spelsbury in the Rawlinson MSS., Bodleian Library: "This John made a great noise in the world for his professed atheism, his lampoons, and other frivolous stuffe, and a greater noise after his death for his penitential departure as may be seen . . . in the life of, and by conferences had with him, by Dr. Gilbert Burnett." He was, says Bishop Burnet, "naturally modest till the court corrupted him. His wit had in it a peculiar brightness to which none could ever arrive. He gave himself up to all sorts of extravagance, and to the wildest frolics that a wanton wit could devise. He would have gone about the streets as a beggar, and made love as a porter. He set up a stage as an Italian mountebank. He was for some years always drunk, and was ever doing some mischief. The king loved his company, for the diversion it afforded, better than his person; and there was no love lost between them. He took his revenges in many libels. He found out a footman that knew all the court; and he furnished him with a red coat and a musket, as a sentinel, and kept him all the winter long, every night, at the doors of such ladies as he believed might be in intrigues. In the court, a sentinel is little minded, and is believed to be posted by a captain of the guards to hinder a combat; so this man saw who walked about and visited at forbidden hours. By this means Lord Rochester made many discoveries; and when he was well furnished with materials, he used to retire into the country for a month or two to write libels. Once, being

drunk, he intended to give the king a libel he had writ on some ladies, but, by mistake, he gave him one written on himself. He fell into an ill habit of body, and, in set fits of sickness, he had deep remorses, for he was guilty both of much impiety and of great immoralities. But as he recovered, he threw these off, and turned again to his former ill courses. In the last year of his life, I was much with him, and have writ a book of what passed between him and me: I do verily believe, he was then so changed, that, if he had recovered, he would have made good all his resolutions."

Pepys gives the following account of Lord Rochester's attempted abduction of Miss Malet (May 28, 1665). "To my Lady Sandwich's, where, to my shame, I had not been a great while before. Here, upon my telling her a story of my Lord Rochester's running away on Friday night last with Mrs. Mallett, the great beauty and fortune of the North, who had supped at White Hall with Mrs. Stewart, and was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my Lord Haly, by coach; and was at Charing Cross seized on by both horse and foot men, and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses, and two women provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my Lord of Rochester (for whom the king had spoke to the lady often, but with no success) was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of, and the king mighty angry, and the lord sent to the Tower. Hereupon my lady did confess to me, as a great secret, her being concerned in this story. For if this match breaks between my Lord Rochester and her, then, by the consent of all her friends, my Lord Hinchingbroke stands fair, and is invited for her. She is worth, and will be at her mother's death (who keeps but a little from her), 2,500*l.* per annum."

p. 2. *Middlesex.*

At this time the Earl of Middlesex was Lionel Cranfield, who died in 1674. The person intended by our author was Charles Sackville, then Lord Buckhurst,

afterwards (1675) Earl of Middlesex, and lastly (1677) Duke of Dorset. He was born January 24, 1637–8, and died January 29, 1705–6. His character has been more written about than that of most people. He will best be remembered as having had for some time Nell Gwyn under his "protection" (who spoke of him as *her* Charles the Second), and as the author of the spirited song, "To all ye ladies now on land, we men at sea indite"—in the opinion of Matt Prior, "the prettiest ever writ." When the king resolved to get Nell Gwyn from his lordship he sent him upon what Dryden is said to have called "a sleeveless errand" to France. Bishop Burnet writes of him as "a generous, good-natured man. He was so oppressed with phlegm, that, till he was a little heated with wine, he scarce ever spoke; but he was, upon that exaltation, a very lively man. Never was so much ill-nature in a pen as in his, joined with so much good-nature as was in himself, even to excess; for he was against all punishing, even of malefactors. He was bountiful, even to run himself into difficulties, and charitable to a fault; for he commonly gave all he had about him when he met an object that moved him. But he was so lazy, that, though the king seemed to court him to be a favourite, he would not give himself the trouble that belonged to that post. He hated the court and despised the king, when he saw he was neither generous or tender-hearted." Horace Walpole says of him, that "he was the finest gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principles, or the earl's want of thought. The latter said, with astonishment, 'that he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorset might do any thing, and yet was never to blame.' It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made everybody excuse whom everybody loved; for even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven to

'The best good man, with the worst-natured muse.'"

His amour with Nell Gwyn is thus noticed by Pepys (July 13, 1667): "Mr. Pierce dined with us, who tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the king's house, lies with her, and gives her 100*l.* a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more." (And again, July 14.) "We got to Epsom by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company. . . . And to the towne to the King's Head . . . and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sidly with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the king's house." (Also, August 26.) "Sir W. Pen and I had a great deal of discourse with Moll [Orange Moll]; who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and Hart, her great admirer, now hates her; and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend, also; but she is come to the house, but is neglected by them all."

p. 2. *Sydley.*

Sir Charles Sedley, or Sidley, as the name was originally spelt, the well-known wit, dramatist, and debauchee, was born about 1639 at Aylesford, Kent, being the youngest son of Sir John Sedley, Bart., of Southfleet, in the same county, daughter and heiress of the learned Sir Henry Savile. He died August 20, 1701, at the cottage on Haverstock Hill, near London, afterwards occupied by Sir Richard Steele. His only daughter, Catharine (1657—1717), who was endowed with much of her father's wit, had the honour of supplanting Arabella Churchill (whom she "excelled both in ugliness and impudence") in the expansive affections of the Duke of York, and was by him subsequently created Countess of Dorchester. No one was more astonished at the preference than the lady herself. "It cannot be my beauty," she said, "for he must see I have none; and it cannot be my wit, for he has not enough to know that I have any." Charles II. ungallantly

suggested that she must have been "prescribed to his brother by his confessor as a sort of penance." According to a well-known anecdote Sedley is said to have declared himself anxious to show his gratitude to King James, who had made his daughter a countess, by helping (through his vote in the Convention Parliament) to make the king's daughter a queen.

In Burnet's opinion "Sedley had a more sudden and copious wit, which furnished a perpetual run of discourse; but he was not so correct as Lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester."

In Anthony à Wood's *Life and Times* there is an account of a shameful drunken frolic in which Sedley, Lord Buckhurst (afterwards Earl of Dorset), and Sir Thomas Ogle engaged in June 1663, at "a cook's house at the sign of the Cock in Bow Street near Covent Garden, within the liberty of Westminster, and being inflamed with strong liquors, they went into the balcony belonging to that house [what follows is unprintable]. Sedley stripped himself naked, and with eloquence preached blasphemy to the people: whereupon a riot being raised the people became very clamorous, and would have forced the door next to the street open; but being hindered, the preacher and his company were pelted into their room, and the windows belonging thereunto were broken. This frolic being soon spread abroad, especially by the fanatical party, who aggravated it to the utmost, by making it the most scandalous thing in nature, and nothing more reproachful to religion than that; the said company were summoned to the court of justice in Westminster Hall, where, being indicted of a riot before Sir Robert Hyde, lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, were all fined, Sir Charles being fined 500*l.* [We think it as well to suppress his remark thereon.] Sir Robert Hyde asked him whether ever he read the book called *The Complete Gentleman*, &c., to which Sir Charles made answer, that set aside his lordship, he had read more books than himself, &c. The day for payment being appointed, Sir Charles desired Mr. Henry Killegrew, and another gentleman, to apply themselves to his majesty to get it off; but instead of that, they begged

the said sum of his majesty, and would not abate Sir Charles twopence of the money."

Pepys (July 1, 1663) gives a somewhat different version of these gentlemen's after-dinner amusements.

Five years later Pepys (October 23, 1668) notices a similar escapade: "This day Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolic and debauchery of Sir Charles Sidly and Buckhurst running up and down all the night, with their a——s bare, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night: and how the king takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels to answer it next sessions: which is a horrid shame."

p. 2. *Etheredge.*

Sir George Etherege, wit and dramatist, born in 1634 or 1635, came of an Oxfordshire family. His habits of squalid debauchery rendered him acceptable to Lord Buckhurst, Rochester, Sir Charles Sedley, and other degraded courtiers of that day. He is said to have bought a knighthood in order to persuade a rich widow to marry him. In 1685 he was appointed English envoy or resident at Ratisbon by James II., where he disgusted the staid Germans by his evil mode of life. The revolution of 1689 forced him to seek an asylum in Paris, where he died in the beginning of 1691. The story told by Oldys in the *Biographia Britannica* (1750), on the authority of a friend of Etherege's family, that he died by falling down-stairs when attending some departing guest after the wine had circulated freely—"and so fell a martyr to jollity and civility"—is characteristic, but probably apocryphal.

Bowman the actor, who knew Etherege, says that he was "a fair, slender man . . . very affable and courteous, of a sprightly and generous temper." To his contemporaries he was always "gentle George" or "easy Etherege," and he is generally coupled with Sir Charles Sedley, who, as he himself said, "had always more wit than was enough for one man."

p. 5. *A celebrated portrait painter, called Lely.*

Sir Peter Lely was born in 1618 at Soest, in Westphalia, where his father (a captain of infantry, who had changed his name from Van der Faes to Lely) was in garrison. On the death of Van Dyck in 1640 he determined to visit England, where he arrived the following year. He remained in England during the Commonwealth, and painted the portrait of Cromwell. At the Restoration Charles II. appointed him his principal painter, and made him a baronet in 1679-80. He was seized with apoplexy in 1680, while painting the portrait of the Duchess of Somerset, and was buried by torchlight in the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, where his bust by Grinling Gibbons was destroyed by fire in 1795.

Horace Walpole observes: "If Van Dyck's portraits are often tame and spiritless, at least they are natural: his laboured draperies flow with ease, and not a fold but is placed with propriety. Lely supplied the want of taste with clinquant: his nymphs trail fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams. Add, that Van Dyck's habits are those of the times; Lely's a sort of fantastic night-gowns, fastened with a single pin. The latter was, in truth, the ladies' painter; and whether the age was improved in beauty or in flattery, Lely's women are certainly much handsomer than those of Van Dyck. They please as much more as they evidently meaned to please. He caught the reigning character, and

'on the animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.'

I do not know whether, even in softness of the flesh, he did not excel his predecessor. The beauties at Windsor are the court of Paphos" (*Anecdotes of Painting*).

p. 6. *Old Denham.*

To our note on Vol. I., p. 172, we may add that Sir John Denham was the only son of a judge in Ireland and subsequently in England (also Sir John Denham), by his

second wife, Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garrett More, Baron Mellefont and Viscount Drogheda, and was born at Dublin in 1615. His first wife (to whom he was married on June 25, 1634) was Ann, daughter of Daniel Cotton, of Whittington, Gloucestershire, "by whom he had," according to Aubrey, "500 lib. per annum, one son and two daughters." His fit of madness (during which he obtained an audience of the King only to inform him that he was the Holy Ghost), though commonly attributed to the disgraceful conduct of his second wife, was due, says Andrew Marvell, to an "accidental blow on the head." He recovered sufficiently to write on Cowley's death (July 21, 1667) an elegy, which, with "Cooper's Hill," has won for him an honourable place among the English poets. Aubrey describes Denham as "very tall, but slightly bent at the shoulders, of slow and stalking gait, with piercing eyes that looked into your very thoughts."

p. 7. *Merciless fate robbed her of life.*

Lady Denham was Margaret, third daughter of Sir William Brooke, K.B., a nephew of Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham. Her marriage with Sir John Denham was celebrated in Westminster Abbey, May 25, 1665. She soon became known as the Duke of York's mistress. Pepys writes on June 10, 1666: "The Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, going at noon-day with all his gentlemen with him to visit her in Scotland Yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy-stairs, but will be owned publicly; and so she is." (See also *Diary* under Sept. 28 and Oct. 8, 1666.)

The injured husband, according to the scandal of the day, sought to avenge himself on both his wife and the duke by a method similar to that said to have been resorted to by the "traitor" Southesk (see Vol. I., p. 169). On Nov. 10 and 12, 1666, Pepys refers to a rumour that Lady Denham had been given poison.

Henry Muddiman, the London journalist, writing to George Powell on November 15, 1666, says: "Lady Denham is recovering; some have raised strange discourse

about the cause of her sickness, but the physicians affirm it to have been *iliaca passio.*" (*Calendar State Papers*, Dom., 1666–67, pp. 262, 263.) But Lady Denham died Jan. 6, 1666–7.

Two days later Lord Conway wrote that she was "poisoned, as she said herself, in a cup of chocolate" (*Rawdon Papers*, 1819, p. 227). Pepys (Jan. 7, 1666–7) says: "My Lord Bruncker [tells] me that my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened, which will be to-day, she dying yesterday morning. The Duke of York is troubled for her; but hath declared he will never have another public mistress again: which I shall be glad of, and would the King would do the like." Pepys, however, agrees with Grammont in roundly accusing Denham of slaying his wife. Aubrey, in asserting that she "was poysoned by the hands of Co. of Roc. with chocolate," adds that he had been "morally assured he [the duke] never had carnal knowledge of her" ("*Brief*" *Lives*, ed. Clark, vol. i., p. 219). The only Countess of Rochester living at that time was Anne (1614–1696), widow of Henry Wilmot (1612–1657), the first earl (previously widow of Sir Francis Henry Lee, bart., daughter of Sir John St. John, first bart.). She was groom of the stole to the Duchess of York (Chamberlayne's *Angliæ Notitia*, 1669, p. 320), who not unnaturally resented her husband's attentions to Lady Denham. In *A Key to Count Grammont's Memoirs* (1715, p. 7) it is stated that "the Dutchess of York, not Sir John Denham, was strongly suspected of having poison'd her with powder of diamond."

Though Marvell frequently associates Lady Denham's name with "mortal chocolate," he is good enough to make the Duke and Duchess of York, and not Sir John Denham, responsible for its employment. There seems, however, no justification for these scandalous accusations, for at the post-mortem examination no trace of poison could be discovered. To again cite the still sceptical Pepys (Jan. 8, 1666–7): "Upon opening the body of my Lady Denham, it is said that they found a vessel about her matrix which had never been broke

by her husband, that caused all pains in her body. Which, if true, is excellent invention to clear both the Duchess [of York] from poison or the duke from lying with her." And Lord Orrery, writing to the Duke of Ormonde, Jan. 25, 1666–7, says: "My Lady Denham's body, at her own desire, was opened, but no sign of poison was found." (*Orrery State Papers*, 1742, p. 219.)

p. 15. *He saw a very fine house, situated on the banks of a river, in the most delightful and pleasant country imaginable.*

This was Bretby, in Derbyshire. A writer in 1787 thus laments the dismantling of this fine old place some ten years previously: "Moving back again a few miles to the west, we trace, with sad reflection, the melancholy ruins and destruction of what was once the boasted beauty of the lovely country, viz. Bretby, the ancient seat of the Earls of Chesterfield. Nothing scarce is left of that former grandeur, those shades, those sylvan scenes that everywhere graced the most charming of all parks: the baneful hand of luxury hath, with rude violence, laid them waste. About ten years ago, the venerable and lofty pile was standing, and exhibited delightful magnificence to its frequent visitors: its painted roofs and walls, besides a large collection of pictures, afforded much entertainment to the fond admirer of antique beauties; and the whole stood as a lasting monument of fame and credit to its lordly owner. Would they were standing now! but that thought is vain: not only each surrounding monument, but the very stones themselves, have been converted to the purpose of filthy lucre." (*Tour from London to the Western Highlands of Scotland*, p. 29.)

p. 17. *Marion de l'Orme.*

The true name of this famous Phryne of the seventeenth century, celebrated alike for her beauty and her wit, was Marie de Lon de l'Orme. She was born Oct. 3, 1613, at Chalons, in Champagne, and died July 2, 1650,

her parents being Jean de Lon, seigneur de l'Orme and baron de Baye, president of the treasures of France in Champagne, and Marie, daughter of Messire Annet Chastelain. Her best-known amour was that with the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, the unfortunate favourite of Louis XIII. Cardinal de Richelieu is also stated to have been Marion's lover. Most of the published narratives concerning her are untrustworthy; the best account is to be found in the *Historiettes* of Tallemant des Réaux (t. v., p. 99, édition Delloye; t. iv., p. 62, édition de Paulin Paris; see also Jal's *Dictionnaire critique*, p. 798). As she would never take money from her lovers, they presented her generally with silver plate, and sometimes with jewelry. Her early death was caused by her habit of taking antimony to provoke miscarriage.

p. 18. *The Duke de Brissac.*

Louis de Cossé-Brissac, son of the duc de François de Cossé (1580–1651); he was not a duke at this period. He married in 1645 Marguerite de Gondi, second daughter of Henri de Gondi, duc de Retz, and Jeanne de Scepeaux. She survived him until May 31, 1670. In his drama of *Marion de l'Orme* Victor Hugo has made use of this episode; after reading it one cannot help feeling that Cominges' opinion of Grammont—"such a downright liar as to stand matchless in the world"—has ample justification. Like the divine Marion, Brissac figures largely in the *Historiettes* of Tallemant des Réaux.

p. 21. *The Marquis de Flamarens.*

François de Grossoles, Marquis de Flamarens, died unmarried in 1706 at Burgos in Spain (see *Dictionnaire de la Noblesse*, by De la Chenaye-Desbois and Badier, 3rd edit., vol. ix., p. 929). From the *Mémoires* of the so-called Comte de Rochefort (Cologne, 1688), really written by Gatien de Courtilz, we extract the following account of this singular duel, which obliged the marquis to seek an asylum in England:

"A fortnight or three weeks after, as I mentioned

before, the quarrel took place between Messrs. de la Frette, which did not terminate very happily. The eldest happened to be present at a ball given at court, which was attended by numerous persons of distinction; on the company leaving the ball-room, this haughty man, who owed a grudge to M. de Chalais on account of a mistress, pushed purposely against him; M. de Chalais turning about to know the cause, and discovering La Frette, loaded him with the most opprobrious terms. Had swords been in the way, the affair would have taken a more serious turn, although the scene of action was ill adapted to such sort of discussions; that the ball etiquette, however, might not be disturbed, La Frette made no reply, but waiting until coming out, then demanded satisfaction. It was in consequence agreed on between them to fight three against three; and a spot being fixed upon, the next morning was appointed for the rencontre, it being then too late. In the meantime, the quarrel having happened too publicly to remain a secret, the king was informed of it, and immediately despatched the Chevalier St. Agnan, to inform La Frette that he forbade his having recourse to the means he proposed to avenge himself, and that if he still persisted in them he should lose his head. The Chevalier St. Agnan, who was his first cousin, upon meeting with him, acquainted him with the commands of the king; to which La Frette made answer, that he considered him too much his friend to suppose that he would be instrumental in preventing the intended meeting, which was only delayed until daybreak: he added that he had better be himself a party in the contest, and that Chalais would not fail providing a match for him. The Chevalier St. Agnan, without considering that he was sent by the king, and that even allowing duels had not been so strictly prohibited as they were, he was still involving himself in a difficulty from which he could not hope to extricate himself, agreed to the request, and Chalais had notice given to him to provide him an antagonist. The Marquis de Noirmoustier, his brother-in-law, who was to assist him, being acquainted, as I said before, with the affair which had taken place betwixt La Frette and myself, I occurred to his mind,

and he sent for me; but luckily I had been engaged at play at a friend's house until it grew late; and although at Paris it is not very customary to sleep from home, yet as it was reported that robbers were then much abroad, I was prevailed on to take a bed with him; this circumstance saved me; and in this instance, I was convinced that fortune, who had long persecuted, was resolved not entirely to abandon me. The eight combatants were, La Frette, Ovarti, his brother, a lieutenant in the guards, the Chevalier de St. Agnan, the Marquis de Flammarin, the Prince de Chalais, the Marquis de Noirmoustier, the Marquis d'Antin, brother of Madame de Montespan, and the Viscomte d'Angelieu. The duel proved fatal only to the Marquis d'Antin, who was killed on the spot; but notwithstanding the rest escaped his fate, they were all severely wounded. The king's anger was excessive, particularly against the Chevalier de St. Agnan, who was, in fact, more blameable than all the rest. Their fate, however, was equal; their immediate object was to fly the kingdom disguised, the king having sent orders for their arrest to the seaports and confines of his dominions. Some of them went to Spain, others to Portugal, the remainder elsewhere, as best suited their views. But however desirable a residence in a foreign country may seem, it still savours of banishment, and each had full leisure to repent his folly. No one bestowed any pity on the Chevalier de St. Agnan, thinking he had come off much better than he deserved; neither did Messrs. de la Frette attract much compassion, having always evinced so quarrelsome a disposition, that they could not be better compared than to those horses of a vicious character who will suffer no others in the same stable with themselves. Respecting the others, public opinion took a different turn: their misfortune was much pitied; and it was hoped it had been possible that the king would have relaxed of his severity towards them. In fact they were all persons of worth, and deserved a better fate. But no person durst mention it to the king; even the Duke de St. Agnan, who was a good deal about his person, was the first to tell his Majesty, that his son's misconduct was of a nature never to be par-

doned; that if he were acquainted with his place of retreat, he should be the first to discover it, in order to bring him to justice; that he should not, therefore, trouble his Majesty with intercession in his behalf, and believed that every one would incline to his way of thinking. This speech might be very appropriate in the mouth of a courtier, who was endeavouring to gain the favour of his prince by every possible means; but very ill becoming a parent, who, instead of blackening the transaction, should have felt it his duty to have represented it in as favourable a light as possible. The relations of Messrs. de la Frette acted differently; they did not dare themselves to speak to the king, but made use of every possible means to move his compassion. The Duchess de Chaulnes prevailed on her husband, who was ambassador at Rome, to mention it to the Pope, and however much the Holy Father might approve of the king's conduct in this affair, he, nevertheless, promised his assistance on this occasion; accordingly, a few years after, having occasion to send a legate to France, on different business, and of an import unnecessary to mention here, he was charged to speak to the king on that subject, and to say that he took an interest in it. The duchess could not have employed an agent whose recommendation would have turned out more effacacious; the Pope had it in his power to absolve the king from his oath, which was supposed to render him so rigid; but he made answer to the legate, that in every other circumstance he would joyfully oblige the Holy Father, but in this affair, he had so bound himself, that God only could discharge him from so solemn an oath. Not that he doubted the authority of the Holy See; but as the duty he owed to God required him to be a prince of his word, he firmly believed that the Pope himself would depart from the recommendation if he would but examine into its consequences."

It was the Marquis de Flamarens who suggested to the French ambassador the sending of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, to England, with the view of influencing Charles in favour of a French alliance.

p. 21. *The Countess de la Suse.*

Henriette de Coligny, Comtesse de La Suze. This lady, renowned in her day for her beauty, her wit, her elegies, and her romantic adventures, was the eldest daughter of Gaspard, Comte de Coligny (a marshal of France), by Anne de Polignac, daughter of Gabriel, sieur de St. Germain, and was born at Paris in 1618. She was one of the few women with whom Christina, Queen of Sweden, deigned to become intimate. Her first husband (whom she married by contract dated Aug. 3, 1643, at Chatillon) was Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington; he died of consumption and under age, Feb. 8, 1645. She took for her second husband Gaspard de Champagne, Comte de La Suze, a Huguenot noble, described as "borgne, ivrogne, endetté, et jaloux," who wished, moreover, to exchange the gaieties of the court for a quiet life in the country. Though bred a Protestant, the Countess, in 1653, embraced the Roman Catholic religion, less from a motive of devotion than to have a pretext for separating from her detested Huguenot husband, which occasioned Queen Christina to say, "The Countess of Suze became a Catholic that she might neither meet her lord in this world nor in the next." The formal separation did not, however, take place until Aug. 9, 1661. Her frolics and adventures are fully described—let us hope exaggerated—by Tallemant des Réaux (see the *Historiettes*, ed. Paulin Paris, t. iv., p. 228). Tallemant also relates of the Countess that "dans les derniers jours de sa vie elle devint amoureuse de Jésus-Christ, qu'elle se figurait comme un grand garçon, brun, de fort bonne mine" (t. vi., p. 12). The Countess died at Paris, March 10, 1673. On her picture (by Lagalière) was written this quatrain:

"Quæ Dea sublimi rapitur per inania curru?
An Juno, an Pallas, an Venus ipsa venit?
Si genus inspicias, Juno; si scripta, Minerva;
Si spectes oculos, Mater Amoris erit."

There is also a miniature of her by Petitot. Although the critical Boileau chivalrously said that her elegies "étaient d'un agrément infini," posterity has found them

insipid; they were published with the effusions of other kindred writers in a volume entitled *Recueil de pièces galantes en prose et en vers* (1678), a rare little Elzevir, probably printed at Rouen. A specimen of one of those sad elegies of which the Marquis de Flamarens was the sad object is here given:

"Viens triompher, Amour, de mon cœur et de moi:
Esprit, honneur, vertu, tout se soumet à toi. . . .
Quelle fut ma surprise et que devins-je, ô dieux,
Lorsque soudain Tircis vint s'offrir à mes yeux?
Je le connus malgré les ombres infidelles,
Douces auparavant, en ce moment cruelles,
A sa taille divine, à cet air fier et doux
Qui surprit tant de cœurs et fit tant de jaloux."

p. 21. *The president Tambonneau.*

President of the Chambre des Comptes. From the lampoons of the day he seems to have been chiefly remarkable as the possessor of a skittish young wife, Marie Boyer, who became his bride at the age of fourteen. The pranks she indulged in and the devices by which she contrived to hoodwink her husband are duly chronicled by Tallemant des Réaux. On Madame Tambonneau and a son she mysteriously produced, Louis XIV. condescended to write some verses, which may be found in his *Œuvres* (1806, t. vi., p. 264). The president himself was one among the many lovers of a certain Madame Lévêque, "femme trèsgalante d'un avocat au parlement." (See the *Historiettes* de Tallemant des Réaux, 1840, t. ix., p. 160; édition de Paulin Paris, t. vii., p. 90).

p. 21. *The beauteous Luynes.*

Jeanne Marie Colbert, eldest daughter of the celebrated minister and wife of Charles Honoré d'Albert, Duc de Luynes. According to a scandalous little book of that day (*Le Palais Royal, ou, les Amours de Madame de La Vallière*) the infamous Duchesse de Chevreuse intrigued to supplant La Vallière in the good graces of Louis XIV.

by Madame de Luynes, who is described "as one of the most beautiful women in France, but possessing little or no wit." She was not successful. A similar story is told of Mary, Duchess of Richmond (1622–1685), the beautiful daughter of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham (the celebrated favourite). She is said to have endeavoured to "promote" the bashful Miss Lawson (niece of her last husband, the Thomas Howard of the *Memoirs*) to be mistress to the King, so as to oust from the royal affections the Duchess of Portsmouth, with whom she had quarrelled.

p. 23. *Talbot . . . who was afterwards created Duke of Tyrconnel.*

Richard Talbot, Earl and titular Duke of Tyrconnel, deservedly known as "lying Dick Talbot," born in 1630, was the youngest son of Sir William Talbot, by Alison Netterville. On the accession of James II. he was created Earl of Tyrconnel, and was appointed in 1686 lord deputy of Ireland. There, in defiance of all law, he filled the State offices with Roman Catholics. He also entered into secret arrangements with Louis XIV. to make Ireland a dependency of France, with James as the nominal king. Even the Catholics themselves whistled the ballad of *Lillibullero:*

"There was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog.
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la."

Tyrconnel was the dog, and James the ass. The author of the ballad, Lord Wharton, boasted that he had rhymed James out of his dominions. Tyrconnel, as is well known, remained faithful to James, who, after his abdication, created him, in 1689, Duke of Tyrconnel, a title not acknowledged by the English Government. He was struck by apoplexy when dining, in unusually good spirits, on Aug. 10, 1691, and died on the 14th, being buried in Limerick Cathedral. His sudden death, after the fashion of the time, was attributed to poison.

Of Tyrconnel Lord Clarendon appears, and with every

reason, to have entertained a very ill opinion. (It will be remembered that he was one of the "men of honour" who tried to take away Anne Hyde's character.) Dick Talbot, as he was then called, writes Clarendon, "was brought into Flanders first by Daniel O'Neile, as one who was willing to assassinate Cromwell; and he made a journey into England with that resolution, not long before his death, and after it returned into Flanders, ready to do all that he should be required. He was a very handsome young man, wore good clothes, and was, without doubt, of a clear, ready courage, which was virtue enough to recommend a man to the duke's good opinion; which, with more expedition than could be expected, he got, to that degree, that he was made of his bedchamber; and from that qualification embarked himself, after the King's return, in the pretences of the Irish, with such an unusual confidence, and, upon private contracts, with such scandalous circumstances, that the chancellor had sometimes, at the council-table, been obliged to give him severe reprehensions, and often desired the duke to withdraw his countenance from him." The Duke of Berwick says, "his stature was above the ordinary size. He had great experience of the world, having been early introduced into the best company, and possessed of an honourable employment in the household of the Duke of York; who, upon his succession to the crown, raised him to the dignity of an earl, and well knowing his zeal and attachment, made him soon after viceroy of Ireland. He was a man of very good sense, very obliging, but immoderately vain, and full of cunning. Though he had acquired great possessions, it could not be said that he had employed improper means; for he never appeared to have a passion for money. He had not a military genius, but much courage. After the Prince of Orange's invasion, his firmness preserved Ireland, and he nobly refused all the offers that were made to induce him to submit. From the time of the battle of the Boyne, he sank prodigiously, being become as irresolute in his mind as unwieldy in his person" (*Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 94). But the most eminent of his vituperators is Lord Macaulay, in whose *History* he figures as "lying Dick

Talbot"; who credits him with most of, if not all, the vices which are incident to human nature; the epithets of "Sharper, Bully, Bravo, Pimp, Sycophant" and "Hypocrite" being but some out of those he applies to him. He became latterly very unwieldy, hence Andrew Marvell (*Advice to a Painter*) writes:

> "Next Talbot must by his great Master stand,
> Laden with folly, flesh, and ill-got land."

p. 24. *One of these brothers was almoner to the Queen.*

This was Peter Talbot, second son of Sir William Talbot, and elder brother of Richard Talbot, Earl and titular Duke of Tyrconnel. He was born in 1620, and became a Jesuit, but was expelled from the society at the instance of Charles II., whose cause he "endeavoured to betray and utterly ruin in 1659." Subsequently the King restored him to favour, appointed him one of the Queen's almoners, and approved of his being consecrated Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin at Antwerp on May 9, 1669. Talbot was arrested in Ireland in October 1678 for supposed complicity in the "popish plot," and died in Newgate prison, Dublin, about June 1, 1680. His character is drawn by Lord Clarendon in terms not more favourable than those in which his brother, Richard, is portrayed. Sir William Throckmorton thought him the "lyingest rogue in the world," and the "most desperate villain ever born"; while the less impetuous William Leybourn called him a "foolish impertinent busybody."

p. 24. *The other was, what was called a lay-monk.*

Thomas Talbot, a Franciscan friar, "of wit enough," says Clarendon, "but of notorious debauchery." More particulars of this man may be found in the same historian (see *Continuation of Clarendon;* also, *Calendar of Clarendon State Papers*, vol. iii., p. 116, and elsewhere; *Calendar State Papers*, Dom., 1659–60).

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p. 25. *Which offended the Duke of Ormond.*

The following excerpt from the admirable article on Talbot in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (vol. lv., p. 332), will explain this and other passages concerning him in the text: "In advocating the claims of his less fortunate countrymen [the Irish] he came into collision with Ormonde in 1661, and used language equivalent to a challenge. Ormonde went to the King and asked 'if it was his pleasure that at this time of day he should put off his doublet to fight duels with Dick Talbot.' Talbot was sent to the Tower, but was allowed to go to Ireland on making an apology. After this Talbot went to Portugal, and probably returned with the infanta Catherine in April 1662." From the same authority we learn that this was not his only conflict with Ormonde. "In 1670 Talbot became the agent and chief spokesman of the Irish Roman Catholics who had suffered under the acts of settlement and explanation. This brought him again into collision with Ormonde, whom he tried to intimidate by threats and by publicly stating that his life was in danger. The result was another short imprisonment in the Tower."

p. 27. *Lord Cornwallis.*

Charles, third Lord Cornwallis, born in 1655, was third but eldest surviving son of Charles, second Lord Cornwallis, by Margaret, daughter of Thomas Playsted. He married, Dec. 27, 1673, Elizabeth (*d.* 1682), eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Fox; and afterwards (May 6, 1688) Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, widow of James, Duke of Monmouth. Lord Cornwallis is said to have been "in the especial favour of King William III.," and was first lord of the admiralty, 1692–1693. He died April 29, 1698.

p. 27. *Sir Stephen Fox.*

Sir Stephen Fox, who may be truly said to have been the architect of his own vast fortune, was born March 27,

1627, the youngest son of William Fox of Farley, Wilts. At the age of fifteen his "beauty of person and towardliness of disposition," aided, it is probable, by a letter from an early patron, Brian Duppa, recommended him to the notice of the Earl of Northumberland, high admiral of England. In 1661 he was made paymaster-general. His places brought him enormous profits, but he made an "intelligible use" of his riches. It was Fox who inspired Charles II. in 1681 with the idea of founding an asylum at Chelsea for disabled soldiers, the credit of which is generally ascribed to Nell Gwyn, and he contributed above £13,000 to the building and maintenance fund, "as became him who had gotten so vast an estate by the soldiers." He died at his seat at Chiswick, Middlesex, Oct. 28, 1716, in his eighty-ninth year, and was buried at Farley. Ninety years later his grandson, Charles James Fox, the statesman, died in the same place.

Pepys has much to say in commendation of the paymaster, who confided to him the secrets whereby he was enabled to make such large profits. He does not forget to celebrate the "very genteel" dinners of his host, while Lady Fox and her seven children, noted for their comeliness, received unstinted praise, "a family governed so nobly and neatly as do me good to see it."

Evelyn's account of Sir Stephen Fox (Sept. 6, 1680) is infinitely to be preferred to the dry note of any modern annotator: "I dined with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. This gentleman came first a poor boy from the choir of Salisbury, then he was taken notice of by Bishop Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percy (brother to Algernon Earl of Northumberland), who procured for him an inferior place amongst the Clerks of the Kitchen and Green-Cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his Majesty being in exile, and Mr. Fox waiting, both the King and Lords about him frequently employed him about their affairs; trusted him both with receiving and paying the little money they had. Returning with his Majesty to England, after great wants and great sufferings, his

Majesty found him so honest and industrious, and withal so capable and ready, that, being advanced from Clerk of the Kitchen to that of the Green-Cloth, he procured to be Paymaster to the whole Army, and by his dexterity and punctual dealing he obtained such credit among the bankers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of money, and the soldiers' moderate allowance to him for keeping touch with them, did so enrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least £200,000, honestly got and unenvied; which is next to a miracle. With all this he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was.

"He is generous, and lives very honourably, of a sweet nature, well-spoken, well-bred, and is so highly in his Majesty's esteem, and so useful, that being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and has the reversion of the Cofferer's place after Harry Brouncker. He has married [Dec. 27, 1673] his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her £12,000, and restored that entangled family besides. . . . Sir Stephen's lady (an excellent woman) is sister to Mr. Whittle, one of the King's chirurgeons. In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious."

p. 28. *Mademoiselle de la Garde.*

Daughter of Charles Peliot, seigneur de la Garde. She was never a maid of honour, but was appointed a dresser or chambrier to the queen on her marriage in May 1662, and continued in this office until 1673, when she died. Her marriage to Gabriel Silvius, or de Sylviis, took place in 1669.

p. 29. *Lord Taaffe, eldest son of the Earl of Carlingford.*

William Taaffe, styled Viscount Taaffe, apparently of full age in 1663. He died unmarried, and during the lifetime

of his father, his estate being administered to Nov. 12, 1688, and Oct. 1, 1691, at Dublin. He has been confounded with his brother Nicholas, who succeeded to the earldom of Carlingford in Dec. 1677, and was in 1688 privy councillor to James II., for whom in 1689 he was envoy to the Emperor Leopold. He was killed at the head of his regiment of foot at the battle of the Boyne, July 2, 1689, on the side of King James.

p. 29. *The Duke of Richmond.*

Charles Stewart, third Duke of Richmond and sixth of Lennox, was born in London March 7, 1638–9. He was sent ambassador to Denmark in 1671–2, "to give," says Burnet, "a lustre to the negotiation, which was chiefly managed by Mr. Henshaw." He died at Elsinore, in that country, Dec. 12, 1672, aged about thirty-three, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Pepys says of him, in 1668, "he seems a mighty good-natured man." For particulars of his marriage with Miss Stewart see note on p. 164.

p. 30. *The governess of the maids of honour.*

This complaisant old lady was Bridget, youngest daughter of Sir Edward Tyrrell, knt., of Thornton, co. Bucks (father of Sir Edward Tyrrell, first bart. of Thornton), by his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Thomas Aston, of Aston, co. Chester, and relict of Sir William Saunderson, knt. Her husband, who died July 15, 1676, aged about ninety, having suffered greatly for his loyalty, was knighted by Charles II., and appointed gentleman in ordinary of the privy chamber in 1660. He wrote the histories of Mary Queen of Scots and Kings James I. and Charles I. Lady Saunderson was "mother of the maids of honour" to the queens of Kings Charles I. and II. According to her monument in Westminster Abbey, she lived with her husband fifty years, and died Jan. 17, 1681–2, aged eighty-nine. Her will, dated June 25, 1679, was proved Feb. 8, 1681–2, by her niece, Hester Nurse, to whom she left all her estate, and who succeeded

her as mother of the maids (*Registers of Westminster Abbey*, ed. Chester, pp. 189, 204; Luttrell's *Brief Historical Relation*, i., 159).

p. 36. *Mr. Silvius.*

Gabriel Silvius, or de Sylviis, a native of Orange, was born about 1637. His first wife (to whom he was married in 1669) was Mdlle. de la Garde, one of the dressers to the queen, he himself being one of her Majesty's carvers, and she died in 1673. He received the honour of knighthood Jan. 28, 1669–70. He married as his second wife, at Westminster Abbey, Nov. 13, 1677, Anne (1656–1730), daughter of the Hon. William Howard, fourth son of Thomas, first Earl of Berkshire, and one of the maids of honour to the queen. Evelyn, who was consulted by his friends on almost every matter of difficulty, whether of building, planting, or marrying, helped to arrange the marriage, and pleasantly notices it in his *Diary* of Nov. 11, 1677: "I was all this week composing matters between old Mrs. Howard and Sir G. Sylvius upon his long and earnest addresses to Mrs. Ann, her second daughter, mayd of honor to the Queene. My friend, Mrs. Godolphin, who exceedingly lov'd the young lady, was most industrious in it, out of pity to the languishing knight; so as tho' there were greate differences in their yeares it was at last effected." Sylvius was sent envoy to Brunswick in Feb. 1679–80, and in April of the same year went to the Hague as master of the household to the Prince of Orange. James II. appointed him privy purse, and in June 1685 despatched him as envoy extraordinary to Denmark. Sylvius died at his house in Leicester Fields, and was buried Jan. 14, 1696–7, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. He left to his wife all his estate "in Chattoe Galliare in Province" and elsewhere in France. To Lady Sylvius, Evelyn dedicated his life of their mutual friend, Mrs. Godolphin, She died Oct. 13, 1730, and was buried near her husband on the 26th of that month.

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p. 36. *Miss Wells.*

A little of the personal history of this maid of honour to the queen may be gleaned from recently published *Calendars of State Papers* (Domestic Series). She was Winifred, youngest of the four daughters of Gilbert Wells, of Bambridge, Twyford parish, Hants (who died in 1642 aged about thirty-five), by Mary, daughter of Sir Edward Mansel, of Clevedon, Bucks (afterwards remarried to Sir William Courtenay, bart.) (Hutchins' *Dorset*, 3rd edit., i., 668; *Cal. of Committee for Compounding*, p. 1842.) Another of the queen's maids of honour, Miss Henrietta Maria Price, was her cousin. A story similar to that related of Miss Warmestré is told of Miss Wells, and the king was supposed to have been father of the child, though the report was afterwards contradicted (Pepys' *Diary*, Feb. 8, 17, 23, 1662–3). But the frequency with which she is mentioned in the State Papers as the recipient of the royal bounty leaves no doubt whatever as to the nature of her relations with Charles; moreover, she appears to have retained her hold upon his affections for the extraordinary period of ten years. In April 1664 she was ordered to receive all moneys arising from the sale of the underwood in certain coppices in the New Forest, valued at an enormous sum; in Jan. 1667 a pension of £200 a year was bestowed on her, and subsequently she received many other liberal grants in connection with the New Forest, felons' forfeitures, etc. On Sept. 17, 1672, she was handed a warrant for £2150 as the king's royal bounty, "without charges thereon." After the king's connection with her had ceased, she found a husband in one of his equerries, Thomas Wyndham by name (about Sept. 1675), and became one of the queen's dressers. Pepys, who had the happiness of sitting next to her at the playhouse on May 30, 1669, speaks of her as "fine Mrs. Wells . . . a great beauty . . . a woman of pretty conversation."

p. 37. *The Duke of Buckingham made a couplet upon this occasion.*

The passage in the French original (1713, p. 275) is as follows:—"Le Duc de Boukingham fit un Couplet de Chanson sur ce sujet, dans lequel le Roi parle à Progers, Confident de ses menus Plaisirs. L'Allusion de Wels, qui veut dire Puits, fait toute la Pensée du Couplet. En voici le Sens.

Quand le Roi de ce Puits sentit l'Horreur profonde,
Progers, s'écria-t-il, que suis-je devenu?
Ah! depuis que j'y sonde,
Si je n'avois cherché que le Centre du Monde,
J'y serois parvenu."

This delicate inspiration in its original form is nowhere discoverable in any edition of his Grace's "Works," genuine or otherwise.

p. 37. *Progers.*

Edward Progers (more correctly Proger), born in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, was the second son of Philip Proger (second son of William Proger, M.P., of Werndee, Glamorganshire, and Margaret, daughter of Thomas Morgan of Arkston) by Mary Brightnor of Kester, Norfolk (G. T. Clark's *Limbus Patrum Morganiæ et Glamorganiæ*, pp. 252–3). His father was a colonel in the army, and equerry to James I. Edward (or "Ned," as he was usually called) was early introduced to court, and, after having been page to Charles I., was made groom of the bedchamber to his son, while Prince of Wales. During the rebellion he remained faithful to the royal cause, and was twice imprisoned by the Council of State as a suspected person, in Dec. 1652, and again in June 1655 (*Cal. of State Papers*, Domestic and Clarendon). At the Restoration he was continued in his office of groom of the king's bedchamber, and in Nov. 1661 was granted a pension of £500 a year. In 1662, after two elections had been declared void, he was chosen as the court nominee to represent the county of Brecon in parliament, but retired

at the general election of 1679. He succeeded the Duke of Albemarle in Jan. 1670 as keeper of the middle or north park and the hare warren at Hampton Court, of which office he had previously been deputy, and was allowed to build a lodge there on condition that after his death it should revert to the Crown. On the death of his master he withdrew from public life. The readiness with which he assisted his master in the pursuit of gallant adventures was unfavourably commented on in the lampoons of the time, especially in those of Andrew Marvell; while the influence he exercised over the king is alluded to by Pepys (Feb. 22, 1663–4). According to Le Neve, Progers died "Dec. 31st, or Jan. 1st, 1713 [–14], aged ninety-six, of the anguish of cutting teeth, he having cut four new teeth and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums, that he died thereof" (*Monumenta Anglicana*, 1717, p. 273). From his will (P. C. C. 12, Aston) we learn that his wife, Elizabeth Welles of Suffolk, had died before him; by her he had a family of two sons and six daughters. The scandal-mongers of the day, who probably confounded Mrs. Progers with her namesake, Winifred Wells, affected to discover in the eldest daughter, Philippa (who became the wife of Samuel Croxall, D.D.), a strong resemblance to Charles II. In 1670 he became owner of the manor of Westow, Suffolk, under the will of Lady Bryars Crofts, who left him all her property in Norfolk and Suffolk (will in P.C.C., 17, Penn; Addit. MS., Brit. Mus., 19,079, f. 451 et seq.).

While staying in Jersey, in needy circumstances, Charles addressed the following letter to Progers, from which it may be gathered that master and servant lived on terms of easy familiarity, and that Charles duly observed the orthodox period of mourning for his father:

"Progers, I wold have you (besides the embroidred sute) bring me a plaine riding suite, with an innocent coate, the suites I haue for horse-backe being so spotted and spoiled that they are not to be seene out of this island. The lining of the coate, and the petit toies are referred to your greate discretion, provided there want

nothing when it comes to be put on. I doe not remember there was a belt, or a hat-band, in your directions for the embroidered suite, and those are so necessarie as you must not forget them.

"CHARLES R.

"*Jearsey, 14th Jan. old stile*, 1649.
"For Mr. Progers."

Progers has been confounded with his brothers, especially James, who was colonel in the royal army, governor of Abergavenny in 1665, and was in Raglan Castle at its surrender.

At Rushbrooke is a portrait of Edward Progers by Sir Peter Lely (Gage's *Thingoe Hundred*, p. 137).

p. 37. *Miss Hobart.*

This lady, who figures so prominently in the *Memoirs*, was a sister of Sir John Hobart, third baronet, of Blickling, Norfolk, grandfather of John, first Earl of Buckinghamshire; her christian name appears to have been Mary, and she died unmarried.

p. 39. *Durfort, afterwards Earl of Feversham.*

Louis Duras or Durfort, Earl of Feversham, was the sixth son of Guy Aldonce de Durfort, Marquis de Duras, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duc de Bouillon, marshal of France. His uncle was the great Turenne, a connection of which he used frequently to remind his friends. In the peerage of France he bore the title of Marquis de Blanquefort. Though professedly a Protestant, he became a great favourite with the Duke of York, who gave him the lieutenancy of his guards in July 1662, advanced him to the captaincy and colonelcy June 26, 1667, and prior to 1673 sold him his estate at Holdenby, Northamptonshire. He was considered to have "distinguished" himself in the action with the Dutch off Southwold Bay, Suffolk, in June 1665. By letters patent dated Jan. 19, 1672–3, he was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Duras

of Holdenby. Having married in 1676 Mary, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Sir George Sondes, K.B., of Lees Court, Kent, who was created Baron Throwley, Viscount Sondes, and Earl of Feversham, Kent, April 8 of that year, the same titles were limited to him, and he succeeded to them on the death of his father-in-law, April 16, 1677. Besides these honours Charles II. preferred him to the command of the third and afterwards to that of the second troop of horse guards. He was also entrusted with various foreign embassies, and held several substantial court appointments. Sir John Reresby, who knew him well, calculated that his friend enjoyed from places and land an income of £8000 a year. When Monmouth made his attempt at the throne in June 1685 Feversham was entrusted with the chief command of the royal forces. His incapacity and indolence brought on him the contempt of his officers, who remarked of their general that at the most momentous crisis he thought only of eating and sleeping. Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough) alone had the wisdom to preserve an appearance of respect, and so successfully that Feversham praised his diligence, and promised to report it to the king. But Churchill, in a letter to Lord Clarendon, remarked, "I see plainly that the troble is mine, and that the honor will be anothers." The morning of Sedgemoor found Feversham fast asleep in bed, "so that," as Burnet mildly puts it, "if the Duke of Monmouth had got but a very small number of good soldiers about him, the king's affairs would have fallen into great disorder" (*Own Time*, Oxford edit., iii., 47). For these "services" he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and made captain of the first and most lucrative troop of life guards. Court and city, however, only laughed at his martial achievements, and Buckingham in a farce, *The Battle of Sedgemoor*, made merry at the expense of a general who had gained a battle by lying in bed. Feversham died April 8, 1709, aged either sixty-eight or seventy-one. As he left no issue his titles became extinct.

Burnet represents Feversham as "an honest, brave, and good-natured man, but weak to a degree not easy to be conceived"; while Reresby extols his social qualities,

knowledge of court etiquette, and of dandyism in general. In the *Biographie Universelle* (Michaud), and the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, it is stated, with all gravity, that Marlborough professed to have learnt the art of war from Feversham—presumably at Sedgemoor.

p. 41. *It was not long before the report . . . of this singularity spread through the whole court.*

Similarly, at the court of Louis XIV., the sentimental friendships ("Lesbian tendencies," the lampooners styled them) of ladies were made the subject of much foul scandal, as may be seen from a perusal of the correspondence (at times so freely worded) of the Princess Palatine, Duchess of Orleans. The mother of the Regent mentions the scandal attaching to the friendship which existed between Charlotte de Grammont, Princess of Monaco and Henrietta of England, the charming sister-in-law of Louis XIV., whose end was so tragic; she speaks also of the attachment of Queen Christina of Sweden for Madame de Maintenon (on which see a curious anecdote in the *Historiettes* of Tallemant des Réaux (édition de Paulin Paris, t. vii., p. 40). Two of the Regent's daughters—the future Abbess of Chelles and the lady who afterwards became the unhappy Princess of the Asturias—were for the same reason the objects of much unclean insinuation; as well as the Duchess Mazarin and her intimates—"disciples of the libidinous Sappho," as they were unhesitatingly called.

p. 42. *Miss Bagot.*

Mary, daughter of Colonel Hervey Bagot, of Pipe Hall, Warwickshire, born in 1645, became maid of honour to the Duchess of York in 1660, and married, December 18, 1664, Charles Berkley, Earl of Falmouth, who was killed in the sea-fight with the Dutch June 3, 1665. Pepys calls her, in 1666, "a pretty woman; she was now in her second or third mourning, and pretty pleasant in her looks." In July 1667 he says that she was about to marry young Jermyn; she, however, took

in June 1674 for a second husband Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, K.G., a match which did not escape the coarse sneers of Dryden and Mulgrave in the *Essay on Satire*. She died in childbed September 12, 1679.

Elsewhere she has been confused with her younger sister, Elizabeth Bagot, who was born September 17, 1653, and was living unmarried in 1717.

p. 43. *Miss Jennings.*

Frances Jennings, born in 1648, was the eldest daughter of Richard Jennings, of Holywell House, Sandridge, Herts, by his wife Frances, daughter of Sir Giffard Thornhurst, Bart., of Agnes Court, Kent. Her younger sister, Sarah, became famous as the first Duchess of Marlborough. As indicated in the text, she was distinguished at court as much by her giddiness as by her beauty. Pepys says of her (February 21, 1664–5): "What mad freaks the maids of honour at court have! that Mrs. Jenings, one of the Dutchesses's maids, the other day dressed herself like an orange wench, and went up and down and cried oranges; 'till, falling down or by some accident, her fine shoes were discerned, and she put to a great deal of shame." The calf love of young Lionne, Marquis de Berni, for "la petite Genins" is amusingly described in M. Jusserand's *A French Ambassador*. She married in succession two of the heroes of the *Memoirs;* first, Sir George Hamilton (made a count in the French peerage and a maréchal de camp, and killed at the battle of Saverne in June 1676); then the notorious Richard Talbot, so severely handled, not to say caricatured, by Macaulay in his *History* under his later name and title of Duke of Tyrconnel. Writing at the time of her first marriage, Evelyn in his *Diary*, November 12, 1675, calls her "a sprightly young lady, much in the good graces of the (Berkeley) family, wife of that valiant and worthy gentleman George Hamilton, not long after slain in the wars. She [is] . . . now turned Papist." On the other hand her (second) husband's party cordially disliked her. Lord Melfort, secretary to James

II., in a letter to his master, dated October 1689, writes: "There is one other thing, if it could be effectuated, were of infinite use; which is the getting the Duchess of Tyrconnel, for her health, to come into France. I did not know she had been so well known here as she is; but the terms they give her, and which, for your service, I may repeat unto you, is, that she has *l'âme la plus noire qui se puisse concevoir*. I think it would help to keep that peace so necessary for you, and prevent that caballing humour which has very ill effects." After the battle of the Boyne, at which as many as fifteen Talbots belonging to Tyrconnel's family were slain, James and Tyrconnel reached Dublin on the evening of the same day. "To receive the mud-stained, weary, and dispirited fugitives, the duchess assembled all her household in state, and in rich attire advanced to welcome the king, before whom she humbly kneeled with all the ceremoniousness of Court etiquette. How different this was to the time when she scornfully scattered James's love-billets about 'like hailstones for whoever that pleased to take them up.'" When again a widow, in 1691, she lived many years abroad, generally in France or Flanders, being lady of the bedchamber to the exiled queen of James II., and had a French pension for a time. In 1705 she ventured to England in order to seek an interview with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough. Her small stock of money being exhausted on her landing, she was forced for a short time to turn haberdasher. "At that time," writes Horace Walpole, "part of the Royal Exchange was let out in small stalls or shops, perhaps something like a modern bazaar, and was a favourite and fashionable resort of women of the highest rank. It is said that the Duchess of Tyrconnel, being reduced to absolute want on her arrival in England, and unable for some time to procure secret access to her family, hired one of the stalls under the Royal Exchange, and maintained herself by the sale of small articles of haberdashery. She wore a white dress wrapping her whole person, and a white mask, which she never removed, and excited much interest and curiosity." Pennant, however, states that the duchess had her stall "above stairs, at the new

Exchange in the Strand." She was allowed to return to Dublin in 1708 or 1709, having made good her claim to a jointure, and founded a nunnery for poor Clares in King Street, on the site, it is said, of her husband's house. The rest of her varied life was passed in retreat and the practice of the most austere devotion. She fell out of bed on a cold wintry night (March 6, 1730–1), and died of exposure, being too weak to rise or call. On March 9 following she was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral. In her old age the duchess (for so she was always called) is described as "low in stature, extremely emaciated, and without the slightest trace of ever having been a beauty." A portrait of the "Countess of Tyrconnel," painted in all probability for Lady Berkeley of Stratton, is in the collection at Berkeley Castle.

p. 44. *Miss Temple.*

Anne, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Temple, of Frankton, Warwickshire, by Rebecca, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, knt., of Beddington, Surrey, became the second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton, who had been governor of Jamaica, and lived to be 87, dying at the family seat, Hagley, Worcestershire, May 2, 1716. His widow survived him two years, dying August 27, 1718, and had issue by him five sons and eight daughters. From this alliance the Lords Lyttelton descend.

p. 47. *Saint Albans.*

The nearest town to Sandridge, where the family of Miss Jennings resided; their seat being known as Holywell House.

p. 52. *On the borders of Cornwall.*

Yorkshire must be the county meant.

p. 53. *The Earl of Oxford fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress.*

This was Aubrey de Vere, twentieth Earl of Oxford of that name; he was born in 1626, and died March 12, 1702–3, aged 78. At his death the male line of the family of De Vere and the earldom of Oxford became extinct. He was twice married, but the space between his two marriages was enlivened by a mock marriage, as narrated by our author. Much of the verbiage expended upon the identity of the actress thus victimized might have been spared had the French original (1713, pp. 295, 297) been referred to. There it will be found that Hamilton wrote "le rôle de Roxelane," "la Sultane Roxelane," and "de reprendre le nom de Roxelane." By some unaccountable error "Roxana" has crept into the English versions.

This actress, so called from the character she played in the *Second Part of the Siege of Rhodes*, by Sir William Davenant, was Elizabeth Davenport, who was born March 3, 1642. Downes (*Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 20) places her first on the list of the four principal actresses who boarded in Sir William Davenant's house. Evelyn says (January 9, 1661–2): "I saw acted *The Third* [*Second*] *Part of the Siege of Rhodes*. In this acted the fair and famous comedian called Roxalana, from the part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's *Misse* (as at this time they began to call lewd women). It was in recitative music."

On February 18, 1661–2, and subsequent dates, Pepys alludes to "the loss of Roxalana." (He also states, April 7, 1668, that her elder sister, Frances, was an actress of no ability.) Ashmole records the birth of the Earl of Oxford's son by Roxalana, April 17, 1664 (see also *Complete Peerage*, ed. G. E. C[okayne], vol. vi., p. 176, note *g*), which shows that the amour continued; also, that Hamilton's picture of Miss Davenport in the part of an outraged virgin is a fancy one. The child was called Aubrey Vere. (Ward's *Diary*, p. 131.)

Through the error of Hamilton's translator both Curll

and Davies were led to suppose this actress to be Mrs. Marshall, the original Roxana in Lee's *Rival Queens*, first produced at the Theatre Royal (subsequently Drury Lane) in 1677.

p. 55. *Sir Charles Lyttleton.*

Sir Charles Lyttleton, Littleton, or Lyttelton (as the name is variously spelt), born in 1729, was a younger son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, first baronet, of Frankley, Worcestershire, by Katherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Crompton of Driffield, Yorkshire, and Hounslow, Middlesex. From June to August 1648 he was a subaltern in the royal forces at the defence of Colchester against the Parliamentarians, and after the surrender withdrew for a time to France. On October 25, 1650, he was appointed cupbearer to Charles II. In 1659 he joined in Sir George Booth's rising in Cheshire, for which he suffered a brief imprisonment in the Gatehouse, Westminster. Lyttelton was knighted in 1662, and went to Jamaica, and accompanied Lord Windsor to Jamaica as lieutenant-governor, subsequently becoming governor. He left Jamaica in 1664. In November of that year he was gazetted major (with a company), and in July 1665 lieutenant-colonel in the lord admiral's regiment. He afterwards held the governorship of Harwich and Landguard Fort, but he resigned all his appointments on the Revolution on account of the oaths. On the death of his brother, Sir Henry, second baronet, in 1693, Lyttelton succeeded to the title and estates, and settled at Hagley, Worcestershire, where he died May 2, 1716, aged 87.

Evelyn writes in his *Diary* (March 24, 1688): "Went with Sir Charles Lyttelton to Sheen [near Richmond], a house and estate given to him by Lord Brouncker." Brouncker had bequeathed, says Evelyn, "all his land, house, furniture, &c., to Sir Charles, who had no manner of relation, but an ancient friendship contracted at the siege of Colchester forty years before. It is a pretty place, with fine gardens and well planted, and given to one well worthy of it, Sir Charles being an honest gentleman and a soldier."

p. 57. *Lampoon levelled against Miss Price.*

The Miss Price, maid of honour to the queen, who corresponded with Lord Chesterfield, says in a letter already cited: "I had a mind that you should see these enclosed papers, which were writ by the Lord Rochester" (*Letters*, ed. 1829, p. 136).

pp. 60, 73. *Miss Sarah . . . the prettiest, but, at the same time, the worst actress in the kingdom.*

As we are told that the name of this lady was Sarah, it seems probable that Sarah Cooke, an actress at the King's House, was the person intended. She is known to have recited the prologue at the first representation of "Valentinian," one of Lord Rochester's tasteless adaptations from Beaumont and Fletcher, and we may fairly assume that her subsequent rare appearances on the stage were due to lack of ability. It has been suggested that Mrs. Barry, another of Rochester's protégées, might have been the actress referred to. Her name, however, was not Sarah, but Elizabeth; she was a child of ten at the period indicated; her first recorded appearance did not take place until 1673, and she became one of the first actresses of the time. Nor, unless her portraits do her injustice, could she be described as "très-jolie."

p. 64. *To walk in the Mall.*

Many or the intrigues of that day were conducted under favour of a masque; and it was a point of honour with gallants to respect the concealment of the lady, being privileged to detect it only by ingenious, and not by forcible, endeavours. A curious illustration of this custom is afforded by a letter addressed by the second Earl of Chesterfield: "To one who walked 4 whole nights with mee in St. Jeames' Park, and yet I never knew who she was" (*Letters*, ed. 1829, p. 147).

p. 71. *Turned away the governess and her niece.*

From Chamberlayne's *Angliæ Notitia* for 1669 (p. 321) we learn that the "governess" or mother of the maids to

the Duchess of York was in that year Mrs. Lucy Wise; she was still holding the office in 1677, but by 1679 had given place to Mrs. Harrison. We have failed to recover the name of the dismissed governess.

p. 73. *Miss Boynton.*

Elsewhere (p. 164) she is called the "languishing Boynton." Katherine, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Matthew Boynton (second surviving son of Sir Matthew Boynton, first baronet, of Barmston, Yorkshire), who was slain at Wigan, Lancashire, August 26, 1651, in the advance of King Charles II.'s army towards Worcester, by his wife Isabel, daughter of Robert Stapleton, of Wighill, Yorkshire, became, as stated in the text, the wife of Colonel Richard Talbot, afterwards Earl (and titular Duke) of Tyrconnel. She died childless in Dublin in 1679, and before the year was out he married at Paris his old love, Lady Hamilton (*née* Frances Jennings), whose husband had been killed in 1676, leaving her with three daughters.

p. 78. *Pitiful strolling actress.*

Probably Nell Gwyn.

p. 79. *Immediately give her the title of duchess.*

She was created Duchess of Cleveland in her own right August 3, 1670. In the words of the patent, this and other honours were conferred upon the king's mistress "in consideration of her noble descent, her father's death in the service of the Crown, and [the italics are ours] *by reason of her own personal virtues*"!

The letters of the time abound with illustrations of the vulgar vanity of this woman. Two may be cited here: "Lady Castlemaine drives in the parks with 8 horses, and the town says 12 are intended very shortly" (*Verney Papers*, Hist. MSS. Comm., 7th Report, Appendix, p. 489a).

"The great Duchess of Cleveland goes about the streets with eight horses in her coach, the streets,

balconies, and windows full of people to admire her" (Charles Lee to Viscount Conway, May 25, 1671, *Cal. State Papers*, Dom., Jan.—Nov. 1671, p. 271).

p. 84. "*The recent arrival of a famous German doctor.*"

Bishop Burnet refers to this frolic as follows: "Being under an unlucky accident, which obliged him to keep out of the way, he disguised himself so, that his nearest friends could not have known him, and set up in Tower Street for an Italian mountebank, where he practised physic for some weeks, not without success. . . . He took pleasure to disguise himself as a porter, or as a beggar; sometimes to follow some mean amours, which, for the variety of them, he affected. At other times, merely for diversion, he would go about in odd shapes; in which he acted his part so naturally, that even those who were in the secret, and saw him in these shapes, could perceive nothing by which he might be discovered" (*Life of Rochester*, ed. 1774, p. 14).

Lord Rochester's speech when he set up as a medical mountebank on Tower Hill, proves him to have acted his part with "much humour and somewhat less freedom than might have been anticipated;" it is found prefixed to the "Poetical Works" of Sir Charles Sedley, 1710, and is here given:

"To all gentlemen, ladies, and others, whether of city, town, or country, Alexander Bendo wisheth all health and prosperity.

"Whereas this famed metropolis of England (and were the endeavours of its worthy inhabitants equal to their power, merit, and virtue, I should not stick to denounce it, in a short time, the metropolis of the whole world); whereas, I say, this city (as most great ones are) has ever been infested with a numerous company of such whose arrogant confidence, backed with their ignorance, has enabled them to impose on the people, either by premeditated cheats, or at best, the palpable, dull, and empty mistakes of their self-deluded imagination in physic, chymical and Galenic; in astrology, physiognomy, palmistry, mathematics, alchymy, and even in govern-

ment itself, the last of which I will not propose to discourse of, or meddle at all in, since it in no way belongs to my trade or vocation, as the rest do; which (thanks to my God) I find much more safe, I think equally honest, and therefore more profitable.

"But as to all the former, they have been so erroneously practised by many unlearned wretches, whom poverty and neediness for the most part (if not the restless itch of deceiving), has forced to straggle and wander in unknown parts, that even the professions themselves, though originally the products of the most learned and wise men's laborious studies and experience, and by them left a wealthy and glorious inheritance for ages to come, seem, by this bastard race of quacks and cheats, to have been run out of all wisdom, learning, perspicuousness, and truth, with which they were so plentifully stocked; and now run into a repute of mere mists, imaginations, errors, and deceits, such as, in the management of these idle professors, indeed they were.

"You will therefore, I hope, gentlemen, ladies, and others, deem it but just that I, who for some years have with all faithfulness and assiduity courted these arts, and received such signal favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest secrets, should with an earnestness and concern more than ordinary, take their parts against those impudent fops, whose saucy, impertinent addresses and pretensions have brought such a scandal upon their most immaculate honours and reputations.

"Besides, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul play myself, I would have given you so fair warning, by my severe observations upon others. 'Qui alterum incusant probi, ipsum se intueri oportet,' says Plautus. However, gentlemen, in a world like this, where virtue is so exactly counterfeited, and hypocrisy so generally taken notice of, that every one, armed with suspicion, stands upon his guard against it, it will be very hard, for a stranger, especially, to escape censure. All I shall say for myself on this score is this:—if I appear to any one like a

counterfeit, even for the sake of that, chiefly, ought I to be construed a true man. Who is the counterfeit's example? His original; and that, which he employs his industry and pains to imitate and copy. Is it therefore my fault, if the cheat by his wits and endeavours makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling him? Consider, pray, the valiant and the coward, the wealthy merchant and the bankrupt, the politician and the fool; they are the same in many things, and differ but in *one* alone.

"The valiant man holds up his head, looks confidently round about him, wears a sword, courts a lord's wife, and owns it; so does the coward: *one* only point of honour excepted, and that is courage, which (like false metal, *one* only trial can discover) makes the distinction.

"The bankrupt walks the exchange, buys bargains, draws bills, and accepts them with the richest, whilst paper and credit are current coin: that which makes the difference is real cash; a great defect indeed, and yet but *one*, and *that*, the last found out, and still, till then, the least perceived.

"Now for the politician:—he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying man: pray are there not grave, deliberating, close, prying fools?

"If then the difference betwixt all these (though infinite in effect) be so nice in all appearance, will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the false physician, astrologer, etc., and the true? The first calls himself learned doctor, sends forth his bills, gives physic and counsel, tells and foretells; the other is bound to do just as much: it is only your experience must distinguish betwixt them; to which I willingly submit myself. I will only say something to the honour of the MOUNTEBANK, in case you discover me to be one.

"Reflect a little what kind of creature it is:—he is one then, who is fain to supply some higher ability he pretends to with craft; he draws great companies to him by undertaking strange things, which can never be effected. The politician (by his example no doubt) finding how the people are taken with specious miraculous impossibilities, plays the same game; protests, declares, promises I know

not what things, which he is sure can never be brought about. The people believe, are deluded, and pleased; the expectation of a future good, which shall never befal them, draws their eyes off a present evil. Thus are they kept and established in subjection, peace and obedience; *he* in greatness, wealth, and power. So you see the politician is, and must be a *mountebank* in state affairs; and the *mountebank* no doubt, if he thrives, is an errant politician in physic. But that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the things in which I pretend chiefly, at this time, to serve my country.

"First, I will (by the leave of God) perfectly cure that *tabes Britannica*, or *grand English disease, the scurvy*; and that with such ease to my patient, that he shall not be sensible of the least inconvenience, whilst I steal his distemper from him. I know there are many, who treat this disease with mercury, antimony, spirits, and salts, being dangerous remedies; in which, I shall meddle very little, and with great caution; but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible medicines, together with the observation of some few rules in diet, perfectly cure the patient, having freed him from all the symptoms, as looseness of the teeth, scorbutick spots, want of appetite, pains and lassitude in the limbs and joints, especially the legs. And to say true, there are few distempers in this nation that are not, or at least proceed not originally from the scurvy; which, were it well rooted out (as I make no question to do it from all those who shall come into my hands), there would not be heard of so many gouts, aches, dropsies, and consumptions; nay, even those thick and slimy humours, which generate stones in the kidneys and bladder, are for the most part offsprings of the *scurvy*. It would prove tedious to set down all its malignant race; but those who address themselves here, shall be still informed by me of the nature of their distempers, and the grounds I proceed upon to their cure: so will all reasonable people be satisfied that I treat them with care, honesty, and understanding; for I am not of their opinion, who endeavour to render their vocations rather mysterious than useful and satisfactory.

"I will not here make a catalogue of diseases and distempers; it behoves a physician, I am sure, to understand them all; but if any one come to me (as I think there are very few that have escaped my practice) I shall not be ashamed to own to my patient, where I find myself to seek; and, at least, he shall be secure with me from having experiments tried upon him; a privilege he can never hope to enjoy, either in the hands of the grand doctors of the court and Tower, or in those of the lesser quacks and mountebanks.

"It is thought fit, that I assure you of great secrecy, as well as care, in diseases, where it is requisite; whether venereal or others; as some peculiar to women, the green-sickness, weaknesses, inflammations, or obstructions in the stomach, reins, liver, spleen, &c.; for I would put no word in my bill that bears any unclean sound; it is enough that I make myself understood. I have seen physician's bills as bawdy as *Aretine's Dialogues*, which no man, that walks warily before God, can approve of; but I cure all suffocations, in those parts, producing fits of the mother, convulsions, nocturnal inquietudes, and other strange accidents, not fit to be set down here; persuading young women very often that their hearts are like to break for love, when God knows, the distemper lies far enough from that place.

"I have, likewise, got the knowledge of a great secret to cure barrenness (proceeding from any accidental cause as it often falls out, and no natural defect; for nature is easily assisted, difficultly restored, but impossible to be made more perfect by man, than God himself had at first created and bestowed it), which I have made use of for many years with great success, especially this last year, wherein I have cured one woman that had been married twenty years, and another that had been married one and twenty years, and two women that had been *three times* married; as I can make appear by the testimonies of several persons in London, Westminster, and other places thereabouts. The medicines I use cleanse and strengthen the womb, and are all to be taken in the space of seven days. And because I do not intend to deceive any person, upon discourse with them, I will tell them

whether I am like to do them any good. My usual contract is, to receive one-half of what is agreed upon, when the party shall be quick with child, the other half when she is brought to bed.

"Cures of this kind I have done, signal and many; for the which, I doubt not but I have the good wishes and hearty prayers of many families, who had else pined out their days under the deplorable and reproachful misfortunes of barren wombs, leaving plentiful estates and possessions to be inherited by strangers.

"As to astrological predictions, physiognomy, divination by dreams, and otherwise (palmistry I have no faith in, because there can be no reason alleged for it), my own experience has convinced me more of their considerable effects, and marvellous operations, chiefly in the directions of future proceedings, to the avoiding of dangers that threaten, and laying hold of advantages that might offer themselves; I say, my own practice has convinced me, more than all the sage and wise writings extant, of those matters; for I might say this of myself (did it not look like ostentation), that I have very seldom failed in my predictions, and often been very serviceable in my advice. How far I am capable in this way, I am sure is not fit to be delivered in print: those who have no opinion of the truth of this art, will not, I suppose, come to me about it; such as have, I make no question of giving them ample satisfaction.

"Nor will I be ashamed to set down here my willingness to practise rare secrets (though somewhat collateral to my profession), for the help, conversation, and augmentation of beauty and comeliness; a thing created at first by God, chiefly for the glory of his own name, and then for the better establishment of mutual love between man and woman; for when God had bestowed on man the power of strength and wisdom, and thereby rendered woman liable to the subjection of his absolute will, it seemed but requisite that she should be endued likewise, in recompense, with some quality that might beget in him admiration of her, and so enforce his tenderness and love.

"The knowledge of these secrets, I gathered in my

travels abroad (where I have spent my time ever since I was fifteen years old, to this my nine and twentieth year) in France and Italy. Those that have travelled in Italy, will tell you what a miracle art does there assist nature in the preservation of beauty; how women of forty bear the same countenance with those of fifteen: ages are no way distinguished by faces; whereas, here in England, look a horse in the mouth, and a woman in the face, you presently know both their ages to a year. I will, therefore, give you such remedies, that, without destroying your complexion (as most of your paints and daubings do), shall render them perfectly fair; clearing and preserving them from all spots, freckles, heats, pimples, and marks of the small-pox, or any other accidental ones, so the face be not seamed or scarred.

"I will also cleanse and preserve your *teeth* white and round as pearls, fastening them that are loose: your gums shall be kept entire, as red as coral; your lips of the same colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful kisses.

"I will likewise administer that which shall cure the worst of breaths, provided the lungs be not totally perished and imposthumated; as also certain and infallible remedies for those whose breaths are yet untainted; so that nothing but either a very long sickness, or old age itself, shall ever be able to spoil them.

"I will, besides (if it be desired) *take away* from their fatness, who have over much, and *add* flesh to those that want it, without the least detriment to their constitutions.

"Now, should Galen himself look out of his grave, and tell me these were baubles, below the profession of a physician, I would boldly answer him, that I take more glory in preserving God's image in its unblemished beauty, upon one good face, than I should do in patching up all the decayed carcasses in the world.

"They that will do me the favour to come to me, shall be sure, from three of the clock in the afternoon, till eight at night (at my lodgings in Tower Street, next door to the sign of the Black Swan, at a goldsmith's house), to find

"Their humble servant,
"ALEXANDER BENDO."

p. 86. *The best disguise they could think of was to dress themselves like orange-girls.*

La belle Jennings' "mad freak" in going about dressed as "an orange-wench" is also narrated by Pepys (Feb. 21, 1664–5). Diversions of this description appear to have been not unfrequent with persons of high rank at this period; even the queen indulged in them. In a letter from Thomas Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, afterwards Earl of Yarmouth, dated Oct. 13, 1670, we read: "Last week, there being a faire neare Audley-end, the queen, the Dutchess of Richmond, and the Dutchess of Buckingham, had a frolick to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, wastcotes, &c., and so goe see the faire. Sir Bernard Gascoign, on a cart jade, rode before the queen; another stranger before the Dutchess of Buckingham; and Mr. Roper before Richmond. They had all so overdone it in their disguise, and looked so much more like antiques than country volk, that, as soon as they came to the faire, the people began to goe after them; but the queen going to a booth, to buy a pair of yellow stockins for her sweet hart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves sticht with blew, for his sweet hart, they were soon, by their gebrish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them. One amongst them had seen the queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of her knowledge. This soon brought all the faire into a crowd to stare at the queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses; but as many of the faire as had horses got up, with their wives, children, sweet harts, or neighbours behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court gate. Thus, by ill conduct, was a merry frolick turned into a penance."—Ives's *Select Papers* (4to, 1773), p. 39.

Another of her majesty's adventures is thus related by Bishop Burnet: "At this time (1668), the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading: both the king and queen, and all the court, went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there, with a great deal of wild frolic. In all this people were so disguised,

that, without being in the secret, none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once the queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her. So she was alone, and was much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney coach; some say in a cart" (*History*, Oxf. edit., vol. i., p. 368).

p. 89. *Brounker.*

Henry Brouncker, younger brother of William, Viscount Brouncker, president of the Royal Society, was groom of the bedchamber to the Duke of York. He was also M.P. for Romney, but on his dismissal from court for the reasons stated below he was expelled the House of Commons in April 1668. In the sea-fight off Southwold Bay, on June 3, 1665, the English, under the command of the Duke of York, triumphed over the Dutch, but the very considerable victory was not followed up owing, it is said, to Brouncker having ordered the lieutenant, in the duke's name, to shorten sail. He reappeared at Whitehall in Nov. 1668, and in 1671 became cofferer to the duke on the death of William Ashburnham. In 1684 he succeeded his brother in the peerage. He died Jan. 4, 1687-8, at Sheen Abbey, the title expiring with him.

Lord Clarendon, in alluding to Brouncker's unjustifiable action in the sea-fight in 1665, writes: "Nor did the duke come to hear of it till some years after, when Mr. Brounker's ill course of life, and his abominable nature, had rendered him so odious, that it was taken notice of in parliament, and, upon examination, found to be true, as is here related; upon which he was expelled the House of Commons, whereof he was a member, as an infamous person, though his friend Coventry adhered to him, and used many indirect acts to have protected him, and afterwards procured him to have more countenance from the king than most men thought he deserved; being a person, throughout his whole life, never notorious for anything but the highest degree of impudence, and stooping to the most infamous offices, and playing very well at chess, which preferred

him more than the most virtuous qualities could have done" (*Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 270).

Burnet says: "When the two fleets met, it is well known what accidents disordered the Dutch, and what advantage the English had. If that first success had been followed, as was proposed, it might have been fatal to the Dutch, who, finding they had suffered so much, steered off. The duke ordered all the sail to be set on to overtake them. There was a council of war called, to concert the method of action, when they should come up with them. In that council, Pen, who commanded under the duke, happened to say that they must prepare for hotter work in the next engagement. He knew well the courage of the Dutch was never so high, as when they were desperate. The Earl of Montague, who was then a volunteer, and one of the duke's court, said to me, it was very visible that made an impression. And all the duke's domestics said, he had got honour enough; why should he venture a second time? The duchess had also given a strict charge to all the duke's servants, to do all they could to hinder him to engage too far. When matters were settled, they went to sleep; and the duke ordered a call to be given him, when they should get up to the Dutch fleet. It is not known what passed between the duke and Brounker, who was of his bed-chamber, and was then in waiting; but he came to Pen, as from the duke, and said the duke ordered the sail to be slackened. Pen was struck with the order, but did not go to argue the matter with the duke himself, as he ought to have done, but obeyed it. When the duke had slept, he, upon his waking, went out on the quarter deck, and seemed amazed to see the sails slackened, and that thereby all hope of overtaking the Dutch was lost. He questioned Pen upon it. Pen put it on Brounker, who said nothing. The duke denied he had given any such order. But he neither punished Brounker for carrying it, nor Pen for obeying it. He indeed put Brounker out of his service: and it was said, that he durst do no more, because he was so much in the king's favour, and in the mistress's."

Pepys (Aug. 29, 1667) writes of Brouncker in no

gentle terms: "I hear to-night that Mr. Bruncker is turned away yesterday by the Duke of York, for some bold words he was heard by Colonel Werden to say in the garden the day the chancellor was with the king—that he believed the king would be hectored out of everything. For this, the Duke of York, who all say hath been very strong for his father-in-law at this trial, hath turned him away: and everybody, I think, is glad of it; for he was a pestilent rogue, an atheist, that would have sold his king and country for *6d.* almost, so covetous and wicked a rogue he is by all men's report."

p. 93. *Mrs. Wetenhall.*

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Bedingfield, bart., of Oxborough, Norfolk, and wife of Thomas Wetenhall, of Hextall Court, near East Peckham, Kent. "She had," quaintly remarks the old baronetage compiler, who evidently did not know his De Grammont, "the reputation of being one of the most perfect beauties of the age, and yet an excellent wife, and died without issue" (Kimber and Johnson's *Baronetage*, vol. ii., p. 144).

p. 94. *His conversation at table.*

As the English version here is not strictly literal, we cite from the French original (1713, p. 343): "Sa Conversation eut été vive, pendant le Repas, si Madame Whittnell eut possédé comme lui le Docteur Angélique [Thomas Aquinas], ou qu'elle eut aimé la Dispute; mais, n'étant curieuse ni de l'un, ni de l'autre, le Silence régnoit à leur Table, comme à celle d'un Réfectoire."

p. 94. *Peckham.*

Peckham, or rather East Peckham, is about ten miles off Tunbridge Wells.

p. 95. *George Hamilton.*

Second brother of the author of the present work. He was page to Charles II. during his exile, and after

the Restoration was an officer of the horse guards till 1667; he then was knighted and subsequently obtained permission from the king to enter the French service with a troop of horse, who were enrolled in the body-guard of Louis XIV., and were known as the "gens d'armes Anglais"; he was made a count and maréchal du camp, and was killed at the battle of Saverne in June 1676. By his marriage to the lovely Frances Jennings he had three daughters, who were afterwards known at the Viceregal Court as "the three viscountesses"; they were (1) Elizabeth, Viscountess Ross, (2) Frances, Viscountess Dillon, and (3) Mary, Viscountess Barnewall of Kingsland. Evelyn (Nov. 12, 1675) speaks of him as "that valiant and worthy gentleman."

p. 99. *The court set out soon after.*

The Court was at Tunbridge in July 1663, and again in July 1666, and Hamilton has confounded the two visits. In 1663 lack of funds postponed Queen Catherine's visit to Tunbridge Wells from May to July; and when the physicians recommended the waters of Bourbon, she could only get enough money to go to Bath, though its stifling air was soon found to disagree with her (*Cal. State Papers*, Dom., 1663–4, p. 234). A state visit to Bristol and a progress through the West Midlands followed this.

p. 100. *Summer-hill.*

This seat belonged to Lord Muskerry in right of his wife, the only child of Lord Clanricarde. It is about five miles from the Wells, and was once the residence and property of Sir Francis Walsingham, from whom it descended to his daughter Frances, who married first Sir Philip Sydney; secondly, the unfortunate Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; and lastly, Richard de Burgh, Marquis of Clanricarde. In Walker's *History of Independency*, we are told that "Somer-hill, a pleasant seat, worth one thousand pounds a year, belonging to the Earl of St. Albans (who was also Marquis of Clanrickard, is given by the junto to the blood-hound Bradshaw.

So he hath warned the Countesse of Leicester, who formerly had it in possession, to raise a debt of three thousand pounds, pretended due to her from the said earle (which she hath already raised four-fold), to quiet the possession against our Lord's day next." At the Restoration it returned to its rightful owner. It is thus described in 1771: "The house being too large for the family of the present possessor, some of the state rooms are not made use of, or furnished; but in them are still remaining superb chimney-pieces, fine carved wainscot, and other monuments of their former grandeur and magnificence. In the dining-room, above stairs, are figures, flowers, and other ornaments in stucco; particularly, a representation in relievo, over the chimney-piece, of the angelic host (as it is thought) rejoicing in the creation of the world; a design seemingly taken from Job chap. xxxvii. v. 7. The house is inclosed with four courts, E. W. N. S. The front court, through which is the grand approach to the house, looks towards the west; from whence you have a fine prospect to the Surrey hills before you, and Seven-oak hills on the right. The prospect is limited by Baron Smythe's park on the left. The town and castle of Tunbridge, the navigable river Medway, and the rich meadows through which it runs, finely diversified with corn-fields, pasturage, hop-gardens, and orchards, are here in full view, and form a most beautiful scene. From the opposite court, on the west side of the house, are seen the Canterbury hills, near Dover, at the distance of about fifty miles; but this view, and the several objects it comprises, is best enjoyed from a rising hill, on which grow two large oaks, at a little distance southward from the house. From this stand, a stranger may behold at leisure a valley equal to Tempe, Andalusia, or Tinian." (*General Account of Tunbridge Wells and its Environs*, p. 37.) Hasted says, "that Lady Muskerry having, by her expensive way of life, wasted her estate, she, by piecemeal, sold off a great part of the demesne lands, lying mostly on the southern side of South-frith, to different persons; and dying in great distress, was buried accordingly, about the year 1698" (*History of Kent*, folio edit., vol. ii., p. 341).

Evelyn (May 29, 1652) writes: "We went to see the house of my Lord Clanrickard, at Summer Hill, near Tunbridge (now given to that villain Bradshaw, who condemned the king). 'Tis situated on a eminent hill, with a park, but has nothing else extraordinary."

In a letter to Richard Bentley, dated Aug. 5, 1752, Horace Walpole writes: "A mile from the town [Tonbridge] we climbed up a hill to see Summer Hill, the residence of Grammont's Princess of Babylon. There is now scarce a road to it: the Paladins of those times were too valorous to fear breaking their necks; and I much apprehend that *la Monsery* and the fair Mademoiselle Hamilton must have mounted their palfreys and rode behind their gentlemen-ushers upon pillions to the Wells. The house is little better than a farm, but has been an excellent one, and is entire, though out of repair. . . . It stands high, commands a vast landscape beautifully wooded, and has quantities of large old trees to shelter itself, some of which might be well spared to open views."

Writing to Conway on Aug. 21, 1778, Walpole says: "I poked out Summer Hill for the sake of the Babylonienne in Grammont; but it is now a mere farmhouse."

p. 101. *Prince Rupert.*

In the time of the civil wars Prince Rupert is described as "always very sparkish in his dress"; "the greatest beau" as well as "the greatest hero." At one of his battles it is said: "The prince was clad in scarlet, very richly laid in silver lace, and mounted on a very gallant black Barbary horse."

Rupert, like his cousin, Charles II., had considerable scientific tastes. He was the author of several inventions of decided utility in his own profession: such would be a new method of boring cannon; and a mixed metal, known as "Prince's-metal" or pinchbeck, of which they might be made. He also constructed a gun on the revolver principle, discovered how to make gunpowder of ten times the ordinary strength, and found a mode of manufacturing hailshot. His labours in the laboratory and at the forge which he established for these purposes

are thus commemorated in one of the elegies on his death:—

"Thou prideless thunderer, that stooped so low
To forge the very bolts thy arm should throw,
Whilst the same eyes great Rupert did admire,
Shining in fields and sooty at the fire:
At once the Mars and Vulcan of the war."

The curious scientific toys called "Rupert's-drops" are said to have been introduced into England by him. But the invention of the art of mezzotint engraving, so long attributed to Rupert, was not due to him; the secret was merely confided to him by the discoverer, the artist Ludwig von Siegen.

Evelyn in his *Diary* (March 13, 1661) says: "This afternoon, Prince Rupert shewed me with his own hands the new way of graving called mezzotinto, which afterwards, by his permission, I published in my history of Chalcography [1662]; this set so many artists on work, that they soon arrived to the perfection it is since come, emulating the tenderest miniatures."

Prince Rupert was not allowed to take full advantage of his victories over the Dutch, as may be seen from a rare pamphlet in the British Museum, entitled *An exact Relation of the several Engagements and Actions of his Majesty's Fleet, under the command of his Highness Prince Rupert* (1673). "From this narration," writes his eloquent biographer, Eliot Warburton, "which embodies the prince's remonstrance, in almost his own words, it is easy to perceive the miserable manner in which the business of the State was conducted by the abandoned Charles and his contemptible ministry. That most unkingly monarch had sold himself and his people's honour into the hands of France; and though compelled to use the services of his gallant cousin, and his fleet, every base and atrocious artifice was exerted to frustrate their best efforts. Rupert and his seamen were sent forth like Uriah, in the hope that they might perish, and leave Charles to the unopposed enjoyment of his French alliance. The plot was defeated by the gallantry of its destined victims."

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

p. 101. *Another player, called Hughes.*

Margaret, better known as "Peg," Hughes, was one of the earliest female performers on the English stage. According to Downes, she commenced her theatrical career as a member of the king's company after the opening of the Theatre Royal (subsequently Drury Lane) in 1663, when she was the first recorded representative of Desdemona. Early in 1669 she disappears from the stage, presumably to become the mistress of Prince Rupert. In 1676 she again appeared on the boards, this time in the duke's company. For Peg Hughes Prince Rupert bought, in 1683, the fine seat of Sir Nicholas Crispe near Hammersmith. By the prince she had a daughter, named Ruperta, born in 1673, who married Lieut.-General Emanuel Scrope Howe, and died about 1740. According to the burial registers of Lee in Kent, "Mrs. Margaret Hewes from Eltham" was buried there on October 15, 1719. By his will Prince Rupert left both mistress and daughter handsomely provided for. From one of the scandalous "Letters" of Tom Brown, Peg Hughes appears to have wasted over cards and dice the money she received from her royal lover.

p. 106. *The Duke of York took a journey on the other side of London.*

The visit of the Duke of York to York is stated to have taken place when the queen and her court were at Tunbridge. Now this visit of the duke's was in Aug. 1665, at the time the plague was raging in London.

Of this intrigue Sir John Reresby writes in his *Memoirs* (August 5, 1665): "His royal highness [the Duke of York] and his duchess came down to York, where they stayed till September the 23rd. . . . This duchess was Chancellor Hyde's daughter, and she was a very handsome woman, and had a great deal of wit; therefore it was not without reason that Mr. Sydney, the handsomest youth of his time, of the duke's bedchamber, was so much in love with her, as appeared to us all, and the duchess not unkind to him, but very innocently. He

was afterwards banished the court for another reason, as was reported." Sidney was also master of the horse to the duchess. The amour is referred to as a matter of common knowledge by Pepys (November 16, 1665, January 9, 1665–6, and October 15, 1666) and by Anthony à Wood (*Life and Times*, Oxf. Hist. Soc., vol. ii., p. 53). Burnet in his *History* (Oxf. edit., vol. i., p. 318) hints that on the discovery by the duke of her liaison with Sidney the duchess conciliated him by turning Roman Catholic; in conversation he was less guarded (Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, p. 329).

p. 107. *The Duchess of York was one of the highest feeders in England.*

At the time of her death, in 1671, it was commonly reported that she had died "with eating and drinking" (Wood's *Life*, Oxf. Hist. Soc., ii. 219); Aubrey also alludes to her prowess with the tankard ("*Brief*" *Lives*, ed. Clark, ii. 316). She died in fact from cancer of the breast.

p. 107. *A tall creature . . . named Churchill.*

Arabella Churchill, eldest daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, knt., of Wootton Bassett, Wilts, the father of John, first Duke of Marlborough. She was born in March 1648. By the Duke of York she became the mother of (1) Henrietta (1670–1730), who in 1684 married Sir Henry Waldegrave of Chewton, ancestor of the present earls of Waldegrave; (2) James Fitzjames (1671–1734), afterwards the famous Duke of Berwick; (3) Henry Fitzjames (1673–1702), who was created Duke of Albemarle after the revolution of 1688, and had also the title of Grand Prior of France; (4) another daughter who became a nun. After James had tired of her, Arabella married Colonel Charles Godfrey, who became by the influence of the Duke of Marlborough clerk-controller of the green cloth and master of the jewel office in the reigns of William III. and Anne. By him she had two daughters. Mrs. Godfrey died May 4, 1730, aged 82, and was buried on the 10th in

Westminster Abbey. She had thus lived to see "her royal lover die an exile at the court of the French monarch against whom her famous brother was commanding, while her no less famous son, the Duke of Berwick, was serving the same monarch in Spain."

p. 115. *Montagu's elder brother having, very apropos, got himself killed where he had no business.*

The Hon. Edward Montagu was slain in the unsuccessful assault on Dutch ships in the Danish harbour of Bergen on Aug. 1, 1665. According to Boyer he was dismissed from court for the offence he gave to the queen by squeezing her hand. Pepys (May 20, 1664) mentions how Edward Montagu "is turned out of the Court, not [to] return again." "His fault, I perceive, was his pride, and most of all his affecting to seem great with the queen; and it seems indeed had more of her ear than any body else, and would be with her talking alone two or three hours together . . . So he is gone, nobody pitying but laughing at him, and he pretends only that he is gone to his father, that is sick in the country."

p. 118. *The Marchioness de Saint Chaumont, his sister.*

Susan Charlotte de Grammont, the eldest of the chevalier's four step-sisters, married to Henri Mitte de Miolans, Marquis de Saint Chaumont. She has been described as very witty, with a talent for writing prose. She frequented the Hôtel de Rambouillet, where among the *précieuses* she was known as Sinaïde, and she figured prominently at the court of Louis XIV., where she held the office of *gouvernante* to the children of the Duke of Orleans (father of the Regent).

p. 122. *Squire Feraulas*

A character in the Spanish romance of Amadis of Gaul.

p. 128. *The Maréchal de Grammont.*

Antoine III. de Grammont, of whom some account has already been given. Mention should have been made of his eldest son, Arnaud, Comte de Guiche, who, as we have seen, occasionally interfered with his uncle's (the chevalier) love affairs.

The count, who was noted for his good looks, was a singular compound of bravery, presumption, and vice. Born in 1638, he was married at the age of twenty to Marguerite Louise de Béthune, granddaughter to Chancellor Séguier. He was sent into exile on two occasions; in the first instance for having intrigued against the royal favourite La Vallière, and the second time for having courted Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans. When ordered into exile on this occasion, he retired to Holland, and several years elapsed before his uncle, the chevalier, was able to obtain his recall, a favour which his father with all his credit had repeatedly but in vain solicited. He fought bravely in Holland, and at the celebrated passage of the Rhine he was, as Boileau has recorded in verse, the first to ford the river under the eyes of Louis XIV. In Nov. 1673, when but thirty-five years of age, he died at Creuznach, in the Palatinate.

p. 130. *Madame.*

Henrietta, or Henrietta Anne, Duchess of Orleans, born at Exeter June 16, 1644, was the fifth and youngest daughter of Charles I. At the Restoration she came over to England with her mother, but returned to France in about six months and was married (March 30, 1661) to Philippe, Duke of Orleans, only brother of Louis XIV. Her days were passed in the pursuit of the most frivolous amusements. For her husband she felt neither affection nor respect. Her flirtation with Arnaud, comte de Guiche (already married to a daughter of the comte de Sully), led to his exile. She became the chief agent in the degrading negotiations between the English and French courts, and visited England in May 1670 for that ignoble purpose. In her train came Louise de

Quérouaille, whose beauty was designed to captivate Charles and induce him to conclude a treaty by which England was secretly made subservient to France and her king the pensioner of Louis XIV. In another month the duchess was no more. She died at St. Cloud on June 30, 1670, in her twenty-sixth year, poisoned, it was reported at the time, by a dose of sublimate given in a glass of chicory water. Her death may be safely ascribed to natural cause; it probably resulted from an attack of acute peritonitis, brought on by over-fatigue and by a chill, caught from bathing in the river in her already weakened condition. The multitude of panegyrics in prose and verse penned in sorrow for her untimely death led Rochester to declare that "never was any one so regretted since dying was the fashion."

Sir John Reresby, who visited Henrietta Maria's court at the Palais Royal in Nov. 1659, has given in his *Memoirs* a pleasing picture of the young princess, then aged about fifteen. Madame's life is the subject of a fascinating volume by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady).

p. 130. *Vaugirard.*

Vaugirard, now forming one of the south-western districts of Paris, was at that time a small village beyond the city limits.

p. 131. *Vardes.*

René François de Bec-Crespin, Marquis de Vardes, is known for the part which he played at the French court during the younger days of Louis XIV. Daniel de Cosnac in his *Mémoires* calls him "l'homme de France le mieux fait et le plus aimable." He was also conspicuous for his love of gaming and gallantry. Among his mistresses he could number Madame de Roquelaure, Madame de Lesdiguières, and the famous Ninon. A favourite of Louis XIV., who wished him to marry La Vallière, he held for twenty-three years (1656–1678) the honourable post of captain of the Compagnie des Cent Suisses, and the *Gazette de France* describes him marching at their head at the King's wedding, "with his

new uniform covered with gold lace, and his velvet cap decked with velvet plumes." This fine gentleman was of a savage disposition, for he cut off the nose of Dubosc de Montandré, who had lampooned his sister, Madame de Guébriant. At length he fell into disgrace by reason of a plot in which Olympia Mancini, Comtesse de Soissons, was an equal participant. The latter, with Vardes and the Comte de Guiche, forged a letter in Spanish, denouncing Louis XIV.'s amours with La Vallière to the young queen, Maria Theresa. This letter, however, reached the King, and was traced to the culprits, whereupon Guiche was exiled and Vardes, in Dec. 1664, was sent to the Bastille, whence he was transferred to the citadel of Montpellier, but after a short imprisonment was banished to the wilds of Languedoc. At first he sought to relieve the tedium of exile by the pursuit of gallant adventures; latterly he studied alchemy, seeking a means of producing liquid gold. In 1683, after an absence of nineteen years, the king allowed him to return to court and received him kindly. He surprised Versailles by his antique graces. Vardes died in 1688. Madame de Sévigné, who often mentions him in her letters, wrote of him on that occasion: "Il n'y a plus d'homme à la cour bâti sur ce modèle-là." His doings are also chronicled by Dangeau and Saint-Simon.

p. 131. *The great Saucourt.*

Antoine Maximilien de Belleforière, Marquis de Soyecourt (or Saucourt), grand-huntsman and Knight of the Order of the Holy Ghost, was celebrated in the annals of gallantry at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. He had married the daughter of President Longueil de Maisons.

In the works of Benserade (1697, t. ii., p. 307) are some verses celebrating the performance of the Marquis as a devil in a ballet presented at court:

Contre ce fier démon voyez-vous aujourd'hui
Femme qui tienne?
Et toutes cependant sont contentes de lui
Jusqu'à la sienne? . . .

Sous la forme d'un homme il prouve ce qu'il est :
Doux, sociable ;
Sous la forme d'un homme aussi l'on reconnait
Que c'est le diable ;
Le bruit de ses exploits confond les plus hardis
Et les plus mâles :
Les mères sont au guet, les amants interdits,
Les maris pâles.

In other lampoons and MS. scandalous songs of the period known as "Saucourts," to which Hamilton is evidently referring, the Marquis's usual designation occurs as the refrain :

Le pastoureau de Vardes
Et la nymphe Soissons
Souvent se regardent
D'une tendre façon,
En chantant sur leurs fifres,
La nuit et le jour,
Qu'en amour
On est bien piffre
Si l'on ne fait comme le grand Saucourt.

More can be found concerning the great Saucourt and his prowess in love in the *Historiettes* of Tallemant des Réaux and the *Récit des plaisirs de l'île enchantée* in the works of Molière.

p. 131. *Issy.*

Issy lies south-west of Vaugirard, just outside Paris.

p. 131. *The President de Maisons.*

René Longueil de Maisons, President of the Parliament of Paris and of the Court of Aids.

p. 132. *The Duke of Monmouth.*

Illegitimate son of Charles II., by Lucy Walters, alias Barlow, was born April 9, 1649, at Rotterdam, and being

placed, about 1657, under the charge of William, Lord Crofts, was thenceforth known by the surname of Crofts. He was educated at Port Royal, Paris, came over to England at the Restoration in 1660 as "Captain Crofts," and was received with joy by the king, who lavished places and riches on him. He was knighted, and, having assumed the name of Scott (in anticipation of his marriage which took place two months later), was as Sir James Scott created, Feb. 14, 1662–3, Duke of Monmouth. Having married, April 20, 1663, Anne, in her own right Countess of Buccleuch, he and she were created on the wedding day Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. He affected to believe that his mother was married to the king and that he was his rightful successor. In order to exclude his uncle, the Duke of York, from the throne, he was constantly intriguing with the enemies of government. In 1679 he was deprived of all his offices (other than those for life), and ordered to leave the kingdom. Soon after the accession of James II., he landed, June 11, 1685, at Lyme in Dorset, and assumed the title of king. His forces were routed July 5 following at Sedgmoor, and he was captured three days afterwards, when, having been attainted on June 15 of high treason, he was executed July 15, 1685, in his 37th year, on Tower Hill. Though he had six children by his wife he subsequently deserted her for Henrietta Maria, in her own right Baroness Wentworth, to whom he considered himself as lawfully married before God, and who survived him but nine months, dying April 23, 1686, aged about twenty-nine. At the court performance of Crowne's comedy, *Calisto or the Chaste Nymph*, in Dec. 1674, Lady Wentworth acted "Jupiter, in love with Calisto"; while his Grace of Monmouth was one of the "men that danced." Another of his mistresses was the fair Mrs. Middleton's youngest sister, Eleanor, whose four children by him bore the name of Crofts.

"His great beauty, so unlike that of the king his reputed father, makes it more than probable that he was (as often considered) a son of Algernon [or Robert] Sydney, one of a handsome race, noted for gallantry to the fair sex. The duke is also said to have had a mole

on the upper lip which was a characteristic feature of that family."

Evelyn's description of the rebellion and execution of the hapless Monmouth, replete as it is with picturesque and tender touches, may aptly find a place here:

June 14, 1685. "There was now certaine intelligence of the Duke of Monmouth landing at Lyme in Dorsetshire, and of his having set up his standard as King of England. I pray God deliver us from the confusion which these beginnings threaten!"

June 17. "The duke landed with but 150 men, but the whole kingdom was alarm'd, fearing that the disaffected would joyn them, many of the train'd bands flocking to him. At his landing he publish'd a declaration, charging his ma^{ty} with usurpation and several horrid crimes, on pretence of his owne title, and offering to call a free parliament. This declaration was order'd to be burnt by the hangman, the duke proclaim'd a traytor, and a reward of 5000*l.* to any who should kill him."

July 2. "No considerable account of the troops sent against the duke, tho' great forces sent. There was a smart skirmish, but he would not be provok'd to come to an encounter, but still kept in the fastnesses."

July 8. "Came news of Monmouth's utter defeate, and the next day of his being taken by S^{r} W^{m} Portman and Lord Lumley with the militia of their counties. It seemes the horse, commanded by Lord Grey, being newly rais'd and undisciplin'd, were not to be brought in so short a time to endure the fire, which expos'd the foote to the king's, so as when Monmouth had led the foote in greate silence and order, thinking to surprise Lieut^{t} Gen^{l} Lord Feversham newly encamp'd, and given him a smart charge, interchanging both greate and small shot, the horse, breaking their owne ranks, Monmouth gave it over, and fled with Grey, leaving their party to be cut in pieces to the number of 2000. The whole number reported to be above 8000, the king's but 2700. The slaine were most of them *Mendip-miners*, who did greate execution with their tools, and sold their lives very dearely, whilst their leaders flying were pursu'd and taken the next morning, not far from one another.

Monmouth had gone sixteen miles on foote, changing his habite for a poore coate, and was found by Lord Lumley in a dry ditch cover'd with fern-brakes, but without sword, pistol, or any weapon, and so might have pass'd for some countryman, his beard being grown so long and so grey as hardly to be known, had not his George discover'd him, which was found in his pocket. 'Tis said he trembl'd exceedingly all over, not able to speake. Grey was taken not far from him. Most of his party were Anabaptists and poore clothworkers of y^e^ country, no gentlemen of account being come in to him. The archboutfeu Ferguson, Matthews, &c., were not yet found. The 5000*l.* to be given to whoever should bring Monmouth in, was to be distributed among the militia by agreement between S^r^ W^m^ Portman and Lord Lumley. The battail ended, some words, first in jest, then in passion, pass'd between Sherrington Talbot (a worthy gent^n^, son to S^r^ John Talbot, and who had behav'd himselfe very handsomely) and one Capt. Love, both commanders of the militia, as to whose souldiers fought best, both drawing their swords and passing at one another. Sherrington was wounded to death on the spot, to the greate regret of those who knew him. He was Sir John's only son."

July 15. "Monmouth this day was brought to London and examin'd before the king, to whom he made great submission, acknowledged his seduction by Ferguson the Scot, whom he nam'd y^e^ bloudy villain. He was sent to y^e^ Tower, had an interview with his late dutchesse, whom he receiv'd coldly, having lived dishonestly with y^e^ Lady Henrietta Wentworth for two yeares. He obstinately asserted his conversation with that debauch'd woman to be no sin, whereupon, seeing he could not be persuaded to his last breath, the divines who were sent to assist him thought not fit to administer the Holy Communion to him. For y^e^ rest of his faults he profess'd greate sorrow, and so died without any apparent feare; he would not make use of a cap or other circumstance, but lying downe, bid the fellow do his office better than to the late Lord Russell, and gave him gold; but the wretch made five chopps before he had his head

off; w^ch so incens'd the people, that had he not been guarded and got away, they would have torn him to pieces.

"The duke made no speech on the scaffold (w^ch was on Tower Hill), but gave a paper containing not above five or six lines, for the king, in which he disclaims all title to y^e crown, acknowledges that the late king, his father, had indeede told him he was but his base sonn, and so desir'd his ma^ty to be kind to his wife and children. This relation I had from Dr. Tenison (rector of St. Martin's), who, with the Bishops of Ely and Bath and Wells, were sent to him by his ma^ty, and were at the execution.

"Thus ended the quondam duke, darling of his father and y^e ladies, being extreamly handsome and adroit; an excellent souldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature, debauched by lust, seduc'd by crafty knaves who would have set him up only to make a property, and took the opportunity of the king being of another religion, to gather a party of discontented men. He fail'd and perish'd.

"He was a lovely person, had a virtuous and excellent lady that brought him great riches, and a second dukedom in Scotland. He was master of the horse, general of the king his father's army, gentleman of the bedchamber, knight of the garter, chancellor of Cambridge, in a word, had accumulations without end. See what ambition and want of principles brought him to! He was beheaded on Tuesday, July 14. His mother, whose name was Barlow, daughter of some very meane creatures, was a beautiful strumpet, whom I had often seene at l'aris; she died miserably without any thing to bury her; yet this Perkin had been made to believe that the king had married her; a monstrous and ridiculous forgerie; and to satisfy the world of the iniquity of the report, the king his father (if his father he really was, for he most resembl'd one Sydney, who was familiar with his mother) publickly and most solemnly renounc'd it, to be so enter'd in the council booke some yeares since, with all the privy councellors attestation."

p. 134. *An heiress of five thousand pounds a year in Scotland.*

This was Anne Scott, in her own right Countess of Buccleuch, daughter and sole heiress of Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch. She was born Feb. 11, 1651, at Dundee, and married, as already stated, James, Duke of Monmouth, they being created on the day of the marriage (April 20, 1663) Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. After her husband's execution she married again (as his second wife), in May 1688, Charles, third Baron Cornwallis. The duchess, whose fortune was much greater than our author has stated it to have been, resided at Dalkeith House in a style of princely splendour, and died Feb. 6, 1732, in her eighty-first year. Evelyn says of her: "She is one of the wisest and craftiest of her sex, and has much wit."

Dryden dedicated his play of *The Indian Emperor* to the Duchess of Monmouth, whose patronage first established Dryden's popularity, and she took part in the performance when it was acted at court, Jan. 13, 1668. Pepys mentions with praise the acting of the duchess and of "Mrs. Cornwallis," that is Henrietta Maria Cornwallis, whose brother Charles became afterwards the duchess's second husband.

p. 135. *Killegrew.*

Thomas Killigrew, the well-known wit and dramatist, son of Sir Robert Killigrew, was born in London Feb. 7, 1611–12. He was appointed in 1633 page to Charles I. In 1651 he was sent to Venice, as resident at that state, although, says Lord Clarendon, "the king was much dissuaded from it, but afterwards his majesty was prevailed upon, only to gratify him, that in that capacity he might borrow money of English merchants for his own subsistence; which he did, and nothing to the honour of his master; but was at last compelled to leave the republic for his vicious behaviour; of which the Venetian ambassador complained to the king, when he came afterwards to Paris." On his return from Venice, Sir John Denham wrote a copy of verses, in which he unmercifully

ridiculed the foibles of his friend Killigrew, who, from his account, was as little sensible to the miseries of exile as his royal master. At the Restoration he became groom of the bedchamber to Charles II., and subsequently chamberlain to the queen. His wit, convivial habits, and easy morals had rendered him highly acceptable to the king during his exile in Paris. As a signal proof of his favour Charles granted, in August 1660, patents to Killigrew and Sir William D'Avenant to "erect two new play-houses in London, Westminster, or the suburbs thereof, to raise two new companies of players, and to license their own plays." On the death of Sir Henry Herbert, 1673, Killigrew succeeded him as Master of the Revels. He died at Whitehall on March 19, 1682–3, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Pepys calls him "a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with the king," and says that he "told us many merry stories" (May 24, 1660). He also relates (Oct. 30, 1662), (on the authority of Sir John Mennes) "Thos. Killigrew's way of getting to see plays when he was a boy. He would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys, 'Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?' then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays." He also says in his Diary, Dec. 8, 1666: "Mr. Pierce did tell me as a great truth, as being told by Mr. Cowley [Abraham Cowley, the poet], who was by and heard it, that Tom Killigrew should publicly tell the king that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there is a way to help all, which is, says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man that I could name, that if your majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stewart, who now spends his time in employing his lips . . . about the court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.'" Again, Feb. 12, 1666–7: "Tom Killigrew tells me how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever come upon

the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a year more. That the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now wax candles, and many of them; then not above 3lbs of tallow: now all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear-garden; then two or three fiddlers, now nine or ten of the best; then nothing but rushes upon the ground, and everything else mean; and now all otherwise; then the queen seldom, and the king never, would come; now, not the king only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. He tells me that he hath gone several times (eight or ten times, he tells me) hence to Rome, to hear good music; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late king's time, and in this, to introduce good music, but he never could do it, there never having been any music here better than ballads. Nay, says 'Hermitt poore' and 'Chevy Chese' was all the music we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several courts in Christendom, to come to make a concert for the king, which he do give £200 a year apiece to; but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous gundilows, he having got the king to put them away, and lay out money this way; and indeed I do commend him for it; for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have some times of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres, since he is defeated in what he intended in Moorfields on purpose for it; and he tells me plainly that the city audience was as good as the court; but now they are most gone."

Pepys (Feb. 17, 1668–9) writes: "To White Hall . . . here I did meet with several and talked, and do hear only that the king dining yesterday at the Dutch Embassador's, after dinner they drank, and were pretty merry; and, among the rest of the king's company, there was that worthy fellow my lord of Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and raillery offended the former so much, that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear in the

king's presence, which do much give offence to the people here at court, to see how cheap the king makes himself, and the more, for that the king hath not only passed by the thing, and pardoned it to Rochester already, but this very morning the king did publickly walk up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the king's everlasting shame, to have so idle a rogue his companion. [It may be observed that Rochester was not yet twenty-one years old, whilst Charles was thirty-eight.] How Tom Killigrew takes it, I do not hear."

Killigrew was officially recognized as the king's jester, and he was the last to hold that office. Pepys was told on Feb. 13, 1667–8 that "Tom Killigrew hath a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells under the title of the king's jester, and may revile or geere anybody, the greatest person without offence, by the privilege of his place." "He certainly," writes his latest biographer, "appears to have treated his royal master with remarkable freedom. He told Charles on one occasion that he was going 'to hell to fetch back Oliver Cromwell, that he may take some care of the affairs of England, for his successor takes none at all.' He is said to have won a wager of £100 from the Duke of Lauderdale, who was deploring Charles's continued absence from the council-table, by persuading the king to repair thither immediately. According to Pepys, when Charles spoke of the Duke of York as Tom Otter, a hen-pecked husband in Ben Jonson's 'Epicœne,' Killigrew remarked to him, 'Sir, pray which is the best for a man to be, a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?' a reference to the king's relations with Lady Castlemaine. Nor, it is said somewhat apocryphally, did he treat Louis XIV. more ceremoniously. When Louis showed him at Paris a picture of the crucifixion hanging between portraits of himself and the pope, Killigrew is alleged to have remarked: 'Though I have often heard that our Saviour was hung between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were till now.'" (Article on Thomas Killigrew, by Mr. Joseph Knight, in *Dictionary of National Biography*.) His eleven plays brought him less fame than his brilliant conversational powers. As Denham observed:

"Had Cowley nc'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ,
Combin'd in one, they'd made a matchless wit."

p. 136. *The imprudent Killegrew.*

The Killigrew referred to was not Thomas Killigrew, the wit and king's jester, but Henry Killigrew, his equally witty and equally licentious son. Pepys (May 19, 1669) describes the attack at some length: "Here the news was first talked of Harry Killigrew's being wounded in nine places last night by footmen, in the highway, going from the Park in a hackney-coach towards Hammersmith, to his house at Turnham Green, they being supposed to be my Lady Shrewsbury's men, she being by in her coach with six horses, upon an old grudge of his saying openly that he had lain with her. . . . In discourse this afternoon, the Duke of York did tell me that he was the most amazed at one thing just now, that ever he was in his life, which was, that the Duke of Buckingham did just now come into the queen's bedchamber, where the king was, and much mixed company, and among others, Tom Killigrew, the father of Harry, who was last night wounded so as to be in danger of death, and his man is quite dead; and [Buckingham] there in discourse did say that he had spoke with some one that was by (which all the world must know that it must be his whore, my Lady Shrewsbury), who says that they did not mean to hurt, but beat him, and that he did run first at them with his sword; so that he do hereby clearly discover that he knows who did it, and is of conspiracy with them, being of known conspiracy with her, which the Duke of York did seem to be pleased with, and said it might, perhaps, cost him his life in the House of Lords; and I find was mightily pleased with it, saying it was the most impudent thing, as well as the most foolish, that ever he knew man do in all his life." We have said he was a wit. "This makes me remember a story," says Higgins, "of the famous Harry Killigrew, who had much more wit than came to one man's share. This gentleman being asked what relation he had to lying Killigrew, pleasantly replied, 'Sir, there is no distinction in our family, we are all liars;

my father was a liar, my uncles were liars, my brothers were liars, and I myself am a very great liar; but I suppose you mean my cousin Will, who never spoke one word of truth.'"

Henry ("Harry") Killigrew, called "young" to distinguish him from his uncle of the same names, born April 9, 1637, was son of Thomas Killigrew, the dramatist and king's jester, by his first wife, Cecilia, daughter of Sir John Crofts, and maid of honour to Queen Henrietta Maria. He was groom of the bedchamber to the Duke of York (1656), then to the king (1662), again to the duke (1666), and again to the king (1669). In 1694 he held his father's place of Master of the Revels. He was buried at St. Martin in the Fields, Dec. 16, 1705.

He was a perfect terror to Pepys, who writes (Sept. 1, 1666): "Sir W. Pen and my wife and Mercer and I went to 'Polichinell,' but were there horribly frighted to see Young Killigrew come in with a great many more young sparks; but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us. By and by they went away, and then we were at rest again." Again (May 30, 1668), "Over to Fox Hall, and there fell into the company of Harry Killigrew, a rogue newly come back out of France, but still in disgrace at our court, and young Newport and others, as very rogues as any in the town, who were ready to take hold of every woman that came by them. And so to supper in an arbour: but, Lord! their mad bawdy talk did make my heart ake! And here I first understood by their talk the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers [for further information the reader is referred to the 1893–99 edition of our diarist, vol. viii., p. 34]. But, Lord! what loose cursed company was this, that I was in to-night, though full of wit; and worth a man's being in for once, to know the nature of it, and their manner of talk and lives."

Harry Killigrew appears to have been continually in trouble, for he was banished the court in Oct. 1666 "for saying that my Lady Castlemayne was a little lecherous girle when she was young" (Pepys's *Diary*, edit. Wheatley, vol. vi., p. 33), and was beaten by the Duke of Buckingham in 1667 as Pepys chronicles.

Pepys, on May 30, 1668, mentions that he had newly come back from France, but in Oct. of the same year he was in Paris again, for Charles II. wrote to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, on Oct. 17, respecting him:

"For Harry Killigrew, you may see him as you please, and though I cannot commende my Lady Shrewsbury's conduct in many things, yett Mr. Killigrew's carriage towards her has been worse than I will repeate, and for his *demelé* with my Lord of Buckingham he ought not to brag of, for it was in all sorts most abominable. I am glad the poor wrech has gott a meanes of subsistence, but have one caution of him, that you beleeve not one word he sayes of us heere, for he is a most notorious lyar and does not want witt to sett forth his storyes plesantly enough." (Julia Cartwright's *Madame*, 1894, pp. 273, 274.)

p. 137. *The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury remained for a long period both happy and contented.*

The duel in which the Earl of Shrewsbury was killed by the Duke of Buckingham happened March 16, 1667. One result of the happiness and contentment, which is here stated to have existed between this refined couple, is recorded in the burial register of Westminster Abbey, under date March 12, 1670–1:

"A young male child was laid in the Duke of Buckingham's vault, being related to that family." The following passage in a letter from Andrew Marvell, dated August 9, 1671, sufficiently identifies him: "Buckingham runs out of all with the Lady Shrewsbury, by whom he believes he had a son, to whom the king stood godfather; it died young Earl of Coventry, and was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers." (*Works of Andrew Marvell*, edit. 1776, i. 407.) Of course he was not Earl of Coventry, as the legitimate Duchess of Buckingham was then living.

p. 138. *The Duchess of Buckingham.*

Mary, Duchess of Buckingham, born July 30, 1638, was the only daughter of Thomas, third Baron Fairfax of

Cameron, the celebrated parliamentary general, by Anne, daughter of Horatio, Lord Vere of Tilbury. Her father's forfeited estates were granted to the Duke of Buckingham, whose wife she had become on Sept. 12, 1657. She survived her unworthy husband many years, dying Oct. 20, 1704, in her sixty-seventh year. Brian Fairfax, in his *Life of the Duke of Buckingham* (1758), says that she was "a most virtuous and pious lady, in a vicious age and court. If she had any of the vanities, she had certainly none of the vices of it. The duke and she lived lovingly and decently together; she patiently bearing with those faults in him which she could not remedy." In the *Memoirs of the English Court*, by Madame Dunois, p. 11, it is said: "The Duchess of Buckingham has merit and virtue; she is brown and lean, but had she been the most beautiful and charming of her sex, the being his wife would have been sufficient alone to have inspired him with a dislike. Notwithstanding she knew he was always intriguing, yet she never spoke of it, and had complaisance enough to entertain his mistresses, and even to lodge them in her house; all which she suffered because she loved him." In a manuscript note in Oldys's copy of Langbaine (in the British Museum) we are told "that the old Lady Viscountess de Longueville, grandmother to the Earl of Sussex, who died in 1763, aged near 100, used to tell many little anecdotes of Charles II.'s queen, whom she described as a little ungraceful woman, so short-legged, that when she stood upon her feet, you would have thought she was on her knees; and yet so long-waisted, that when she sat down she appeared a well-sized woman. She also described the Duchess of Buckingham, to whom she was related, as much such another in person as the queen; a little round crumpled woman, very fond of finery. She remembered paying her a visit when she (the duchess) was in mourning, at which time she found her lying on a sofa, with a kind of loose robe over her, all edged or laced with gold."

p. 139. *The ring which Archbishop Turpin wore on his finger.*

An allusion to an anecdote to be found in the history of Charlemagne and Roland, a romance of chivalry ascribed to Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims. It was printed at Paris in 1527 with the title, "Cronique et histoire faicte et composee par reuerend pere en dieu Turpin, archevesque de Reims, lung des pairs de frãce," etc.

p. 139. *It would be advisable for her to try the warm baths at Bristol.*

It was to Bath, not Bristol, that the court went. Pepys notes (Aug. 26, 1663): "To Whitehall, where the court full of waggons and horses, the King and Court going this day out towards Bath." But from Barrett's *History of Bristol* (p. 692) we learn that while staying at Bath the king and queen, with the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince Rupert, visited Bristol, Sept. 5, 1663, and were sumptuously entertained by the mayor: "150 pieces of ordnance were discharged in the Marsh, at three distinct times." "The king and queen left Bath on the 22nd" (Sept.), writes William Godolphin; "dined at Badmington with Lord Herbert, who met them with the gentry of the county" (*Cal. State Papers*, Dom., Sept. 28, 1663).

p. 142. *Grammont had been engaged in a horse race.*

The brilliant chevalier had no eye for a good horse, if we can believe Algernon Sydney.—"He's such a proud ass that he neither knows what's good and won't believe any one else." (See, also, Algernon Sydney's *Letters to Henry Saville*, ed. 1742.)

p. 146. *Campaign in Guinea.*

This abortive expedition is again alluded to at p. 161. Owing to the disputes of the Royal African Company with the Dutch, it was determined, in Aug. 1664, that a fleet should be sent under the command of Prince Rupert

(himself a patentee of the Company) to the African coast to oppose a Dutch fleet under De Ruyter which was expected there ; but, in spite of the prince's eagerness to go, the fleet was never dispatched.

p. 147. *The old Lord Carlingford.*

Theobald Taaffe, the second Viscount Taaffe, was born about 1603, and was created Earl of Carlingford, in the county of Louth, June 26, 1661. He died December 31, 1677.

p. 149. *That mad fellow Crofts.*

William Crofts, Lord Crofts of Saxham, born about 1611, was the eldest son of Sir Henry Crofts of Saxham Parva, Suffolk, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Wortley, of Wortley, Yorkshire. By 1630 he was in the service of Queen Henrietta Maria, and before the outbreak of the Civil War he had become captain of her Majesty's guards. In 1642 the House of Commons demanded his removal from court as "a person of evil fame, and disaffected to the public peace and prosperity of the kingdom." He was appointed gentleman of the bedchamber to the king in April 1652. At that time Charles was said to be "wholly governed by Lord Wilmot, Mr. Crofts, and Mr. Coventry," who were described as his "chief counsellors." According to Clarendon, Crofts in 1654 endeavoured to "promote a marriage between Charles and the Duchesse de Chastillon, to whom he was himself attached" ; but the maréchal de Grammont gives a "more scandalous turn to the story" (Gramomnt, *Mémoires*, edit. 1889, ii., 16). Crofts was created Baron Crofts of Saxham, May 18, 1658. In the same year he was entrusted with the care of Charles's illegitimate son, James, the future Duke of Monmouth, and seems for a time to have passed as the kinsman of the youth, for he brought him to England under the name of "Captain Crofts." After the Restoration Crofts was sent on various diplomatic missions. In April 1662 he sailed with Lord Sandwich to fetch Catherine of Braganza from Portugal. The account given by Pepys

of his fright during a storm on that occasion is very comical. In 1668 he entertained Charles at Saxham, when the king, Sir Charles Sedley, and other choice spirits got exceedingly drunk. There must have been another royal visit to Saxham in April 1670, upon which occasion Charles not only went to church, but commanded the sermon he heard (by George Seignior, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge) to be printed. Crofts died without issue Sept. 11, 1677, when the peerage became extinct.

p. 151. *She saw young Churchill.*

John Churchill, aftewards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, was born at Ashe in Devonshire on June 24, 1650. He began his career as a page in the service of the Duke of York. The beauty of his person and the charm of his manner helped his promotion. In June 1672 he became captain in a foot regiment, and in that year served under Monmouth in Flanders. At the siege of Nimeguen the great Turenne noticed him for his bravery, called him "le bel Anglais," and won a wager that Churchill would "recover a post with half the number of men who had failed to defend it." At the siege of Maestricht, in June 1673, he was one of a dozen volunteers who supported Monmouth in a desperate and successful assault. Monmouth presented him to Charles II., saying, "I owe my life to his bravery." Churchill's subsequent brilliant achievements on the battlefield form part of the history of England. He died June 16, 1722, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

It is generally supposed that Churchill had been sent to Tangier on account of the king's discovery of his amour with the Duchess of Cleveland. Bishop Burnet notices the intrigue as early as 1668: "The Duchess of Cleveland, finding that she had lost the king, abandoned herself to great disorders: one of which, by the artifice of the Duke of Buckingham, was discovered by the king in person, the party concerned leaping out of the window." When Charles caught the Duchess of Cleve-

land in John Churchill's arms, he only showed his resentment by saying to the young man that, as he had become her lover to escape from starving, he forgave him (Forneron's *Louise de Kéroualle*, ch. I.). The daughter to which the duchess gave birth on July 16, 1672, was believed to have been by Churchill. Mrs. Manley records in the infamous *New Atalantis* the anecdote that the duchess gave her lover £5000, of which he invested £4500 in an annuity upon Lord Halifax's estate. The same writer, who had lived as companion to the Duchess of Cleveland, says, in the account of her own life, that she was an eye-witness when Churchill refused the common civility of lending her twenty guineas at basset (*The History of Rivella*, 4th edit., 1725, p. 33). This assertion is repeated in Pope's *Sober Advice from Horace*. Lord Chesterfield's brilliant character of Marlborough cannot well be omitted.

"Of all the men that ever I knew in my life (and I knew him extremely well), the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them; and indeed he got the most by them; for I will venture (contrary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes to great events) to ascribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's greatness and riches to those graces. He was eminently illiterate, wrote bad English, and spelled it still worse. He had no share of what is commonly called *parts;* that is, he had no brightness, nothing shining in his genius. He had, most undoubtedly, an excellent good plain understanding, with sound judgment. But these alone would probably have raised him but something higher than they found him, which was page to King James II.'s queen. There the graces protected and promoted him; for while he was an ensign of the guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles II., struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds; with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a year, of my grandfather, Halifax; which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His figure was

beautiful; but his manner was irresistible by either man or woman. It was by this engaging, graceful manner that he was enabled, during all his wars, to connect the various and jarring powers of the grand alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrong-headedness. Whatever court he went to (and he was often obliged to go himself to some resty and refractory ones), he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures. The pensionary Heinsius, a venerable old minister, grown grey in business, and who had governed the republic of the United Provinces for more than forty years, was absolutely governed by the Duke of Marlborough, as that republic feels to this day. He was always cool; and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance. He could refuse more gracefully than other people could grant; and those who went away from him the most dissatisfied, as to the substance of their business, were yet personally charmed with him, and, in some degree, comforted by his manner. With all his gracefulness, no man living was more conscious of his situation or maintained his dignity better."

p. 152. *Nell Gwyn, the actress.*

Eleanor Gwyn, the least despicable of Charles II.'s mistresses, was daughter of Thomas and Eleanor Gwyn, and was born Feb. 2, 1650–1. Her birthplace is variously given as the Coal Yard, Drury Lane, Hereford, and Oxford. Her father is said to have died in a prison at Oxford; while her mother, "being in drink, was drowned in a ditch near Westminster," and was buried July 30, 1679, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. She herself, after selling fish about the streets, singing in taverns, waiting on customers in brothels, and attending the theatre in the capacity of an orange-girl, made her first appearance on the stage at the king's theatre (subsequently Drury Lane) in 1665. About 1666 she became mistress to Charles Hart (whom she called her Charles the First) and John Lacy, the actors; soon afterwards to Charles Sackville, styled Lord Buckhurst (who in 1677 became

sixth Earl of Dorset); and finally, about 1669, to Charles II. (her Charles the Third) who, it is said, intended to have created her Countess of Greenwich, thus placing her among the "honourable women deservedly raised to high titles of honour." Her good nature, generosity, and frankness made her popular with the rabble; but there is no truth in the assertion that she suggested to the king the erection of Chelsea Hospital. On his death-bed Charles entreated his brother and successor not to let "poor Nelly starve." By the king she had two sons. She died of apoplexy at her house in Pall Mall, aged 37, on Nov. 14, 1687, and was buried on the 17th in St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Her end was pious.

Nell Gwyn's life has been attractively written by Peter Cunningham.

Bishop Burnet is inclined to be severe on her: "Gwyn, the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court, continued, to the end of the king's life, in great favour, and was maintained at a vast expense. The Duke of Buckingham told me, that when she was first brought to the king, she asked only 500 pounds a year, and the king refused it. But when he told me this, about four years after, he said she had got of the king above sixty thousand pounds. She acted all persons in so lively a manner, and was such a constant diversion to the king, that even a new mistress could not drive her away; but, after all, he never treated her with the decencies of a mistress." The same writer notices the king's remembrance of her on his death-bed. Colley Cibber, who was dissatisfied with the bishop's strictures on Nell, says: "If we consider her in all the disadvantages of her rank and education, she does not appear to have had any criminal errors, more remarkable than her sex's frailty, to answer for; and if the same author, in his latter end of that prince's life, seems to reproach his memory with too kind a concern for her support, we may allow it becomes a bishop to have had no eyes or taste for the frivolous charms or playful badinage of a king's mistress. Yet, if the common fame of her may be believed, which, in my memory, was not doubted,

she had less to be laid to her charge than any other of those ladies who were in the same state of preferment: she never meddled in matters of serious moment, or was the tool of working politicians; never broke into those amorous infidelities which others, in that grave author, are accused of; but was as visibly distinguished by her particular personal inclination to the king, as her rivals were by their titles and grandeur."

The respectable Evelyn, who, like good Dr. Burnet, was much shocked at the king's easy manner with his mistresses, thus notices her in his *Diary*, March 1, 1671: —"I walked with the king through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between him [the king] and Mrs. Nelly, as they call an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and he [the king] standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene."

A lively description of constant bickerings between the rival mistresses, Nell Gwyn and the Duchess of Portsmouth, which must have fully occupied Charles's last years, has been left by Madame Sévigné: "Mademoiselle de K——— (Kéroualle, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth) has not been disappointed in anything she proposed. She desired to be mistress to the king, and she is so: he lodges with her almost every night, in the face of all the court: she has had a son, who has been acknowledged, and presented with two duchies: she amasses treasure, and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee that she should find a young actress in her way, whom the king dotes on; and she has it not in her power to withdraw him from her. He divides his care, his time, and his health, between these two. The actress is as haughty as Mademoiselle: she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her, she frequently steals the king from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour: she sings, she dances, she acts her part with a good grace. She has a son by the king, and hopes to have him acknowledged. As to Mademoiselle,

she reasons thus: This duchess, says she, pretends to be a person of quality: she says she is related to the best families in France: whenever any person of distinction dies, she puts herself into mourning. If she be a lady of such quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtesan? She ought to die with shame. As for me, it is my profession: I do not pretend to be anything better. He has a son by me: I contend that he ought to acknowledge him; and I am well assured he will; for he loves me as well as Mademoiselle. This creature gets the upper hand, and discountenances and embarrasses the duchess extremely" (Letter dated Sept. 11, 1675).

There is yet another story illustrative of Madame Sévigné's letter. The news of the Cham of Tartary's death reached England at the same time with the news of the death of a prince of the blood in France. The duchess appeared at court in mourning—so did Nelly. The latter was asked in the hearing of the duchess, for whom *she* appeared in mourning. "Oh!" said Nell, "have you not heard of my loss in the death of the Cham of Tartary?" "And what relation," replied her friend, "was the Cham of Tartary to you?" "Oh," answered Nelly, "exactly the same relation that the Prince de Rohan was to Mlle. Quérouaille."

"Before her acquaintance with the king she is by some said to have been mistress to a brother of Lady Castlemaine, who studiously concealed her from Charles. One day, however, in spite of his caution, his Majesty saw her, and that very night possessed her. Her lover carried her to the play, at a time when he had not the least suspicion of his Majesty's being there; but as that monarch had an aversion to his robes of royalty, and was incumbered with the dignity of his state, he chose frequently to throw off the load of kingship, and consider himself as a private gentleman. Upon this occasion he came to the play *incog.*, and sat in the next box to Nelly and her lover. As soon as the play was finished, his Majesty, with the Duke of York, the young nobleman, and Nell, retired to a tavern together, where they regaled themselves over a bottle; and the king shewed such civilities to Nell, that she began to understand the

meaning of his gallantry. The tavern keeper was entirely ignorant of the quality of the company; and it was remarkable, that when the reckoning came to be paid, his Majesty, upon searching his pockets, found that he had not money enough about him to discharge it, and asked the sum of his brother, who was in the same situation: upon which Nell observed, that she had got into the poorest company that she ever was in at a tavern. The reckoning was paid by the young nobleman, who that night lost both his money and mistress."

Of her manner in diverting the king, Cibber has preserved a story from the relation of Bowman, the actor, who lived to a green old age. "Bowman, when a youth and famous for his voice, was appointed to sing some part in a concert, at the private lodgings of Mrs. Gwynn: at which were only present the king, the Duke of York, and one or two more, who were usually admitted upon those detached parties of pleasure. When the performance was ended, the king expressed himself highly pleased, and gave it extraordinary commendations: 'Then, Sir,' said the lady, 'to shew you don't speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present.' The king said he had no money about him, and asked the duke if he had any? To which the duke replied, 'I believe, Sir, not above a guinea or two.' Upon which the laughing lady, turning to the people about her, and drolly mimicking the king's tone and common expression, cried, 'Odds fish, what company am I got into!'"

"A well-known goldsmith of the early part of the eighteenth century was often heard to relate a striking instance which he himself remembered of Nelly's popularity. His master, when he was an apprentice, had made a most expensive service of plate as a present from the king to the Duchess of Portsmouth. A large concourse of people gathered round the goldsmith's shop, and loudly hooted at the duchess, wishing the silver was melted and poured down her throat, and saying that it was a thousand pities his Majesty had not bestowed this bounty on Madam Ellen."

"Nelly was one day passing through the streets of

Oxford, in her coach, when the mob mistaking her for her rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth, commenced hooting and loading her with every opprobrious epithet. Putting her head out of the coach window, 'Good people,' she said, smiling, 'you are mistaken; I am the Protestant whore.'"

"'Oh Nell,' said Charles to her one day, 'what shall I do to please the people of England? I am torn to pieces by their clamours.' 'If it please your Majesty,' she answered, 'there is but one way left.' 'What is that?' said the king. 'Dismiss your ladies, may it please your Majesty, and mind your business.'"

"Nelly took her own way to procure the advancement of her young son to the same rank which had been conferred by Charles on his other natural children. The king happened to be in her apartments, when the boy was engaged in some childish sport. 'Come hither, you little bastard!' was the free-spoken summons. Charles, to whose ears the term sounded somewhat harsh, blamed her, in his good-natured way, for the expression. 'Indeed,' she said, demurely, 'I am very sorry, but I have no other name to give him, poor boy!' A few days afterwards [Dec. 27, 1676], this nameless young gentleman was created Baron of Headington and Earl of Burford." There is, however, a different version of this story, according to which, Nelly threatened to throw the boy out of window, just as the king was entering the garden, unless a peerage was forthwith found for him, whereupon Charles exclaimed, "God save the Earl of Burford!"

"One day she was driving in her coach to Whitehall, when a dispute arose between her coachman and another who was driving a countess, who in the midst of the discussion told his rival, that he himself drove a countess, whilst his lady was neither more nor less than a whore. The indignant Jehu jumped from his seat, and administered to the offender a severe beating. When Nell learnt from him the cause of the quarrel, she told him to 'go to, and never to risk his carcase again but in defence of truth.'"

"Once as she was driving up Ludgate Hill in a superb

coach, some bailiffs were hurrying a clergyman to prison; she stopped, sent for the persons whom the clergyman named as attestators to his character, and finding the account a just subject for pity, paid his debt instantly, and procured him a preferment."

"Before Nelly became the mistress of Charles II., she was under the protection of two others of the name of Charles. She accordingly used to speak of him as *her* Charles III. Etherege says,

'When he was dumpish, she would still be jocund,
And chuck the royal chin of Charles the Second.'"

"The house in which Nell Gwynn lived was a freehold, and granted to her by a long lease by Charles II. Upon her discovering it to be only a lease under the Crown, she returned him the lease and conveyance, saying she had always *conveyed free* under the Crown, and always would; and would not accept it till it was conveyed free to her by an act of parliament, made on and for that purpose. Upon Nelly's death it was sold, and has been conveyed free ever since."

According to Curll, Nelly captivated Charles II. when she spoke the comic epilogue (written purposely for her) to Dryden's tragedy *Tyrannic Love* in the winter of 1668–9, but the connection must have begun somewhat earlier, as Pepys on Jan. 11, 1667–8, writes: "The king did send several times for Nelly, and she was with him." Nelly was highly favoured by Dryden. For many years he gave her the best parts in his comedies. In 1670 she was deputed by Dryden to speak the prologue to the first part of *Almanzor and Almahide* "in a broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt." The reason for this piece of foolery is given in Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus* (edit. Waldron, 1789) as follows:—"At the Duke's theatre Nokes appeared in a hat larger than Pistol's, which took the town wonderful, and supported a bad play by its fine effect. Dryden, piqued at this, caused a hat to be made the circumference of a timber coach-wheel, and as Nelly was low of stature, and what the French call *mignonne* or *piquante*, he made her speak under the umbrella of that hat, the brims thereof being

spread out horizontally to their full extension. The whole theatre was in a convulsion of applause ; nay, the very actors giggled, a circumstance none had observed before. Judge, therefore, what a condition the merriest prince alive was in at such a conjuncture. 'Twas beyond 'odso' and 'ods fish,' for he wanted little of being suffocated with laughter."

Pepys mentions her as early as April 3, 1665, when he styles her "pretty, witty Nell." In his *Diary*, March 2, 1666–7, he says: "After dinner with my wife to the king's house to see 'The Maiden Queen,' a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit: and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The king and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her." And again, May 1, 1667: "To Westminster; in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them ; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings' door in Drury-lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one : she seemed a mighty pretty creature."

Oct. 26, 1667.—"Mrs. Pierce tells me that the two Marshalls at the king's house are Stephen Marshall's the great Presbyterian's daughters: and that Nelly and Beck Marshall falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's whore. Nell answered then, 'I was but one man's whore, though I was brought up in a bawdy-house to fill strong waters to the guests : and you are a whore to three or four, though a presbyter's praying daughter!' which was very pretty." It has, however, been conclusively shown that the actresses referred to could not have been the daughters of Stephen Marshall.

p. 153. *The Miss Davis's.*

Pepys (May 31, 1668, Lord's day) writes: "Here I hear that Mrs. Davis is quite gone from the Duke of York's house, and Gosnell comes in her room, which I am glad of. At the play at Court the other night, Mrs. Davis was there; and when she was come to dance her jigg, the Queene would not stay to see it, which people do think it was out of displeasure at her being the King's whore, that she could not bear it."

Mary ("Moll") Davis, or Davies, belonged to the Duke's playhouse (Lincoln's Inn Fields), and was one of the four actresses who boarded with Sir William Davenant, in virtue of the patent granted him by Charles II., Aug. 21, 1660. According to Pepys (Jan. 14, 1667–8) she was an illegitimate daughter of Colonel Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire. There is, however, a tradition still lingering among the cottages surrounding the old Jacobean mansion of the Howards at Charlton in Wiltshire, that she was the daughter of a blacksmith and was at one time a milkmaid. She captivated the king by the charming manner in which she sang a ballad beginning, "My lodging it is on the cold ground," when acting Celania, a shepherdess mad for love, in *The Rivals*, a play altered by Davenant from *The Two Noble Kinsmen* of Fletcher. This was in 1668.

Downes, speaking of the performance says: "All the women's parts admirably acted, chiefly Celania, a shepherdess, being mad for love, especially in singing several wild and mad songs, 'My lodgings it [*sic*] is on the cold ground,' etc. She performed that so charmingly that not long after it raised her from her bed on the cold ground to a bed royal" (*Roscius Anglicanus*, edit. 1708, pp. 23–4). Moll Davis was also a fine dancer (cf. Hawkins' *History of Music*, vol. iv., p. 525, where the ballad alluded to will be found). Her doings are quaintly chronicled by Pepys. He states, March 7, 1666–7, that at the Duke's theatre "little Miss Davis did dance a jigg after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play, so that it come in by force only to

please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and the truth is there is no comparison between Nell's [Nell Gwyn's] dancing the other day at the King's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other."

On Aug. 5, 1667, he saw Shirley's "Love Tricks," and says that "Miss Davis dancing in a shepherd's clothes did please us mightily." On Jan. 11, 1667–8 he says: "Knipp came and sat by us. . . . She tells me how Miss Davis is for certain going away from the duke's houses, the king being in love with her, and a house is taken for her and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already worth £600."

Not unnaturally Mrs. Pepys thought her (Jan. 14, 1667–8) "the most impertinent slut in the world"; and on the same day quoted the opinion of the respectable Mrs. Pierce, that "she is a most homely jade as ever she saw, though she dances beyond anything in the world."

Her last appearance on the stage is chronicled May 31, 1668: "I hear that Mrs. Davis is quite gone from the Duke of York's house, and Gosnell comes in her room." She had danced one of her favourite "jiggs" at a performance at court a few nights previously, when the queen, it was supposed through displeasure, "would not stay to see it."

On Feb. 15, 1668–9, she was living in Suffolk Street, Haymarket, and was the possessor of "a mighty pretty fine coach." "The king, it seems," writes our indefatigable gossip, "hath given her a ring of £700 which she shows to everybody, and owns that the king did give it her; and he hath furnished a house for her in Suffolk Street most richly, which is a most infinite shame." She resided there from 1667 to 1674, in which year she removed to St. James's Square. In a scandalous work called "Lives of the most Celebrated Beauties" (1715) it is stated that "Nell Gwyn, hearing she was to visit the king, asked her to supper and mixed jalop with her sweetmeats, and that the king in consequence dismissed her with a pension of £1,000 a year."

Burnet says that Moll Davis did not keep her hold on the king long, which may be doubted, as her daughter

was born four years after she was first noticed by Charles.

By the king she had a daughter, Lady Mary Tudor, born Oct. 16, 1673, and married Aug. 18, 1687, to Francis Radclyffe, second earl of Derwentwater, and was thus grandmother to James, the third earl, attainted and beheaded for high treason in 1716 on Tower Hill. Lady Derwentwater, who bore an infamous character, was married twice subsequently and died at Paris, Nov. 5, 1726.

p. 154. *One of his pages called Chiffinch.*

The baptismal name of this notorious pander to Charles II. was William, but here, as in most contemporary records, he is contemptuously referred to by surname only. Of his parentage the pedigree in the British Museum (*Addit. MS.*, 5520, f. 4) affords no particulars. On Sept. 28, 1662, he became page of the back stairs to the queen, and on the death of his comparatively respectable brother, Thomas, in April 1666, he succeeded him as keeper of the king's closet and pictures and page of the bedchamber. In July following he was granted a pension of £200 a year, and from time to time received many other emoluments. His duties were often of the most disreputable nature, connected as they were with "waste of money and the smuggling into the palace of objectionable persons." He is often alluded to in the lampoons of his day, such as "Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's Ghost," 1678 (reprinted in *Poems on affairs of State*, 1697, i., 97, 1703 edit.):

> "It happen'd, in the twilight of the day,
> As England's monarch in his closet lay,
> And Chiffinch stepp'd to fetch the female prey,
> The bloody shape of Godfrey did appear."

The numerous entries of money paid to him, amounting altogether to £13,792, which occur in the list of *Secret Service Money of Charles II. and James II.* (Camd. Soc.), indicate the confidence reposed in him. He was also the receiver of the secret pensions paid by the court of Louis XIV. to the king. Anthony à Wood mentions

him (calling him "Cheffing") as holding the "greatest trust" in harbouring the royal supper companions (*Athenæ Oxon.*, edit. Bliss, ii., 1038). That Pepys also found him good company is apparent from the following entries in his *Diary:* "Aug. 27, 1667. Here [at Whitehall] Sir J. Minnes and I looking upon the pictures; and Mr. Chevins, being by, did take us, of his own accord, into the king's closet, to shew us some pictures, which, indeed, is a very noble place, and exceeding great variety of brave pictures, and the best hands. I could have spent three or four hours there well, and we had great liberty to look; and Chevins seemed to take pleasure to shew us, and commend the pictures." Again, "April 2, 1669, Mr. Chevins took me into the back stairs, and there . . . he did make me, with some others that he took in . . . eat a pickled herring, the largest I ever saw, and drink variety of wines till I was almost merry."

Chiffinch continued in favour under James II. To his house at Whitehall the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was brought after his flight from Sedgmoor in 1685, and continued there with Lord Grey until they were taken to the Tower (Bramston's *Autobiography*, p. 186). On April 25, 1689, one William Chiffinch was appointed keeper of Hyde Park (*Cal. State Papers*, Dom., Feb. 1689—April 1690, p. 76). The time of his death has been wrongly assigned to the year 1688. He died at his seat "Fibbers" (Philberds), in the parish of Bray, Berkshire, in Nov. 1691, "leaving £20,000 behind him" (*Life and Times of Anthony Wood*, Oxf. Hist. Soc., iii., 376; will in P. C. C., 5, Fane). By his wife, Barbara Nunn, who died before him, he had an only daughter, also Barbara; she married, in Dec. 1681, Sir Edward Villiers (1656–1711), who was created Earl of Jersey, Oct. 13, 1697. Chiffinch has been introduced by Sir Walter Scott into his novel of "Peveril of the Peak."

p. 161. *The expedition of Gigeri.*

This affair, which ended so disastrously for the French, is mentioned by Pepys (Oct. 11, 1664). Colbert, in his

desire to establish French colonies, wished to found one on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. For this purpose the Duc de Beaufort, High Admiral of France, took possession, on July 22, 1664, of Gigeri, in the province of Bugia, about forty leagues from Algiers, and he placed a garrison there under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Guadagni. The duke had scarcely retired before the Moors attacked the place in great force, and with such success, that Guadagni considered himself fortunate in evacuating it at all. He embarked on the night of Oct. 29, abandoning his artillery and stores. The regiment of Picardy perished by shipwreck.

Captain Thomas Allin, in a letter to the navy commissioners, dated Nov. 4, 1664, reports the "total defeat of the French by the Moors and Turks at Gigary; 400 prisoners taken and 35 brass guns, and on Nov. 15, Sir William Coventry writes that the French troops have quitted Gigary, leaving 1,200 men to the mercy of the Moors" (*Cal. of State Papers*, Dom., 1664–65, pp. 53, 71).

Sir Richard Fanshawe, in a letter to the deputy-governor of Tangier, dated Dec. 2, 1664, says: "We have certain intelligence that the French have lost Gigheria, with all they had there, and their fleet come back, with the loss of one considerable ship upon the rocks near Marseilles" (*Letters*, vol. i., p. 347).

p. 163. *Ovid's Epistles, translated into English verse.*

Strictly speaking the reference would seem to be to "Ovid's Epistles, translated by several hands," published under the editorship of Dryden; the first edition of which appeared in 1680. But it is more probable that the book used by "la belle Jennings" to confound the perfidious Jermyn was "Ovid's Heroicall Epistles. Englished by W(ye) S(altonstall)," of which the fifth edition appeared in 1663.

p. 164. *The fair Stewart married the Duke of Richmond.*

It is said that Charles II. seriously contemplated divorcing his queen in order to marry Miss Stewart, and

was exceedingly angry at her marriage with the Duke of Richmond, which must have taken place very shortly after the death of his second duchess (Jan. 6, 1666–7), if, as is stated, it was publicly acknowledged in April 1667.

Burnet has given an account of Miss Stewart's marriage in his *History of his Own Time* (Oxford edit., vol. i., p. 353); while Pepys (April 26, 1667) supplies the following agreeable gossip concerning it:

"He [John Evelyn] told me the whole story of Mrs. Stewart's going away from court, he knowing her well; and believes her, up to her leaving the court, to be as virtuous as any woman in the world; and told me, from a lord that she told it to but yesterday with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her, she did ask the king, and he did the like also; and that the king did not deny it, and [she] told this lord that she was come to that pass, as to resolve to have married any gentleman of £1,500 a year that would have had her in honour: for it was come to that pass, that she could not longer continue at court without prostituting herself to the king, whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance. She told this lord, that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given the world, to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not any thing but her honour; and that she will never come to live at court more than when she comes to town to kiss the queen her mistress's hand; and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her lord so as to reclaim him, that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate. She told this lord that all the jewels she ever had given her at court, or any other presents (more than the king's allowance of £700 per annum out of the privy-purse for her clothes), were at her first coming, the king did give her a necklace of pearl, of about £1,100 [which was subsequently returned]; and afterwards, about seven months since, when the king had hopes to have obtained some courtesy of her, the king did give her some jewels, I have

forgot what, and I think a pair of pendants. The Duke of York, being once her Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300; and the King of France would have had her mother (who, he says, is one of the most cunning women in the world), to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her not as a mistress, but as one that he could marry as well as any lady in France; and that, if she might stay, for the honour of his court, he would take care she should not repent. But her mother, by command of the queen-mother, thought rather to bring her into England; and the King of France did give her a jewel; so that Mr. Evelyn believes she may be worth in jewels about £6,000, and that that is all that she hath in the world; and a worthy woman; and in this hath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman. That now the Countess Castlemaine do carry all before her; and among other arguments to prove Mrs. Stewart to have been honest to the last, he says that the king's keeping in still with my Lady Castlemaine to shew it; for he never was known to keep two mistresses in his life, and would never have kept to her, had he prevailed any thing with Mrs. Stewart. She is gone yesterday with her lord to Cobham."

The duchess lost her lord in 1672, and after thirty years of widowhood died herself in 1702. An attack of small-pox sadly marred her beauty and left her blind in one eye. She seems to have divided the latter years of her life between cards and cats. At her death she bequeathed the bulk of her property to her nephew, Walter Stewart, Master of Blantyre, for the purchase of certain estates, to be called "Lennox's love to Blantyre," in memory of the donor. She apportioned her favourite cats among various female friends, to whom she left legacies for their support. Pope's well-known line—

"Die and endow a college—or a cat,"

has reference to this clause of the duchess's will.

p. 164. *The invincible Jermyn, a silly country girl.*

In the notes to the various editions of the *Memoirs* Jermyn's wife is stated to have been "Miss Gibbs, daughter of a gentleman in the county of Cambridge." This may have been a first marriage, but in the peerages he is said to have wedded Judith, daughter of Sir Edmond Poley, of Badley, Suffolk, by Hester, daughter of Sir Henry Crofts, of Little Saxham, in the same county. She outlived her husband, dying in 1726.

p. 164. *A melancholy heiress.*

Elizabeth, daughter of John Malet of Enmore, Somerset, by Unton, daughter of Francis, first baron Hawley of Donamore. Pepys has given an account of her attempted abduction by Lord Rochester (May 28, 1665), and mentions (Nov. 25, 1666), that Lord Herbert, Lord Hinchingbrooke, Lord John Butler, and Sir Francis Popham all endeavoured to secure this beautiful young heiress, whose fortune amounted to £2,500 a year. Ultimately she was persuaded to marry Rochester (Feb. 4, 1667). It is probable that the epithet "triste" applied to her by Hamilton was fully justified after her union with the author of "A Satyr against Marriage." Whether she ever perused those dainty couplets is unknown, but she contrived to keep on fairly good terms with her lord until his death (cf. his letters to her in *Whartoniana*, 1727, vol. ii.; article by M. Forgues in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 août 1857, p. 840). She survived him about thirteen months, dying suddenly of apoplexy, and being buried at Spelsbury, Aug. 20, 1681.

Of this lady, writes Lord Braybrooke, in one of his notes on Pepys's *Diary*, "no authentic portrait is known to exist. When Mr. Miller, of Albemarle Street, in 1811, proposed to publish an edition of the 'Mémoires de Grammont,' he sent an artist to Windsor to copy there the portraits which he could find of those who figure in that work. In the list given to him for this purpose was the name of Lady Rochester. Not finding amongst the 'Beauties,' or elsewhere, any genuine portrait of her, but

seeing that by Hamilton she is absurdly styled 'une triste héritière,' the artist made a drawing from some unknown portrait at Windsor of a lady of a sorrowful countenance, and palmed it off upon the bookseller. In the edition of 'Grammont' it is not actually called Lady Rochester, but 'La Triste Héritière.' A similar falsification had been practised in Edwards's edition of 1793, but a different portrait had been copied."

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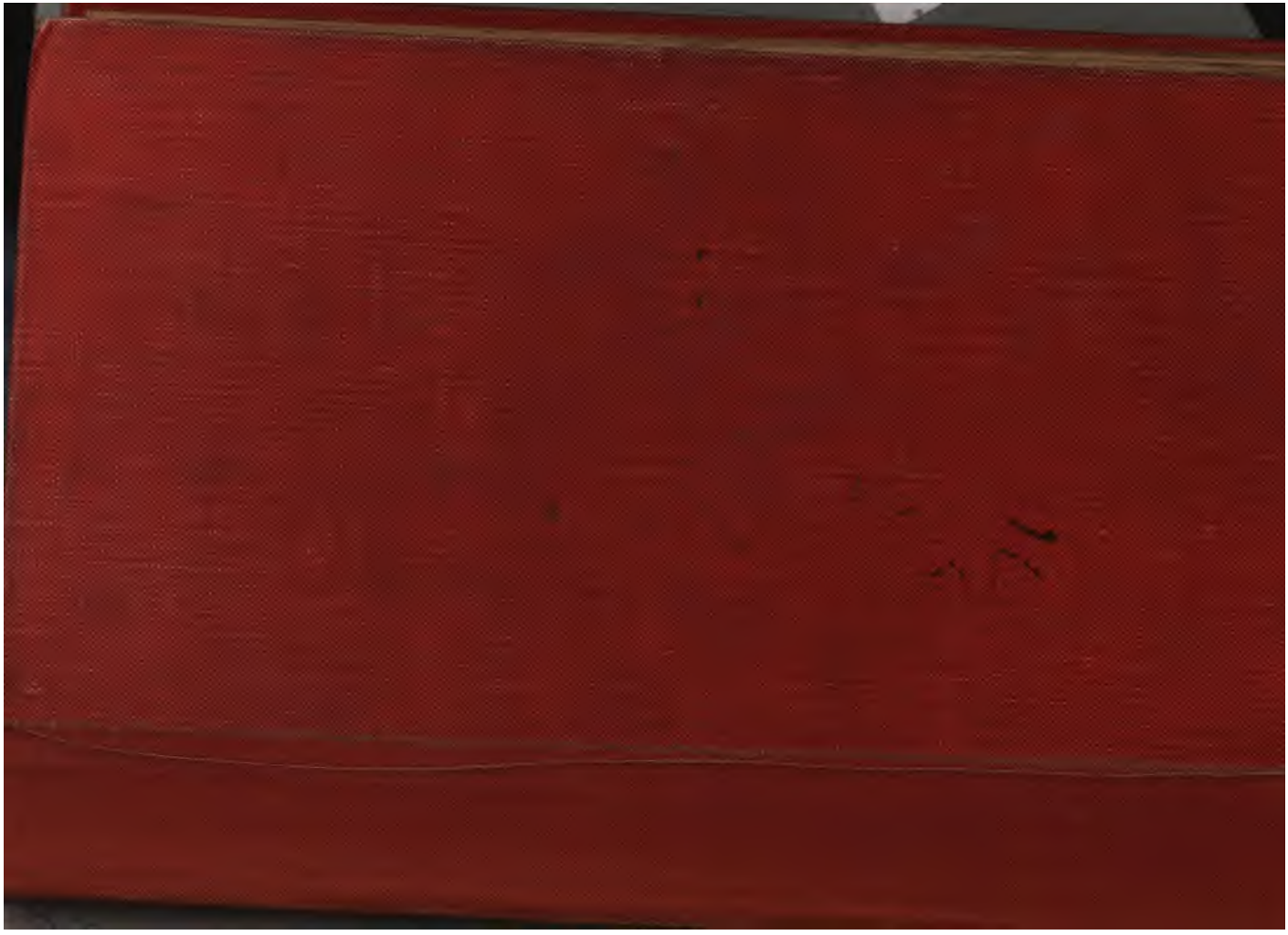
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